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ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

THE young men of this generation are more conservative than the old. Perhaps they have less enthusiasm, probably less credulity, we fear less devotion to ideals. The youth have come to have the knowing air of those who cannot be imposed on by the shows of this world. They seem to be cooler-headed, if not colder-hearted; less liable to give themselves away in socialistic and humanitarian schemes for the regeneration of mankind. The age passing away was one of uncommon upheaval and tumult; it had its Garibaldis and John Browns as well as its Bismarcks and Louis Napoleons. The age succeeding has already seen some reaction, more indifference, a questioning of all fundamental beliefs, a doubt whether any great effort in any direction is worth while. A school of pessimists—men who expect nothing but the worst—has developed in Germany and England; men who possess every luxury of modern civilization, all culture and facilities of travel, city houses, country houses, yachts, libraries, and who wearily ask, "Is life worth living?"

This unusual phenomenon of a conservative youth may be due to want of faith, to the spread of the scientific spirit, to the *ennui* of wealth and culture. Probably it is less marked in America than in Europe. We like to believe that

it is less here. For the country in the future is to be not so much what the young men think they will make it—if they trouble themselves with the problem—as what they themselves are.

We cannot believe that the American people are about to succumb to the gospel of indifference. In some Oriental lands man has long ago ceased from much strife with nature or affairs. He began by subduing the earth to his needs; he has ended by suiting his needs to her voluntary bounty or parsimony. He accepts the seasons, the social and political state that may be, the life that is offered. He anticipates neither evil nor good; he limits his disappointments by curtailing his risks. What is to be will be; he has adopted the weary gospel of Solomon. You may see any spring day, outside the walls of Damascus, the daughters of that damp and ancient city seated on the ground by the swift-flowing Abana, veiled and motionless images, wrapped in voluminous mantles, without other occupation (in that land where it is scarcely worth while to be a woman) than to wait hour after hour, in vacuous contemplation, while the stream hurries on, and the sun shines, and the desert wind shakes down the blossoms of the mish-mish. It is a type of the Oriental placidity.

We in America are not yet so weary;

we are unwilling to surrender. New-comers in the world, we are aggressive, inquisitive, and belligerent. We have the energy and combativeness of nature herself. In her springtime vigor a certain likeness to our present national condition may be fancied, — vast promise of wealth and material prosperity, with the attendant dangers of luxury and insolence, and misleading standards. It may be worth while, on this suggestion, to consider certain aspects of American life.

Juvenal, the great censor of Roman morals, says in his Tenth Satire, "The prayers that are generally the first put up and best known in all the temples are that riches, that wealth, may increase; that our chest may be the largest in the whole forum." This was the state of devotion in Rome in the first century of our era. We do not suppose it was a new condition, and it is certain it did not pass away with the fall of the empire. We do not to-day pray aloud in our churches that we may have more United States bonds than our fellow-worshippers; but if prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed, we fear that the mighty petition daily going up from the American people was described by Juvenal. If it took the form of a cloud over Wall Street, over State Street, over our manufacturing and mining districts, and over a large portion of our agricultural regions, probably we should not see the sun oftener than once in seven days; perhaps it would be visible only on Sunday, between the hours of half past ten and twelve, through the smoked glass of the church windows.

To be rich is the universal aspiration: it is scarcely necessary to illustrate it, nor to dwell on it further than to mark our national tendency. We may leave moralizing on it to the pulpit and the secular press. As it is the most universal, so it is the earliest desire that seizes us; it largely determines our occupations, our choice of a profession. Society, teaching by example, lays it on us as a duty; it arranges, to a great degree, our marriages, and it is getting to

postpone and forbid them. To this necessity we defer everything: we say we cannot afford to marry, we cannot afford to travel, we cannot afford to study, — as if we were to live on indefinitely, and should some time get leisure for our intellectual development. Our very schemes of education commend themselves in proportion as they are practical: the legislature will vote money to an institution if it can be shown that it will increase the material wealth of the state, but upon any question of adding to the intellectual and spiritual wealth there would n't be a quorum. When we ask after the success in life of an acquaintance, and we are told he has done very well, what do we infer from the reply? That he has become a good man, a learned man, a useful man in his town and State; or that he has acquired a handsome property? Is our inquiry, "Whom did he marry?" usually anything more than a euphuism for "How much?" If we were told that she had beauty, all the graces, and a heavenly disposition, would we not burn to ask another question? When we hear that she has made "a good match," the phrase has come to have such a technical meaning that we experience the same satisfaction we have in reading the stock report of a rising market.

It would be unwise to satirize this state of things, or to overdraw it, or to forget the sweet and corrective influences that exist in our society. But we can hardly be mistaken in saying that there is growing in America a passion for wealth, and a serious, not to say conscientious, pursuit of it, more pronounced than ever before in our history. In a part of the country which might be named, a man is ashamed to die unless he can leave behind at least a million; and public opinion sustains him in this. The sad paragraph that chronicles his demise, his personal appearance, his dress and daily habits, the number and character of his relatives, the amount of his life insurance, with the name of the company in which he is insured, is considered incomplete if it does not state how much he was worth.

It should be said, however, that the love of money is not the peculiarity of America, whatever the ostentation of mere wealth may be. The worship of wealth, the talk about money, are more characteristic of Europe than of America. It is natural that where the conditions of acquiring money are harder there should be more anxiety about it; and among the middle and lower classes of England it is the staple of conversation. The same is true in France, in Italy, in Germany. The experience of all observing travelers will confirm this, and in the older countries of the Orient the trait is even more marked. The growth of the money passion *pari passu* with the refinement of civilization is one of the problems for the student of progress. The traveler who has gone abroad with the impression that America is peculiarly the land of the "almighty dollar" is surprised to find everywhere a devotion to money and a talk about cost and prices to which he is unaccustomed at home, and which strike him often as an indelicacy. Since we are speaking of foreign peoples, a slight examination of some of the differences between us and them — largely differences due to external conditions — will lead us further into our subject.

The Frenchman is economical; he is thrifty; whatever his earnings, he puts by a portion of them; he saves, and denies himself expensive indulgences. This universal thrift is largely due to the women, who are the most executive, the clearest-headed, the best managers, in the world, and know better than any others how to get the most pleasure and show out of life at the least cost, how to make home-life comfortable and attractive without extravagance.

The Italians, who most resemble the French, also practice economy, but, especially with the Southern Italians, it is an economy of labor as well as of money. The true Italian, child of the sun, would rather limit his wants than increase his exertions to supply them; he can live on little, but he accumulates nothing.

The German is different from either: he has not the thrift of the Frenchman

nor the self-denial of the Italian, but he is industrious, and as fond of money as they. Getting rich, making a lucky stroke, is greatly in his thoughts, although he cannot resist, as the Frenchman does, spending his savings on his personal pleasures. But it is the habit of the three peoples named to live within their incomes.

In England, a little island, where are gathered greater riches than any nation ever before accumulated, we see again some contrasts. The bulk of the people practice a calculated economy, — a necessity where the bulk of the people live on practically fixed incomes; the small economies of life are nowhere else so studied, so dwelt upon in conversation. But the lower classes, the laborers in factories and mines and on farms, have nothing of the French thrift and economy. They do not know how to get the most comfort out of their earnings, nor how to lay by anything. Whatever their wages are, they spend them. A few years ago, when the Welsh miners were getting extraordinary wages, they treated themselves to game-pie and champagne. Their idea of equality with those socially above them is to eat and drink as the others do; that is, "to live like a lord." They are not alone in the notion that costly eating and drinking and expensive clothes and gaudy houses lift people up in the social scale.

The American, of course, resembles the English more than any other European people; but he is without the balance determined by the traditions of a long-established society, or imposed by the necessities of fixed incomes. The American is a spendthrift. He works as hard as any people, and with less relaxation; but he has little thrift and little notion of economy. He has little independence in regard to his expenditure, and regulates it often by what others about him spend rather than by his own income. He is not so solicitous to live within his income as he is to raise his income to cover the extent of his desires and extravagances. The average condition and the happiness of Americans would be much improved if they

expended half as much care upon saving money as they do upon making money. Bankruptcy seems to be a sort of accepted incident in a successful career! We have seen it stated that ninety-nine merchants out of a hundred fail. Brokers and other operators are accused of using failures as stepping-stones to fortune. Very likely, professional people would fail oftener if they had anything to fail on. The poet and the teacher would be lonesome in the bankrupt's court; and it is only here and there that a clergyman has a salary large enough to take him there. The lawyers—exceptions to all rules—are said to live by the failures and latterly by the "wills" of other people. It is said that if a person neglects to make a will he must leave a pretty large estate in order to pay the expenses of finding out how to distribute it by law; and if he makes a will, unless the estate is insignificant, it will disappear before the sense of justice in the legal fraternity and the legal acumen needed to interpret the will.

We have, then, in America the phenomenon of a people passionately devoted to money-making, but with little economy or faculty for keeping it. Money is desired for the position, the luxury it will give to him who has it, and it is lavished for these purposes as eagerly as it is made. Accumulation for the sake of founding a family is rare, and it is discouraged by our peculiar conditions; the advantages of the stability it would give to the country are overbalanced by other considerations. This desire to make money divorced from economy, in America, and attended by a discontent with any settled position in society, is traceable to a certain fundamental political condition here. We refer to what is called "equality." We have established political equality. In theory all men are equal. There is a constant attempt to deduce from this social equality. We do not suppose that this was any more intended by the gentlemen who landed at Plymouth than by the gentlemen who landed at Jamestown. The traditions of grades in society and of social distinctions are in no race stronger than in the

Anglo-Saxon. The Latin races have a facility of fusion. There is a greater approach to social equality in France than in America. And even before the Revolution of 1793, there were fewer barriers to warm sympathy, and the expression of it, between the French noble and the French peasant than exist, to-day, between the English upper class and the English lower. We have not the well-marked divisions and grades of the English social structure, but we have something of the traditions of that society, and probably there is as little contact and exchange of sympathy between the different social states in America as anywhere in the world.

Politically we are equal, and it is our boast that we are all equal before the law; whether we are or not they can judge who have noticed the arraignment before a police court of a rich man and a poor man for a similar offense. The English also boast that their laws are impartial and their courts equally open to all,—a fact that is taken at its true value by the wife of the navy, who has been beaten by her husband till she is more like a jelly than a wife, when she is told by the magistrate that the courts of Westminster are open to her to apply for a judicial separation, and that the cost will be one hundred pounds, when she has not as many pennies.

Yet while it is idle to talk of social equality in America, it is true that the absence here of titles, of definitions of classes, and of inherited privileges creates an appearance of equality which stimulates constant efforts for place and position. The absence of other artificial signs of social rank gives to wealth undue distinction, and it naturally comes that wealth is coveted. Our real approach to equality in America is in opportunity. On the whole, we are less hindered and have a fairer chance for any career we choose than other people. But this equality of opportunity begets discontent with any position in life except the most conspicuous; and so the whole community is on the march to get into what is called society, or to get the supposed luxuries and enjoyments of so-

ciety, through the only gates open to all, that is, by means of money. If we were all social equals, or if we were in the more fixed conditions of the English or the Germans, or if there was that broad sympathy between classes, in spite of birth, which exists in France, there is every probability that, if we did not exhibit less insanity in the pursuit of wealth, there would at least be less living beyond our means. It is certainly an odd result of our equality, political and theoretical, that it should stimulate us to do just that which destroys equality. For we are led further away from the equal distribution of wealth, and this tends to put classes further apart. It is true that mere wealth does not always open the way into what people know so well, and experience so much difficulty in finding (in countries where it is not defined by a court), — the best society, — in America any more than it does in England or Germany, and perhaps not so easily here as there; but wealth can do almost anything, and what it cannot do it can imitate. And so it happens that this condition of ours that we call equality is one of the main causes of our feverish anxiety to get money and make a display with it. It remains to be seen what sort of general society will result from the imposition of political equality and equality of opportunity upon the class tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race. If anything like social equality is ever realized anywhere in the world, it is safe to say that wealth will not be an element in it; that it will neither make it nor prevent it.

The American people, in a struggle to realize its theoretical equality, both at home and abroad, sometimes mistake display for a demonstration of it. This has got the American the reputation of extravagance, and the worse reputation of a vulgar ostentation of wealth. For in old and settled societies one of the signs of consciousness of inferiority of position is the ostentation of money; and seeing how nearly all-powerful money is everywhere, it is natural that the mistake should be made. Money, it is believed, can open the presentation door of almost

any court in Europe; can procure a seat in the United States senate, and the most conspicuous pew in the most fashionable church in America; it can do almost anything except purchase the secret respect of those whose respect is alone of permanent value.

It has been necessary to dwell a little upon some of the peculiarities of our situation, because there are signs of a new departure in the way of material development and the accumulation of wealth. During our first century of national existence we have been exceedingly active; but it has been largely a destructive activity. We have run over a vast amount of territory, and, as we say, have subdued it. It would be almost as correct to say, in the language of the agriculturists, that we have skinned it, — a phrase literally true of great portions of our land: we have slashed away the splendid wealth of our forests, destroyed water-powers, exhausted the soil by superficial and ignorant cultivation. We have hastened to snatch wealth by the easiest methods, without regard to the future. We have done an immense amount of work; we have made a great deal of money; and, on the whole, we seem to have spent more than we have made. We have exercised no economy. Everybody has lived as if he had a rich uncle to die every five years and leave him a fortune. At the end of a century of gigantic progress and unprecedented prosperity, the nation has, like most other full-grown nations, accumulated an enormous debt: every city, every town, every county, every State, is in debt; every individual is in debt. For part of this the war is responsible, but not for all of it. Our land is mortgaged; our personal property is pledged as collateral. It is not sure that ground enough could be found in America, uncovered by a mortgage, in which to bury its present inhabitants. The ancient Egyptian mortgaged his family tomb and the mummy of his father. We have not come to that yet; though it is difficult to find any ground outside of a cemetery not mortgaged.

This would be a dark picture if it were the whole statement of our situation, and

if it were not relieved by more encouraging signs. But it must be remembered that in the past hundred years we have accomplished a good deal of permanent work, as the world views it. If we are all in debt, we have built some splendid cities; constructed great bridges; netted the land with railways and telegraph wires; dotted the coasts with light-houses and harbors; built at enormous and sinful expense great public edifices,—most of them ugly and inconvenient; got a steady market for our increasing crops of grain and cotton; and, after a long struggle, established manufactures that compete the world over with our ancient and most skillful rivals. We can sell American cambrics in London because they are better than the products of the Lancashire looms; and the Germans can sell iron-ware in South America and sewing-machines in Italy only by counterfeiting the American trade-marks.

Up to this time the country has been divided sectional-wise on political issues, and political issues that took a strong hold on account of the moral ideas involved. In one way or another, and even when unacknowledged, the slavery question was involved in every other question. But the sectional antagonism arising from this cause is daily dying away. We like to believe it is agreed, South and North, that we shall set our faces as one people in a new direction. Astronomically speaking, while heretofore one part of the country insisted on keeping its eye on the north star, and another on the south star, we now agree to fix our gaze on the temperate zone.

For some time to come the national issues must be material rather than moral. With such diverse climates and productions, it is unavoidable that there should still be sectional rivalries, but these are within the limits of a common national interest. The change taking place is more marked at the South than in the West. In the South, for reasons apparent, there has been little accumulation of wealth. There has been little exercise of economy. What was made was spent, and, American fashion, sometimes before it was made. Its wealth

consisted in its laborers, in lands which its system of labor always tended to depreciate, and in the next crop. The system of labor discouraged manufactures, and also the highest agricultural development. What, for other reasons, happened to the soil of New England happened to the South on a larger scale. The early settlers of the New England farms cut away the forests and skinned the thin soil of its virgin wealth, and then were driven into manufacturing and commerce, or to the less easily exhausted lands of the West. Their abandoned farms have been largely taken by foreigners, who apply more economical methods, and are content with less gain for the moment. The South had even less economy and forethought. It exhausted its lands by superficial culture, and did very little to develop the great resources of the country. No one can doubt that there is now a decided change in the South in respect to attention to its material interests. It is beginning vigorously to join the great productive and accumulating movement of the country. The South raises annually more cotton than ever before, and it needs but a few years of economical husbanding of resources to give a solid basis to other industries besides the agricultural.

With lines of communication established over the continent, slavery out of the way, and manufactures fairly rooted, we do not doubt that the country, notwithstanding temporary paralysis from speculation, universal living beyond our means, and debt, is about entering, North and South, upon an era of development of wealth and accumulation. Individual instances of great accumulation already multiply before our eyes. This will go on. Already corporations and institutions, religious and secular, are amassing vast properties. Where are there any signs that this tendency will not increase?

It is a good thing for a country to be rich if there is anything like a fair distribution of wealth; it is a bad thing if the wealth is massed in a few hands. In the one case there is the comfort of all; in the other there is luxury for the few,

and misery for the many. It is a good thing for the country to be rich if the wealth is put to noble uses; it is a disaster if it is devoted to luxury. These are the truisms of history. And in their light the coming great material development of this country is full of anxiety.

The traveler from Philadelphia down the Delaware is impressed with the magnificent opportunities of this region. He is in the heart of the greatest possibilities. Nothing is wanting to the necessities of a dense and thriving population, and an unequaled variety of industries: a fat soil and a smiling land; a climate without great extremes; inexhaustible stores of iron and coal; forests within easy reach; and a superb river, broadening into an arm of the sea, destined ere long to be lined with ship-yards,—to become an improved Mersey and a greater Clyde. This is not an unfair type of the varied capacities of the whole country. Wealth is thrust upon us. How shall we use it? What will be the effect upon us, upon the American people, of the era of material prosperity? We know, historically, what is the result to a people who give themselves up to the temptations of wealth. Is there anything in our character, our situation, or the forces of religion and education, sufficient to save us from a like fate? We shall apprehend the danger by considering what is unfavorable.

As to character, we have spoken of our wasteful and spendthrift propensities; of our eagerness to get money, unaccompanied by economy; of our tendency to display for the sake of position, partly growing out of our theory of equality; of the consequent liability to luxury and self-indulgence. In respect of indulgence, our very seriousness is somewhat against us. The American is sober, taciturn, intent in a grave way. Travelers think us a serious-minded, uncommunicative people. We lack vivacity of manner; have little gayety of temperament; little capacity to enjoy ourselves without excess; not a habit of getting pleasure, like the Italians, the French, the Arabs even, out of simple things. We should hardly think our-

selves launched upon a festive evening at a *café* when we had ordered a glass of water, two lumps of sugar, and a lucifer match. We want profusion, and we want things strong. We carry into our pleasures the same serious energy, with no relaxation in it, that we use to build a railway. There is an anecdote of a volunteer soldier who turned up in New York recently to receive the back pensions of thirteen years. It was a little fortune for a prudent man. The next day he landed in the station-house, without a cent in his pocket. He had compressed the delayed enjoyment of thirteen years into one royal night.

There is a notion, prevalent in and out of Congress, that we are somehow a peculiar people, and that our condition, our government, our isolation, exempt us not only from the universal laws of political economy, but from the rules that other nations, by long experience, have found necessary to healthful life; that there is an "American way" for everything, and that it is the best way. Intrenched in this conceit, we are disinclined to learn anything, simply because it is not American, from the English experiments in civil service, from the German organization of education, from the French household economy. The orator always carries his audience with him when he says of anything, "It is not suited to the genius of our people;" as if we had invented a new kind of intellect, and patented a new order of life. We used to hear, years ago, a great deal about an American school of landscape painting. We don't know what has become of it now; perhaps it disappeared at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It should be said, however, that we make one exception in our exclusiveness: we take the foreign fashions, without regard either to our climate or our means.

One result of this conceit,—that we have not the common liabilities of other peoples,—joined to an ignorance of the history of other nations, has led us into the most fantastic and crude experiments. We suppose it is confidence in the purity of human nature that is re-

ducing our army to the Shaker standard. But it is in the regions of finance that we have specially distinguished ourselves, — in the adoption of theories and expedients that, over and over again, have brought disaster to other peoples. We do not doubt that many people think it is an American invention that you can make a dollar by stamping a piece of metal, "one dollar; in God we trust;" that is, that you can induce people to give a dollar's worth of cloth for it; much as the Christian Commission sought to convert the army of the Potomac by sending the soldiers little biscuits stamped with texts of Scripture. The soldiers took the biscuits willingly; not, however, for the value of the stamp, but according to the grains fine of flour they contained.

If one were asked to name a characteristic of American life which is very prominent, he might say it is the desire to get something rather than to be something. This desire is not by any means confined to Americans, but it is more marked here than elsewhere because of the absence of traditions, and because of our flexible social condition. It constitutes a special danger in view of the coming struggle for material advantage and prosperity. It is a desire which cannot be too seriously considered by those who are getting the elements of their education and preparing for their careers; for it neglects thoroughness in education and preparation for the career. This desire, which is more than a tendency, may be described as a disposition to get place and rank, with little regard to fitness for them. It reverses the natural order, and presupposes that success in life is not due to training and discipline so much as it is to opportunity. Hence our many failures of all sorts, the direct result of our eager assumption of office, of business, of trades, without adequate preparation. The ambitious thought stirring in most young minds is what career they shall choose; not how they shall train themselves for a career. It is the ambition to do something rather than to learn how to do something; as we said, the eagerness to get a place rather

than to train one's self for the duties of that place. It is unnecessary to say how opposite this is to the method which has made the Germans strong in every department of human endeavor. The leading idea in gymnasium and university is training, — solid preparation for the chosen career.

A familiar illustration of our self-confidence without preparation is that of the young lady who proposes to go upon the stage with no training, and seeks a manager when she should go to an elocutionist. It is the same in other affairs. The young man's thoughts of business or of an office are not so much in relation to his ability to perform it as to get into it. No doubt all things would be better done — from cabinet-making up to law-making — if people had a habit of getting ready to do things before they began. It is worth while to stop and think to whom it is that we intrust the most delicate duty performed in human society, — the making of our laws. Of course we know that our laws are made by our legislature. And who are the legislators? These law-makers are not the proper result of our political system, but of our political machine. And here again the young man has the precocious wisdom of his generation. If he determines to go into politics, or to enter the civil service of his country, he does not prepare himself for the duties of the one nor for the position coveted in the other; he makes himself an adept in the manipulation of caucuses and the securing of the favor of those who can help him. If he seeks a consulate at Naples, he does not study Italian; he "carries" his ward. Here, again, the American is more eager to get something than to be something; and yet it should be said in respect to the civil service that there is this excuse for the young man: there is no other way to get into it than that named. Our civil service is what the English was fifteen years ago, and it is about the most undemocratic in the world. It is closed to those who are not favored by the accident of political influence. The English service until recently was almost exclusively filled by

the aristocracy; it was the patronage of the Parliament and the ministry. Now, through the door of competitive examination, it is open to the humblest lad in the land if he have talent, and we may be sure that the father of the middle class will never surrender this privilege for his son. Nor will the American people, when they understand the subject, consent that so honorable and profitable a career shall be the object of patronage and the perquisite of successful political manipulation. They will insist that it shall be open to the fair ambition of those willing to fit themselves for it. It will become a legitimate career, like law or medicine; and one advantage of opening it to public competition—and it is not unimportant—is the stimulus it will give to education.

Is it a relief to turn from minor politics to Congress? Perhaps we have never considered why it is that the American Congress stands so high in the opinion of this country and of the world. This is the reason: When a man contemplates the possibility of a congressional career, he sets himself seriously to prepare for that exalted station. He studies geography, especially that of his native land, so that he may not be liable to vote for an appropriation for digging a river where a turnpike would be better; he studies history, and American history thoroughly; he masters American politics; he devotes laborious days and nights to the acquisition of a knowledge of political economy, to a study of the laws of finance and of trade as they are illumined by our own expe-

rience and that of other peoples; he makes himself familiar with the course of legislation as it affects the vital interests of the country, for he knows that he is to deal with imperial concerns, and that his votes will have a far-reaching influence in a vast republic. Perhaps he acquires the art of expressing himself concisely, clearly, and readily. When the people see a man thus accomplished, they take him up by a sort of popular movement in the party and send him to Congress. When he is there, he keeps himself in the background at first, studying the situation, and learning the art of parliamentary legislation,—a science in itself. And the congressman so accomplished and so trained the people keep in Congress as long as he continues honest and capable and represents the principles of his district.

Such are some of the present aspects of American life. The topic is fruitful of suggestions, which we have no space to follow, and it is useless to moralize. Long ago the philosophers decided that it is important what a man *is*, not what he *has*. It was an apothegm of Solon that "satiety is generated by wealth, and insolence by satiety;" and again, that members of a community are most effectively deterred from injustice "if those who are not injured feel as much indignation as those who are." Or, to put this in modern phrases, we see the danger of a national habit that estimates success by possession, and not by character, and nurses the delusion of equality without sympathy between classes.

Charles Dudley Warner.

ANCESTORS.

(ON READING A FAMILY HISTORY.)

OPEN lies the book before me: in a realm obscure as dreams
I can trace the pale blue mazes of innumerable streams,
That from regions lost in distance, vales of shadow far apart,
Meet to blend their mystic forces in the torrents of my heart.

Pensively I turn the pages, pausing, curious and aghast:
What commingled, unknown currents, mighty passions of the past,
In this narrow, pulsing moment through my fragile being pour,
From the mystery behind me, to the mystery before!

I put by the book: in vision rise the gray ancestral ghosts,
Reaching back into the ages, vague, interminable hosts,
From the home of modern culture, to the cave uncouth and dim,
Where — what 's he that gropes? a savage, naked, gibbering, and grim!

I was molded in that far-off time of ignorance and wrong,
When the world was to the crafty, to the ravenous and strong;
Tempered in the fires of struggle, of aggression and resistance:
In the prowler and the slayer I have had a preëxistence!

Wild forefathers, I salute you! Though your times were fierce and rude,
From their rugged husk of evil comes the kernel of our good.
Sweet the righteousness that follows, great the forces that foreran:
'T is the marvel still of marvels that there 's such a thing as man!

Now I see I have exacted too much justice of my race,
Of my own heart too much wisdom, of my brothers too much grace;
Craft and greed our primal dower, wrath and hate our heritage!
Scarcely gleams as yet the crescent of the full-orbed golden age.

Man's great passions are coeval with the vital breath he draws,
Older than all codes of custom, all religions and all laws;
Before prudence was, or justice, they were proved and justified:
We may shame them and deny them, their dominion will abide.

Still the darker age will linger in the slowly brightening present,
Still the old moon's fading phantom in the bosom of the crescent;
The white crown of reason covers the old kingdom of unrest,
And I feel at times the stirring of the savage in my breast.

Wrong and insult find me weaponed for a more heroic strife;
In the sheath of mercy quivers the barbarian's ready knife!
But I blame no more the givers for the rudeness of the dower:
'T was the roughness of the thistle that insured the future flower.

Somehow hidden in the slayer was the singer yet to be,
In the fiercest of my fathers lived the prophecy of me;
But the turbid rivers flowing to my heart were filtered through
Tranquil veins of honest toilers to a more cerulean hue.

O my fathers, in whose bosoms slowly dawned the later light,
In whom grew the thirst for knowledge, in whom burned the love of right,
All my heart goes out to know you! With a yearning near to pain,
I once more take up the volume, but I turn the leaves in vain.

Not a voice, of all your voices, comes to me from out the vast;
Not a thought, of all your thinking, into living form has passed:

As I peer into the darkness, not a being of my name
Stands revealed against the shadows in the beacon-glare of fame.

Yet your presence, O my parents, in my inmost self I find,
Your persistent spectres haunting the dim chambers of the mind:
Old convulsions of the planet in the new earth leave their trace,
And the child's heart is an index to the story of his race.

Each with his unuttered secret down the common road you went,
Winged with hope and exultation, bowed with toil and discontent:
Fear and triumph and bereavement, birth and death and love and strife,
Wove the evanescent vesture of your many-colored life.

Your long-silent generations first in me have found a tongue,
And I bear the mystic burden of a thousand lives unsung:
Hence this love for all that's human, the strange sympathies I feel,
Subtle memories and emotions which I stammer to reveal.

Now I also, in my season, walk beneath the sun and moon,
Face the hoary storms of winter, breathe the luxury of June:
Here to gaze awhile and wonder, here to weep and laugh and kiss;
Then to join the pale procession sweeping down the dark abyss.

To each little life its moment! We are sparkles of the sea:
Still the interminable billows heave and gleam, — and where are we?
Still forever rising, following, mingling with the mighty roar,
Wave on wave the generations break upon the eternal shore.

Here I joy and sing and suffer, in this moment fleeting fast,
Then become myself a phantom of the far-receding past,
When our modern shall be ancient, and the narrow times expand,
Down through ever-broadening eras, to a future vast and grand.

Clouds of ancestors, ascending from this sublunary coast,
Here am I, enrolled already in your ever-mustering host!
Here and now the rivers blended in my blood once more divide,
In the fair lad leaping yonder, in these darlings by my side.

Children's children, I salute you! From this hour and from this land,
To your far-off generations I uplift the signal hand!
Well contented, I resign you to the vision which I see, —
O fraternity of nations! O republics yet to be!

Yours the full-blown flower of freedom, which in struggle we have sown;
Yours the spiritual science, that shall overarch our own.
You, in turn, will look with wonder, from a more enlightened time,
Upon us, your rude forefathers, in an age of war and crime!

Half our virtues will seem vices by your broader, higher right,
And the brightness of the present will be shadow in that light;
For, behold, our boasted culture is a morning cloud, unfurled
In the dawning of the ages and the twilight of the world!

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE LATEST SONGS OF CHIVALRY.

THE English adjective *chivalrous* has retained a somewhat finer shade of meaning than the corresponding epithet in either of the other chief modern languages. Both *chevaleresque* and *ritterlich* are more restricted, and *chevaleresque*, at least, is decidedly historical rather than ethical in its associations. But *chivalrous* describes a type of character, and there are not many isolated words in any tongue suggestive of so many admirable and agreeable human qualities. Hidden, it may be, from the eyes of the "churl in spirit, up or down the scale of ranks," they are entirely familiar to all souls of gentler quality, and subject to little dispute as the last results of selected temper and moral refinement. Valor, veracity, loyalty, self-sacrifice and mildness of manners, the protection of weakness and innocence, and the punishment of wrong were always theoretically enjoined by the laws of the romantic institution — if institution it were — which gave our word its birth; but as planted in different soils, and adopted by different races, the code or system in question assimilated different elements, and took on slightly varying shapes; and it is perhaps only natural that we, who are English born, should regard the English type of chivalry as finer than the Latin on the one hand, or the Teutonic on the other. But if it were indeed, as we fondly fancy, less fantastic and more manly than the one, less rude and vengeful than the other, there is no mystery whatever about the superior dignity of the English derivative term. And that we may see for ourselves what the fruits of the spirit of English knighthood really were, the reader is invited to revisit for an hour the pleasant field of literature where that spirit first found full and untrammelled expression, the smiling garden-ground of old English lyrical poetry. The early chivalric romances, however enthusiastically adopted and nobly ed-

ited and amplified by insular writers, were almost all of Continental origin. Sidney, alas, did not live to execute the congenial purpose which Tennyson inherited, and transform his Arcadia into a purely English romance, with Arthur for its hero. But in the songs of the predecessors and compeers of Sidney, as in all song, we have simple and spontaneous emotions, — the loves, hates, hopes, fears, and faiths of him who sings. It is not so much as literary models that we would recur just now to these delightful lays, — although in the matter of pure and apt expression they have never been surpassed, and they are particularly well worth the study of our own hazy and wordy generation, — but as illustrations of character. We desire to learn from their own lips what manner of men these singers were, in their private rather than their civic relations, as lovers, friends, and mourners; and how they regarded what must ever remain the supreme subjects of human interest, — life and its conduct, love and its delight, and death.

The earliest English songs which have been preserved are obviously echoes or imitations of the Troubadour minstrelsy. In the Harleian manuscripts, which contain the largest number of them, — Nos. 978 and 2253, — some of the poems are written wholly in Romance. Others are macaronics, — Romance with Latin refrains, or English with Romance refrains. Only a few are composed entirely in the then crude and infantine English or semi-Saxon tongue. Of these, the frequently quoted

"Summer is a-coming in,
Loudé sing cuckoo," etc.¹

has been erroneously referred to a considerably earlier period than the rest, but it is probably not older than the twelfth century, — the one great cent-

¹ The spelling of these extracts has been modernized wherever there is no doubt about the modern equivalent of the word.

ury, brief but full, of Provençal song. This side the limits of the same prolific period come other fragments, less familiar than the first, in which the *lilt* of the Romance measures seems to have been fully apprehended, and almost acquired. The themes are still the everlasting two of all the Troubadours and Minnesingers,—love and spring. They seem to have had no confidence in any other chord. But for all the prevailing formality of subject and treatment, there is already a perceptible difference between these rather shrill warblings and the last languid sighs of Languedocian melody, even then, in the earliest years of the thirteenth century, dying away in the distracted South. Our English staves are louder, more buoyant, and at the same time more natural and heartfelt. The first fair day of modern song was done, and shadow and silence were gaining for the time the world over; but we feel as if a fresher breeze had begun to blow after night-fall, scattering foul exhalations, and replacing the sultriness of sensuous passion. Even from the few and fragmentary notes of these “*smalle foulés*” who

“*maken melody,
And sleepen all night long with open eye,*”

we seem to divine a healthfulness of spirit which no mere heart-sickness can ever undermine, — an impulsive and inexhaustible spring of hope which no accumulation of disappointment can permanently obstruct. Assisted, in short, by the kindred blood in which we rejoice, we already foreknow the sound, gallant, tender type of manhood which is to be in England's greatest age, and which is to be more distinctly indicated by Chaucer:—

“*Dan Chaucer, that first warbler, whose sweet
breath
Prelude those melodious burns which fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
With songs that echo still.*”

But it was yet a hundred years to the date of Chaucer's birth, and long before that interval had elapsed the movement of the Romance measures had seemingly escaped the British memory, and likewise, of course, the trick, never perfectly learned, of their imitation. It is

thus that Robert de Brunne, in the year 1300, or thereabouts, describes his ideal of womanhood:—

“*Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannér.
A good woman is man's bliss
Where her love right and steadfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may naven,
That should a man so much glew
As a good woman that loveth true;
Ne dearer is none in God's herd
Than a chaste woman with lovely word.*”

This is excruciating to the ear, but suggestive and edifying to the mind. No troubadour, from William of Poitiers down, ever praised a lady in such homely, hobbling lines, but also no troubadour ever praised, for none ever imagined, just such a lady. For this is the typical English wife,—loving, loyal, modest, and soft-spoken, above all pure. Personal beauty is neither allowed nor denied her: she may have it, or she may have it not; it is not an indispensable addition to her charms. The fact that the author of these lines was a monk, and described an ideal helpmeet, does not render his conception less remarkable. Chaucer, with his strong dramatic instincts, and his wide experience of life, saw and appreciated and portrayed many different types of womanhood, but none so fondly as one almost identical with this:—

“*Lo, here, what gentleness these women have,
If we could know it for our rudeness!
How busy they be us to help and save,
Both in our health and also in sickness,
And alway right sorry for our distress!
In every manner thus show they ruth
That in them is all goodness and all truth.*”

It is in Chaucer, too, in lines which are usually marked as his latest, and which therefore were probably written about the year 1400, that we first find embodied, in a singularly noble hymn, a theory of life, and of the temper in which it is to be both received and resigned, which plainly foreshadows the sane and joyous piety of the Elizabethan time,—a theory which is, in fact, one with the best religion and the best philosophy of every age, as these are identical with one another. We give the last verse only.

'That thee is sent, receive in buxomness;
The wrestling of this world, asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
Forth, pilgrim, forth! O beast, out of thy stall!
Look up on high and thank thy God of all.
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth shall thee deliver, 't is no drede.'

It is worth while to dwell for a little on the separate features of the fine mood here enjoined; we shall encounter them so many times more, with but slight alterations, before the sturdy spirit of English chivalry comes to its perfect flower in Philip Sidney. First, cheerfulness, hilarity even, not to be blighted by the probability of much disappointment and disaster, but rather firmly based upon an unflinching foreknowledge of the same. Then, a cordial and even grateful recognition of the provisional and temporary character of this earthly state, — this *beastly* state, as the poet warmly calls it; and an emphatic one of the dual nature of man, and the happy ascendancy of the divine essence over the carnal accidents. Lastly, a simple profession of unreserved allegiance to the suzerain of our destinies, and a vague but thrilling promise; no specific recompense or flattering delights, but a large deliverance. Serve truth, as thou knowest it, and truth shall make thee free; I know not, neither does it matter, when or how.

No such depths as these are sounded by the gentle James I. of Scotland, whose modest little book, *The Kings Quair* (*Cahier*), is however full of the fragrance of a most sweet, romantic, innocent, and at last, as we are glad for once to know, a happy and rewarded love. He was taken prisoner in his early youth when on his way to France, and detained in durance for nearly eighteen years. It was not a very harsh durance; his windows looked into the gardens of Windsor Castle, and what quaint, stiff, and yet winsome gardens they were in the beginning of the fifteenth century he has graphically told us in his gently flowing verse: —

"So thick the boughs and the leavés green
Besaded all the alleys that there were;
And mids of every arbor might be seen
The sharpe, greene, sweete juniper,
Growing so fair, with branches here and there,
That as it seeméd to a life without
The boughs spread the arbor all about."

Down these prim alleys he saw his love come walking, the Lady Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

"In her was youth, beauty with humble sport,
Bounty richés and womanly feature.
God better wot than my pen can report
Wisdom, largéss, estate, and cunning sure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child advance.

"And when she walkéd had a little throw
Under the sweeté, greené boughés bent
Her fair, sweet face as white as any snow
She turnéd has and forth her wayés went."

The remainder of this artless royal copy-book is full of the Lady Joanna's praise. They gave him her hand after his release, and he had a few years of unclouded happiness with her before his assassination, in 1437. We are too much in the spirit of the time to think of his end as premature. He had lived and loved.

In King James, as in Chaucer and Lydgate, — if it were indeed Lydgate, and not Chaucer, who wrote *The Flower and the Leaf*, — we find that keen observation of external nature, and that simple and objective joy in its beauty, which differ so widely both from the prescribed flatteries of smiling lands and skies that abound in the troubadour poetry, and from the exaggerated reflections of the poet's own tyrannous mood, — the "pathetic fallacies" of our contemporary singers. The happy mean of this mood, which neither propitiates nature as a monster, nor abuses her as a subject, but allows all her varying tempers, and still warms to her as a friend, is a very noteworthy part of the superb healthfulness of spirit, the disengaged and self-reliant habit, of the men whose better acquaintance we seek. Another and equally infallible mark of health is playfulness; and it is a note never missing out of the chorus of English song, from the days of Skelton to those of the ill-starred and unrivaled Lovelace. Listen to the leaping, laughing strain, so like the dashing of a narrow spring rivolet, in which, in 1520, John Skelton pays his homage to Margaret Hussey: —

"Merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,

Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously, so womanly, so maidenly,
Her demeaning;
In everything
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret
As midsummer flower," etc.

It is a scholium or round, and the same twittering refrain recurs again and again. Observe, too, the distinct and perfectly natural type of girlhood here portrayed, — artless and arch, sweet because sound, maidenly and yet womanly, often mirthful, never wild; is it not a perfectly familiar as well as very lovable creature? Skelton's ear is by no means as good as Chaucer's, but Chaucer had been in Italy, where the Romance measures were at home; and Wyatt and Surrey, of whom the latter and junior was eleven years old when Skelton died, enjoyed the same advantage of residence among the Latin races and personal familiarity with their speech. The reverential editor of Tottel's Miscellany speaks in his preface of the "honorable style of the noble Earl of Surrey, and the weightiness of the deep-witted Sir Thomas Wyatt." He could hardly better have expressed the difference in temperament which we always feel between these two whose names are so constantly paired. Surrey's was precisely the gallant, sunshiny spirit which we find specially characteristic of English knighthood; while there was a most rare vein of pensiveness in Wyatt, who never weakly plained, indeed, but who appears to have loved Anne Bullen, and who saw, before his own brief life was ended at thirty-eight, the swift tragedy of her dizzy elevation and ignominious death. Let us first hear Surrey as a lover. Perhaps he fancied original with himself, and perhaps he consciously appropriated out of Ariosto, the conceit which has tickled so many warbling swains since his day, that Nature lost the mold after she had made his mistress: —

"Give place, ye lovers, heretofore
Who spent your boasts and brags in vain!

My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayen,
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

"And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were;
And virtues hath she many more
Than I with pen have skill to show.

"I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mold,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands, how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I!"

And now listen to Surrey, the philosopher, and observe how like are his sober aspirations to Chaucer's latest: —

"Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind;
The equal friend, no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule or governance;
Without discord, the healthful life,
The household of continuance;

"The mean diet, no delicate fare,
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife without debate,
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
No wish for death, no fear his might."

He abundantly exemplified the fine equanimity invoked in the last line when he came himself to suffer in the Tower, in 1547. It was the very year in which Henry VIII. died, and he was thus one of the latest victims of the tyrant's jealous caprice. His memory was celebrated by some of the best pens of the succeeding generation. "He was no less valiant than learned," says Sir Walter Raleigh, "and of excellent hopes."

Nor is Wyatt despondent, or ever for a moment demoralized or rendered craven by the sharpness of his wound. He resists the poignant suspicion of his lady's unfaith which *will* visit him. He probes the secret of his pain steadily. He will, if possible, discover something fanciful or fallacious in it. Could anything be more refined and, at the same time, less morbid than this? —

"Lo, now my thought might make me free
Of that perchance it needs not!
Perchance none doubt the dread I see,
I shrink at that I bear not;

But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof shall better be.
I would it were not as I think!
I would I thought it were not!"

Afterwards, when hope is yet fainter, he
appeals, but manfully still, never brokenly:—

"And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!"

"And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath given thee my heart
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!"

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!"

"Forget not, oh forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is,
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!"

"Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved;
Forget not this!"

He even muses on the chance that he
may love again in lines of more than
his wonted grace,—lines which Spenser
himself will hardly surpass for beauty of
rhythm:—

"A face which should content me wondrous well
Should not be fair, but lovely to behold;
With gladsome cheer all grief for to expel,
With sober looks so that I would it should
Speak without words such words as none can
tell
(The tress also should be of crisped gold);
With wit and these might chance I might be
tied,
And knit again with knot that should not slide."

It was really Wyatt rather than Spenser who finally fixed the scale of English verbal melody, and defined its principal modes. From this time forward the advance in euphony is marvelously rapid. But before quitting for good the pre-Shakespearean days, we must make room for a few anonymous strains of unusual *naïveté* and sweetness. They belong, at latest, to the very first years of the sixteenth century:—

"As I lay sleeping,
In dreams fleeting,

Ever my sweeting
Is in my mind;
She is so goodly,
With looks so lovely,
That no man truly
Such one can find.

"Her beauty so pure,
It doth underlure
My poor heart full sure
In governance;
Therefore now will I
Unto her apply,
And will ever cry
For remembrance.

"Though she me bind,
Yet shall she not find
My poor heart unkind,
Do what she can;
For I will her pray,
While I live a day,
Me to take for aye
For her own man."

"My joy it is from her to hear,
Whom that my mind is ever to see;
And to my heart she is most near,
For I love her and she loveth me.

"Christ wolt the figure of her sweet face
Were pictured wherever I be,
In every hall, from place to place,
For I love her, and she loveth me."

It is natural to date the singers of the succeeding and culminating period by the correspondence of their careers with Shakespeare's. Of that preëminent group, Spenser, Sidney, Raleigh, Marlowe, Southwell, Daniel, Drayton, Wotton, Lodge, and Donne were within fifteen years of Shakespeare's own age, and therefore in the prime of their manhood with him; Carew, Herrick, Wither, Waller, Suckling, Habington, Browne, Drummond of Hawthornden, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Bishops Corbet and King, were past the years of infancy when the great bard died; while Crashaw was born one year before his death, and Abraham Cowley and Richard Lovelace two years later. Keeping these coincidences in mind, we shall not be careful to preserve a strict chronological order in the rest of our quotations, but take them at random from the authors enumerated, just as they chance to illustrate the phase of character under discussion.

If we look first for the ideal of womanhood seriously cherished by the best minds of this great time we shall find it still, as formerly, a lofty and a spotless

one. We may go to Shakespeare for our key-note:—

"Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odors made;
And so, of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth."

The grave laureate Samuel Daniel is almost self-reproachful for his own exquisite susceptibility to purely personal charms:—

"Ah, Beauty, siren fair, enchanting good!
Sweet, silent rhetoric of persuading eyes;
Dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood

More than all words or wisdom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose diapason lies
Within a brow"—

But he farther distinguishes the lady of his choice by one of the loveliest quatrains in all the language:—

"A modest maid decked with the blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;

The wonder of all eyes that look upon her,
Sacred on earth, designed a saint above."

Even the lawless and voluptuous Francis Beaumont has an exacting standard:—

"May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clean as air!
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 't were none.

"May I find a woman wise,
And her wisdom not disguise!
Hath she wit as well as will,
Double-armed is she to kill.

"May I find a woman true!
There is beauty's fairest hue;
There is beauty, love, and wit,
Happy he can compass it!"

Listen also to Thomas Carew:—

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away

"But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,

Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes."

And to William Browne:—

"Nature did her so much right
As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were defied!

"Wit she hath without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath;
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me."

And glance at Thomas Lodge's radiant vision of Samela:—

"Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.

"Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, washed by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

"Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in her show of majesty,
For she's Samela.

"Pallas in wit, all three, if you well view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela."

Very interesting also are the crowning graces of Crashaw's "not impossible she." After he has paid his tribute to the darling of the age in "Sidnean showers of soft discourse," he enumerates these higher gifts of the spirit:—

"Days that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

"Life that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, 'Welcome friend!'

"Soft, silken showers,
Open suns, shady bowers,
'Bove all,—nothing within that lowers."

But it was "rare Ben Jonson," whose fancy so teemed with sensuous imagery—when, as in the exuberant "See, the chariot at hand here of Love!" he gave it loose rein,—who could also, when he collected himself for a more earnest effort, portray a loftier ideal than they all:—

"I meant to make her fair and free and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor shed like influence from his lucent seat;

I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

The reader no doubt remembers the surpassingly graceful turn by which the poet feigns suddenly to discover the personification of his fancy and the reality of his dream in Lucy, Countess of Bedford:—

"These when I thought to feign, and wished to see,
My muse bade Bedford write; and it was she!"

But whether the likenesses were exact or no, the picture is of marvelous beauty. Spenser, the courtier, was naturally more lenient to the solemn vice of greatness than Jonson, and he defends it warmly:—

"Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride.
The thing which I do most in her admire
Is of the world unworthy, most envied;
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, disdain of foul dishonor,
Threatening rash eyes that gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her:
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honor."

And here, too, room must surely be made for Sir Henry Wotton's eloquent address to the Queen of Bohemia, whose claim to the throne of Germany he made it in some sort his adventure to establish:—

"You meener beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the sun shall rise?"

"You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice doth raise?"

"You violets that first appear,
By your pure, purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?"

"So when my mistress shall be seen,
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice a queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
To eclipse the glory of her kind!"

¹ Isaac Walton, in his quaint memoir of Wotton, gives a fascinating picture of this ancestral home: "An ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the parish church of Bock-

There is a vein of quiet self-respect running through this piece of profound and yet stately homage,—this distant and restrained adulation of a royal lady. It is in no way unworthy of the man who, in his last years of peaceful retirement at his beautiful manor of Bocton,¹ wrote that admirable hymn, happily never yet suffered to drop out of our memories and hymnals:—

"How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will," etc.

Nevertheless, in the address to the Queen of Bohemia, and to some extent in most of the fragments of personal tribute and appeal thus far cited, there is a certain formality, a touch of the conventionally lowly attitude of the minstrel before the lady, against which, because it savored too much of what was beginning to be felt as the *cant* of chivalry, there was already a very general revolt among the proud-spirited and straightforward men of the day. They have begun to take on a new and more independent tone,—the tone of those who make a careful distinction between service and servitude; who, while ready for any test of voluntary devotion, will resist to the uttermost the surrender of their personal prerogatives, and scorn the thought of actual subjugation, whether to a sovereign or a sentiment, to the caprices of an individual woman or of that unaccountable Dame Fortune for whose favor they were all ready to dare so much. It is the inherent buoyancy of indomitable *pluck*. Pure animal spirits go up to a higher point than they have ever attained before or since in this vexatious world. But let us consider our later knights a little longer in the character of lovers. They challenge affection rather than sue for it,—these lordly creatures. They do not scruple to name conditions. They even utter threats, half laughing and half earnest. They promise briefly, but abundantly; as in the matchless lines often attributed—one wishes it were on more certain authority—to Graham of Montrose:—
ton-Malherbe adjoining unto it, both being seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill as gives the advantage of a large prospect and of equal pleasure to all beholders."

" My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed in no other way
Than by pure monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart
And never love thee more "

" Like Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My soul did evermore disdain
A rival to my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all!

" But if no faithless action stain
Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown my head with bays,
And love thee more and more! "

Even more striking, if not more captivating, is George Wither's *Manly Resolve*, whereof we resolutely restrict ourselves to three stanzas:—

" Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

" 'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do
That without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be? "

" Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair.
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be? "

Haughty words, these; but is there not conveyed in the emphatic couplet,

" If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve,"

an assurance which is worth volumes of commonplace protestation? This is not merely the wooing of a man of the highest spirit, but it is the only temper in which a woman of the highest spirit is ever truly won. How well Charlotte

Brontë understood this, when she told the story of Shirley! Sometimes this disengaged and defiant mood, this resolute resistance to the slavery of passion, goes so far as to affect a tone of mockery; but it is a mockery wholly without bitterness, so thoroughly merry and debonaire that we cannot for a moment question the soundness of the heart it seeks to disguise. The "Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more," of Shakespeare, and the "Why so wan and pale, fond lover?" of Suckling, will at once recur to many memories, but there are scores of lyrics conceived in the same saucy and frolicsome spirit, of which here are some taken almost at random, and not all quoted entire:—

" Once I did breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move;
Once I was not mine own at all,
And then I was in love!

" Once by my carving true-love knots
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and tears were both our lots,
And then I was in love!

" Once I wore bracelets made of hair,
And colors did approve;
Once were my clothes made out of wax,
And then I was in love!

" Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move;
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then I was in love!

" Once in my ear did dangling hang
A little turtle-dove;
Once—in a word—I was a fool,
And then I was in love! "

" So long as I was in your sight
I was your heart, your soul, your treasure;
And evermore you sobbed and sighed,
Burning in flames beyond all measure.
Three days endured your love for me,
And it was lost in other three!
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

" Sure you have made me passing glad
That you your love so soon removed,
Before that I the leisure had
To choose you for my best beloved;
For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun!
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, adieu Love, adieu Love,
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love."

These are anonymous, and so is "Love me little, love me long," which is rather

more famous than familiar; full of brilliant good sense, yet by no means lacking in tenderness. A woman speaks, and she speaks the thought of many a woman's heart, yet it is hardly to be supposed that a woman wrote it:—

"Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold,
Not too backward or too bold;
Love that lasteth till 't is old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song!"

"If thou lovest me too much,
It will not prove as true as touch;
Love me little more than such,
For I fear the end.
I am with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent,
To be steadfast, friend

"Say thou lovest me while thou live'
I to thee my love will give,
Never dreaming to deceive,
While that life endures.
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth
As now, when in my May of youth
This my love assures.

"Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persevere;
Give me that, with true endeavor
I will it restore.
A suit of durance let it be
For all weathers, that for me'—
For the land or for the sea
Lasting evermore

"Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain,
So to thee farewell!
Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song!"

Room must be made for one more specimen in the defiant vein, — Sir John Suckling's rollicking story of the siege of a heart:—

"T is now since I sat down before
That foolish fort a heart—
Time strangely spent!—a year and more,
And still I did my part,—

"Made my approaches: from her hand
Unto her lips did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes

"Proceeded on with no less art,—
My tongue was engineer,—
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

"When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand, thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not!

"I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses;
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses!

"To draw her out and from her strength
I drew all batteries in,
And brought myself to lie, at length,
As if no siege had been.

"When I had done what I could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

"I sent to know from whence and where
These hopes and this relief;
A spy informed Honor was there,
And did command in chief.

"March, march! quoth I, the word straight give
Let's lose no time but leave her!
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out forever!"

This is manifestly improper, and Sir John Suckling is never to be trusted for good behavior through many stanzas but how enchantingly gay he is! The utter frankness of his hilarity does something toward atoning for its coarseness. We are quite sure that he is never worse than his words, and even suspect that he is not altogether so desperate a rake as he sometimes pretends. If his court esy seem scant, there is, at all events, no craft lurking beneath it; and so far from hating or discrediting the object of his bold advances because she had repelled them, he treats her with a mixture of petulant astonishment and whimsical respect altogether *naïf* and amusing. Even here, where taste and delicacy are so near being mortally offended, we divine, both in word and wood, that which constitutes the peculiar and inalienable virtue of their epoch,—indomitable spirit, the *abandon* of perfect health, the absolute negation and impossibility of the lackadaisical.

From this, its extreme of reckless levity, we may follow the song of the latest chivalric age in its modulation through

all manner of graver and softer keys, and find it always clear and confident in its accent, brave and buoyant up to the end of life, though oftener than otherwise that end is both bitter and untimely. Here is a handful of lays which are purely playful and pretty:—

"Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest;
Ah, wanton, will you?"

"And if I sleep, then peereth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing.
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting;
Ah, wanton, will you?"

"Else I, with roses, every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you when you long to play
For your offense;
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it, for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas, what hereby shall I win,
So he gainsay me?"

"What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will gainsay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou softly on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in my eyes, I like of thee!
O Cupid, so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee!"

(Thomas Lodge.)

"Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter, too!
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?"

"His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier, too!
For kings bethink them what the state require,
While shepherds careless carol by the fire.
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?"

(Richard Greene.)

"Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
The shooting stars defend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire befrend thee!"

"No will-o-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee

"Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon doth slumber?
The stars of the night
Do lend their light
Like tapers clear, without number.

"Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee."
(Robert Herrick.)

"Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy protestant to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

"Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress-tree;
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death to die for thee.

"Thou art my life, my love, my heart
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part
To live and die for thee."

(The same.)

There is a touch of earnestness in these last lines of Herrick's which allies them, it may be, a little more closely with the joyous tenderness of *Lovelace* than with the mere wanton fancies to which they are joined above. It is hard not to embrace any pretext for transcribing in full "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind," and "When love with unconfined wings," and space shall at all events be made for these other lines to *Lucasta*, less frequently quoted than the first, but, rather in form than in spirit, less beautiful:—

"If to be absent were to be
Away from thee,
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone,
Then, my *Lucasta*, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

"Though seas and lands between us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls;
Above the highest sphere we meet,
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet."

Lucy Sacheverell married another, on a false report that *Richard Lovelace* had fallen in foreign war, and he was twice for years in prison, and died miserably at forty; but somehow we cannot think

that the bright essence of the most ideal of English knights, after Sir Philip Sidney, was permanently subdued by adverse fate. Who shall say that the mystical reunion foreshadowed in that last stanza may not actually have taken place far outside of these mundane conditions, which the poet invariably treated with a kind of angelic scorn?

One of the most appreciative critics of Lovelace speaks of the "plaintive sweetness" of the lines To Althea from Prison. To us this adjective seems to be wholly misapplied. *Plaintive*, in the strict sense of the word, the gallant singers of this period never are, and when they are pensive we almost always feel that it is their humor so to be; that they are sad for an hour only, by way of curious luxury and restful relaxation from their wonted high-strung mood, as in the well-known lines of Beaumont:—

"Hence, all ye vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see 't,
But only melancholy."

In this dulcet and exquisite minor, Waller has left us one masterpiece:—

"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time on me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be

"Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

"Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

"Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!"

Sighs light as these come usually from a surfeit of content. Before actual pain, even of the sort that cuts deepest,—repulse, injury, or unfaith from the

¹ Observe the echoes out of these and the previous lines in the interludes between the cantoes of the Princess.

one best loved,—the poets of that time are wont to stand erect and unflinching. Hear Waller again:—

"It is not that I love you less!
Than when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love I keep away.
In vain, alas! for everything
Which I have known belongs to you;
Your form does to my fancy cling,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.
But vowed I have, and never must
Your banished servant trouble you;
For if I break you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you, too."

The somewhat stern lines which follow are from a nameless writer, in a manuscript of Elizabethan verse:—

"Change thy mind sith she doth change:
Let not fancy still abuse thee;
Thy untruth cannot seem strange,
Since her falsehood doth excuse thee
Love is dead, but thou art free;
She doth live, but dead to thee.

"Love no more sith she is gone;
She is gone, and loves another;
Being thus deceived by one,
Crave her love, but love no other.
She was false, bid love adieu;
She was best, but yet untrue."

Finest of all, perhaps, is that celebrated sonnet of Michael Drayton's, where the fiery and magnanimous nature of both lovers is so plainly to be read in the dramatic memorial of their strife:—

"Since there's no hope, come, let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done. You get no more of me;
And I am glad—yes, glad with all my heart—
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands forever! Cancel all our vows!
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen, on either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain!
Now, at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him
over,
From death to life thou mightst him yet recover."

Men who hold their lives light, and rule their loves proudly, are less liable than others to be deeply dismayed or sorrowful above measure in the prospect of death. They will scorn to be surprised by the last enemy, or even hastily to conclude that power to be inimical whose onward march their wariest valor cannot possibly avert. It is emphatic-

ally the case with the virile singers of the last great lyrical age,—the immediate descendants of Surrey and Chaucer. When their lives are fullest of hope and adventure, death is in all their thoughts. They seem resolved upon this intimacy. They will regard the inevitable not with equanimity merely, but with cordiality. They will not even await its advent, but go forth to meet it with the challenge and welcome of a friend, as Crashaw says. In their brightest hours, amidst their most ardent strains, the *memento mori* note may be heard incessantly, like the regular striking of a silver bell. How often it occurs in Shakespeare's sonnets, as at the close of the incomparable seventy-third, "That time of year thou mayst in me behold," etc.

"In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

In a different phase of the same mood, and in smoother, sweeter measures than are usual with him, sings Donne:—

"Sweetest love, I do not go
For weariness of thee;
Nor in the hope the world can show
A fitter love for me
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
To use myself in jest
Thus by feign'd death to die.

"Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be."

And Henry Lawes:—

"Grieve not, dear love, although we often part,
But know that nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up with tender art
To brook the day when we must part forever."

And Sir Philip Sidney:—

"Oft have I mused, but now at length I find
Why those that die men say they do depart.
Depart, a word so gentle to my mind,
Weakly did seem to paint Death's ugly dart.
But now the stars with their strange course do
bind
Me one to leave with whom I leave my heart;
I hear a cry of spirits, faint and blind,
That parting thus my chiefest part I part."

Very seldom, as in the verse of Lawes above, is separation spoken of, even casually, as eternal. Those were days of unaffected faith and open vision, and none who thought at all thought of our conscious life as ending here below. Nevertheless this friendliness with death, which we find so impressive, seems due quite as much to sanity as to sanctity of spirit; to perfect accord with the past rather than to definite anticipations for the future. We shall find that the dirges, elegies, and epitaphs of the time strengthen and console rather than sadden us.

The note of triumph is audible in almost all the elegies and epitaphs on Sir Philip Sidney:—

"What hath he lost that so great grace hath won?
Young years, for endless years; and hope un-
sure
Of fortune's gifts, for wealth that well shall
dure.

Oh, happy race, with so great praises run!"

This is Spenser's, and the following, where, however, the measure seems almost too rugged and the conceit too labored for so gracious a theme, is usually attributed to Raleigh:—

"England, the Netherlands, the heavens, the arts,
The soldier, and the world have ta'en six parts
Of the noble Sidney, for none may suppose
That a small heap of dust can Sidney inclose!
His body hath England, for she it bred;
Netherlands his blood, in her defense shed;
The heavens his soul, the arts his fame,
All soldiers' tears, and the world his name!"

Even the Countess of Pembroke, in her Lament of Clorinda, can dwell only on the glory of her brother's departure and the brightness of his reward. "Ah, me," she cries, "can so divine a thing be dead?" And then,—

"Ah, no, it is not dead, and cannot be,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise,
Where, like a new-born babe, it soft doth lie
In bed of lilies wrapped in tender wise,
And compassed all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets, from head to feet."

It would be very interesting to compare, with reference rather to their spirit than their structure, Spenser's *Astrophel*, Matthew Royden's *Elegy*, and any others still in being of the two hundred said to have been written on Sidney's death, with the *Adonais* of Shelley, the *Thyrsis* of Matthew Arnold, and the in-

finite and impassioned but too often morbid analysis of In Memoriam. There is no room here, however, for so extensive a parallel. We can only stoop to gather, before turning reluctantly away, from the broad and glowing bed of funeral poesy, lying so fair to the sunshine, one more deep-tinted pansy; a modest flower, but unsurpassed for the sweetness of its breath. In the Lament of Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, over the peerless bride of his youth, we find distilled all the rarer and more ethereal qualities which characterize the poetry of his time,—the piety and affectionateness, the quaint and playful fancy, the patience of hope, the quiet, unforced smile at the utmost possibilities of human ill:—

"Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last good-night! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake,
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to the dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

"Stay for me there! I shall not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay;
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step toward thee.
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise, nearer my west
Of life almost by eight hours' sail
Than when sleep breathed her drowsy gale;
Nor labor I to stem the tide
Through which, to thee, I swiftly glide.

"T is true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou, like the van, first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to die
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! My pulse, like a soft drum,
Beats my approach, tells thee I come;

And slow howe'er my marches be
I shall, at last, sit down by thee.

"The thought of this bids me go on
And wait my dissolution
With hope and comfort. Dear, forgive
The crime! I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we shall meet and never part."

Whoever, for any purpose, begins gleanings amid the treasures of old English verse, will certainly be early smitten by a despairing sense of the inadequacy of any small collection to represent the richness of the whole. The little *recueil* here offered was made with the special and perhaps rather fanciful purpose of illustrating a single phase of human development; the last and most striking which the world saw before mediæval influences finally gave place to the purely modern; and it will seem to some readers extremely arbitrary, and to some, perhaps, extremely trite. But those who know the old English lyrics best will be least likely to object to the reiteration of any of them for any cause; while there are scores, now piping and harping laboriously in the midst of us, who would surely be the better for a greater familiarity with them. Whether the temper of these lays be chivalrous, upon the whole, or their morality tonic, may possibly be thought open to question; but they have qualities of simplicity, lucidity, strength, and gladness which may be unhesitatingly urged on the consideration of the vaguer and more lachrymose minstrels of the period. Every single convert out of the ranks of these, to the mind and methods of the earlier and lustier school, must occasion ample joy in Parnassus, no less than appreciable relief upon earth.

Harriet W. Preston.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

XI.

NOTHING more was said about the musicales, and the afternoon and evening wore away without general talk of any sort. Each seemed willing to keep apart from the rest. Dunham even suffered Lydia to come on deck alone after tea, and Staniford found her there, in her usual place, when he went up some time later. He approached her at once, and said, smiling down into her face, to which the moonlight gave a pale mystery, "Miss Blood, did you think I was very wicked to-day at dinner?"

Lydia looked away, and waited a moment before she spoke. "I don't know," she said. Then, impulsively, "Did you?" she asked.

"No, honestly, I don't think I was," answered Staniford with a laugh. "But I seemed to leave that impression on the company. I felt a little nasty, that was all; and I tried to hurt Mr. Dunham's feelings. But I shall make it right with him before I sleep; he knows that. He's used to having me repent at leisure. Do you ever walk Sunday night?"

"Yes, sometimes," said Lydia, interrogatively.

"I'm glad of that. Then I shall not offend against your scruples if I ask you to join me in a little ramble, and you will refuse from purely personal considerations. Will you walk with me?"

"Yes," Lydia rose.

"And will you take my arm?" asked Staniford, a little surprised at her readiness.

"Thank you."

She put her hand upon his arm, confidently enough, and they began to walk up and down the stretch of open deck together.

"Well," said Staniford, "did Mr. Dunham convince you all?"

"I think he talks beautifully about it," replied Lydia, with quaint stiffness.

"I am glad you see what a very good

fellow he is. I have a real affection for Dunham."

"Oh, yes, he's good. At first it surprised me. I mean" —

"No, no," Staniford quickly interrupted, "why did it surprise you to find Dunham good?"

"I don't know. You don't expect person to be serious who is so — so" —

"Handsome?"

"No, — so — I don't know just how to say it: fashionable."

Staniford laughed. "Why, Miss Blood, you're fashionably dressed yourself, not to go any farther, and you're serious."

"It's different with a man," the girl explained.

"Well, then, how about me?" asked Staniford. "Am I too well dressed to be expected to be serious?"

"Mr. Dunham always seems in earnest," Lydia answered, evasively.

"And you think one can't be in earnest without being serious?" Lydia suffered one of those silences to ensue in which Staniford had already found himself helpless. He knew that he should be forced to break it; and he said, with a little spiteful mocking, "I suppose the young men of South Bradfield are both serious and earnest."

"How?" asked Lydia.

"The young men of South Bradfield."

"I told you that there were none. They all go away."

"Well, then, the young men of Springfield, of Keene, of Greenfield."

"I can't tell. I am not acquainted there."

Staniford had begun to have a disagreeable suspicion that her ready consent to walk up and down with a young man in the moonlight might have come from a habit of the kind. But it appeared that her fearlessness was like that of wild birds in those desert islands where man has never come. The discovery gave him pleasure out of keep-

ing with its importance, and he paced back and forth in a silence that no longer chafed. Lydia walked very well, and kept his step with rhythmic unison, as if they were walking to music together. "That's the time in her pulses," he thought, and then he said: "Then you don't have a great deal of social excitement, I suppose, — dancing, and that kind of thing? Though perhaps you don't approve of dancing?"

"Oh, yes, I like it. Sometimes the summer boarders get up little dances at the hotel."

"Oh, the summer boarders!" Staniford had overlooked them. "The young men get them up, and invite the ladies?" he pursued.

"There are no young men, generally, among the summer boarders. The ladies dance together. Most of the gentlemen are old, or else invalids."

"Oh!" said Staniford.

"At the Mill Village, where I've taught two winters, they have dances sometimes, — the mill hands do."

"And do you go?"

"No. They are nearly all French Canadians and Irish people."

"Then you like dancing because there are no gentlemen to dance with?"

"There are gentlemen at the picnics."

"The picnics?"

"The teachers' picnics. They have them every summer, in a grove by the pond."

There was, then, a high-browed, dyspeptic high-school principal, and the desert-island theory was probably all wrong. It vexed Staniford, when he had so nearly got the compass of her social life, to find this unexplored corner in it.

"And I suppose you are leaving very agreeable friends among the teachers?"

"Some of them are pleasant. But I don't know them very well. I've only been to one of the picnics."

Staniford drew a long, silent breath. After all, he knew everything. He mechanically dropped a little the arm on which her hand rested, that it might slip farther within. Her timid remote-

ness had its charm, and he fell to thinking, with amusement, how she who was so subordinate to him was, in the dimly known sphere in which he had been groping to find her, probably a person of authority and consequence. It satisfied a certain domineering quality in him to have reduced her to this humble attitude, while it increased the protecting tenderness he was beginning to have for her. His mind went off further upon this matter of one's different attitudes toward different persons; he thought of men, and women too, before whom he should instantly feel like a boy, if he could be confronted with them, even in his present lordliness of mood. In a fashion of his when he convicted himself of anything, he laughed aloud. Lydia shrank a little from him, in question. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I was laughing at something I happened to think of. Do you ever find yourself struggling very hard to be what you think people think you are?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lydia. "But I thought no one else did."

"Everybody does the thing that we think no one else does," remarked Staniford, sententiously.

"I don't know whether I quite like it," said Lydia. "It seems like hypocrisy. It used to worry me. Sometimes I wondered if I had any real self. I seemed to be just what people made me, and a different person to each."

"I'm glad to hear it, Miss Blood. We are companions in hypocrisy. As we are such nonentities we shall not affect each other at all," Lydia laughed. "Don't you think so? What are you laughing at? I told you what I was laughing at!"

"But I did n't ask you."

"You wished to know."

"Yes, I did."

"Then you ought to tell me what I wish to know."

"It's nothing," said Lydia. "I thought you were mistaken in what you said."

"Oh! Then you believe that there's enough of you to affect me?"

"No."

"The other way, then?"

She did not answer.

"I'm delighted!" exclaimed Staniford. "I hope I don't exert an uncomfortable influence. I should be very unhappy to think so." Lydia stooped sidewise, away from him, to get a fresh hold of her skirt, which she was carrying in her right hand, and she hung a little more heavily upon his arm. "I hope I make you think better of yourself, — very self-satisfied, very conceited even."

"No," said Lydia.

"You pique my curiosity beyond endurance. Tell me how I make you feel."

She looked quickly round at him, as if to see whether he was in earnest. "Why, it's nothing," she said. "You made me feel as if you were laughing at everybody."

It flatters a man to be accused of sarcasm by the other sex, and Staniford was not superior to the soft pleasure of the reproach. "Do you think I make other people feel so, too?"

"Mr. Dunham said" —

"Oh! Mr. Dunham has been talking me over with you, has he? What did he tell you of me? There is nobody like a true friend for dealing an underhand blow at one's reputation. Wait till you hear my account of Dunham! What did he say?"

"He said that was only your way of laughing at yourself."

"The traitor! What did you say?"

"I don't know that I said anything."

"You were reserving your opinion for my own hearing?"

"No."

"Why don't you tell me what you thought? It might be of great use to me. I'm in earnest, now; I'm serious. Will you tell me?"

"Yes, some time," said Lydia, who was both amused and mystified at this persistence.

"When? To-morrow?"

"Oh, that's too soon. When I get to Venice!"

"Ah! That's a subterfuge. You know we shall part in Trieste."

"I thought," said Lydia, "you were coming to Venice, too."

"Oh, yes, but I should n't be able to see you there."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, because" — He was near telling the young girl who hung upon his arm, and walked up and down with him in the moonlight, that in the wicked Old World towards which they were sailing young people could not meet save in the sight and hearing of their elders, and that a confidential analysis of character would be impossible between them there. The wonder of her being where she was, as she was, returned upon him with a freshness that it had been losing through the custom of the week past. "Because you will be so much taken up with your friends," he said, lamely. He added quickly, "There's one thing I should like to know, Miss Blood: did you hear what Mr. Dunham and I were saying, last night, when we stood in the gangway and kept you from coming up?"

Lydia waited a moment. Then she said, "Yes. I could n't help hearing it."

"That's all right. I don't care for your hearing what I said. But — I hope it was n't true?"

"I could n't understand what you meant by it," she answered, evasively, but rather faintly.

"Thanks," said Staniford. "I did n't mean anything. It was merely the guilty consciousness of a generally disagreeable person." They walked up and down many turns without saying anything. She could not have made any direct protest, and it pleased him that she could not frame any flourishing generalities. "Yes," Staniford resumed, "I will try to see you as I pass through Venice. Mr. Dunham and I will call. And we will come to hear you sing when you come out at Milan."

"Come out? At Milan?"

"Why, yes! You are going to study at the conservatory in Milan?"

"How did you know that?" demanded Lydia.

"From hearing you to-day. May

I tell you how much I liked your singing?"

"My aunt thought I ought to cultivate my voice. But I would never go upon the stage. I would rather sing in a church. I should like that better than teaching."

"I think you're quite right," said Staniford, gravely. "It's certainly much better to sing in a church than to sing in a theatre. Though I believe the theatre pays best."

"Oh, I don't care for that. All I should want would be to make a living."

The reference to her poverty touched him. It was a confidence, coming from one so reticent, that was of value, and he would not abuse it by seeming to have noticed it. He said, "It's surprising how well we keep our footing here, isn't it? There's hardly any swell, but the ship pitches. I think we walk better together than alone."

"Yes," answered Lydia, "I think we do."

"You must n't let me tire you. I'm indefatigable."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I like it, — walking."

"Do you walk much at home?"

"Not much. It's a pretty good walk to the school-house."

"Oh! Then you like walking at sea better than you do on shore?"

"It is n't the custom, much. If there were any one else, I should have liked it there. But it's rather dull, going by yourself."

"Yes, I understand how that is," said Staniford, dropping his teasing tone. "It's stupid. And I suppose it's pretty lonesome at South Bradfield every way."

"It is, — winters," admitted Lydia.

"In the summer you see people, at any rate, but in winter there are days and days when hardly any one passes. The snow is banked up everywhere."

He felt her give an involuntary shiver; and he began to talk to her about the climate to which she was going. It was all stranger to her than he could have realized, and less intelligible. Her Californian memories were very dim, and

she had no experience by which she could compare and adjust his facts. He made her walk up and down more and more swiftly, as he lost himself in the comfort of his own talking and of her listening, and he failed to note the little falterings with which she expressed her weariness. All at once he halted, and said, "Why, you're out of breath! I beg your pardon. You should have stopped me. Let us sit down." He wished to walk across the deck to where the seats were, but she just perceptibly withstood his motion, and he forbore.

"I think I won't sit down," she said. "I will go down-stairs." And she began withdrawing her hand from his arm. He put his right hand upon hers, and when it came out of his arm it remained in his hand.

"I'm afraid you won't walk with me again," said Staniford. "I've tired you shamefully."

"Oh, not at all!"

"And you will?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. You're very amiable." He still held her hand. He pressed it. The pressure was not returned, but her hand seemed to quiver and throb in his like a bird held there. For the time neither of them spoke, and it seemed a long time. Staniford found himself carrying her hand towards his lips; and she was helplessly, trustingly, letting him.

He dropped her hand, and said, abruptly, "Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and ceased from his side like a ghost.

XII.

Staniford sat in the moonlight, and tried to think what the steps were that had brought him to this point; but there were no steps of which he was sensible. He remembered thinking the night before that the conditions were those of flirtation; to-night this had not occurred to him. The talk had been of the dull-est commonplaces; yet he had pressed her hand and kept it in his, and had been about to kiss it. He bitterly con-

sidered the disparity between his present attitude and the stand he had taken when he declared to Dunham that it rested with them to guard her peculiar isolation from anything that she could remember with pain or humiliation when she grew wiser in the world. He recalled his rage with Hicks, and the insulting condemnation of his bearing towards him ever since; and could Hicks have done worse? He had done better: he had kept away from her; he had let her alone.

That night Staniford slept badly, and woke with a restless longing to see the girl, and to read in her face whatever her thought of him had been. But Lydia did not come out to breakfast. Thomas reported that she had a headache, and that he had already carried her the tea and toast she wanted.

"Well, it seems kind of lonesome without her," said the captain. "It don't seem as if we could get along."

It seemed desolate to Staniford, who let the talk flag and fail round him without an effort to rescue it. All the morning he lurked about, keeping out of Dunham's way, and fighting hard through a dozen pages of a book, to which he struggled to nail his wandering mind. A headache was a little matter, but it might be even less than a headache. He belated himself purposely at dinner, and entered the cabin just as Lydia issued from her state-room door.

She was pale, and looked heavy-eyed. As she lifted her glance to him, she blushed; and he felt the answering red stain his face. They made a great deal of her return to the table, and the hearty kindness for her that every one felt expressed itself in various homages. The captain patted her on the shoulder with his burly right hand, and said he could not navigate the ship if she got sick. He pressed her to eat of this and that; and when she would not, he said, well, there was no use trying to force an appetite, and that she would be better all the sooner for dieting. Hicks disappeared in his state-room, and came out with a box of guava jelly, from his private stores, and won a triumph enviable

in all eyes when Lydia consented to like it with the chicken. Dunham plundered his own and Staniford's common stock of dainties for her dessert; the first officer agreed and applauded right and left; Staniford alone sat taciturn and inoperative, watching her face furtively. Once her eyes wandered to the side of the table where he and Dunham sat; then she colored, and dropped her glance.

He took his book again after dinner, and with his finger between the leaves, at the last-read, unintelligible page, he went out to the bow, and crouched down there to renew the conflict of the morning. It was not long before Dunham followed. He stooped over to lay a hand on either of Staniford's shoulders.

"What makes you avoid me, old man?" he demanded, looking into Staniford's face with his frank, gentle eyes.

"And I avoid you?" asked Staniford.

"Yes; why?"

"Because I feel rather shabby, I suppose. I knew I felt shabby, but I did n't know I was avoiding you."

"Well, no matter. If you feel shabby, it's all right; but I hate to have you feel shabby." He got his left hand down into Staniford's right, and a tacit reconciliation was transacted between them. Dunham looked about for a seat, and found a stool, which he planted in front of Staniford. "Was n't it pleasant to have our little lady back at table, again?"

"Very," said Staniford.

"I could n't help thinking how droll it was that a person whom we all considered a sort of incumbrance and superfluity at first should really turn out an object of prime importance to us all. Is n't it amusing?"

"Very droll."

"Why, we were quite lost without her, at breakfast. I could n't have imagined her taking such a hold upon us all, in so short a time. But she's a pretty creature, and as good as she's pretty."

"I remember agreeing with you on those points before." Staniford feigned to suppress fatigue.

Dunham observed him. "I know you don't take so much interest in her as — as the rest of us do, and I wish you did. You don't know what a lovely nature she is."

"No?"

"No; and I'm sure you'd like her."

"Is it important that I should like her? Don't let your enthusiasm for the sex carry you beyond bounds, Dunham."

"No, no. Not important, but very pleasant. And I think acquaintance with such a girl would give you some new ideas of women."

"Oh, my old ones are good enough. Look here, Dunham," said Staniford, sharply, "what are you after?"

"What makes you think I'm after anything?"

"Because you're not a humbug, and because I am. My depraved spirit instantly recognized the dawning duplicity of yours. But you'd better be honest. You can't make the other thing work. What do you want?"

"I want your advice. I want your help, Staniford."

"I thought so! Coming and forgiving me in that — apostolic manner."

"Don't!"

"Well. What do you want my help for? What have you been doing?" Staniford paused, and suddenly added: "Have you been making love to Lurella?" He said this in his ironical manner, but his smile was rather ghastly.

"For shame, Staniford!" cried Dunham. But he reddened violently.

"Then it is n't with Miss Hibbard that you want my help. I'm glad of that. It would have been awkward. I'm a little afraid of Miss Hibbard. It is n't every one has your courage, my dear fellow."

"I have n't been making love to her," said Dunham, "but — I" —

"But you what?" demanded Staniford sharply again. There had been less tension of voice in his joking about Miss Hibbard.

"Staniford," said his friend, "I don't know whether you noticed her, at dinner, when she looked across to our own side?"

"What did she do?"

"Did you notice that she — well, that she blushed a little?"

Staniford waited a while before he answered, after a gulp, "Yes, I noticed that."

"Well, I don't know how to put it exactly, but I'm afraid that I have unwittingly wronged this young girl."

"Wronged her? What the devil do you mean, Dunham?" cried Staniford, with bitter impatience.

"I'm afraid — I'm afraid — Why, it's simply this: that in trying to amuse her, and make the time pass agreeably, and relieve her mind, and all that, don't you know, I've given her the impression that I'm — well — interested in her, and that she may have allowed herself, — insensibly, you know — to look upon me in that light, and that she may have begun to think — that she may have become —"

"Interested in you?" interrupted Staniford rudely.

"Well — ah — well, that is — ah — well — Yes!" cried Dunham, as if bracing himself to sustain a shout of ridicule. But Staniford did not laugh, and Dunham had courage to go on. "Of course, it sounds rather conceited to say so, but the circumstances are so peculiar that I think we ought to recognize even any possibilities of that sort."

"Oh, yes," said Staniford, gravely. "Most women, I believe, are so innocent as to think a man in love when he behaves like a lover. And this one," he added ruefully, "seems more than commonly ignorant of our ways, — of our infernal shilly-shallying, purposeless nomindedness. She could n't imagine a man — a gentleman — devoting himself to her by the hour, and trying by every art to show his interest and pleasure in her society, without imagining that he wished her to like him, — love him; there's no half-way about it. She could n't suppose him the shallow, dawdling, soulless, senseless ape he really was." Staniford was quite in a heat by this time, and Dunham listened in open astonishment.

"You are hard upon me," he said.

"Of course, I have been to blame; I know that, I acknowledge it. But my motive, as you know well enough, was never to amuse myself with her, but to contribute in any way I could to her enjoyment and happiness. I" —

"*You!*" cried Staniford. "What are you talking about?"

"What are *you* talking about?" demanded Dunham, in his turn.

Staniford recollected himself. "I was speaking of abstract flirtation. I was firing into the air."

"In my case, I don't choose to call it flirtation," returned Dunham. "My purpose, I am bound to say, was thoroughly unselfish and kindly."

"My dear fellow," said Staniford, with a bitter smile, "there can be no unselfishness and no kindness between us and young girls, unless we mean business, — love-making. You may be sure that they feel it so, if they don't understand it so."

"I don't agree with you. I don't believe it. My own experience is that the sweetest and most generous friendships may exist between us, without a thought of anything else. And as to making love, I must beg you to remember that my love has been made once for all. I never dreamt of showing Miss Blood anything but polite attention."

"Then what are you troubled about?"

"I am troubled" — Dunham stopped helplessly, and Staniford laughed in a challenging, disagreeable way, so that the former perforce resumed: "I'm troubled about — about her possible misinterpretation."

"Oh! Then in this case of sweet and generous friendship the party of the second part may have construed the sentiment quite differently! Well, what do want me to do? Do you want me to take the contract off your hands?"

"You put it grossly," said Dunham.

"And *you* put it offensively!" cried the other. "My regard for the young lady is as reverent as yours. You have no right to miscolor my words."

"Staniford, you are too bad!" said Dunham, hurt even more than angered. "If I've come to you in the wrong mo-

ment — if you are vexed at anything, I'll go away, and beg your pardon for boring you."

Staniford was touched; he looked cordially into his friend's face. "I *was* vexed at something, but you never can come to me at the wrong moment, old fellow. I beg *your* pardon. I see your difficulty plainly enough, and I think you're quite right in proposing to hold up, — for that's what you mean, I take it?"

"Yes," said Dunham, "it is. And I don't know how she will like it. She will be puzzled and grieved by it. I had n't thought seriously about the matter till this morning, when she did n't come to breakfast. You know I've been in the habit of asking her to walk with me every night after tea; but Saturday evening you were with her, and last night I felt sore about the affairs of the day, and rather dull, and I did n't ask her. I think she noticed it. I think she was hurt."

"You think so?" said Staniford, peculiarly.

"I might not have thought so," continued Dunham, "merely because she did not come to breakfast; but her blushing when she looked across at dinner really made me uneasy."

"Very possibly you're right." Staniford mused a while before he spoke again. "Well, what do you wish me to do?"

"I must hold up, as you say, and of course she will feel the difference. I wish — I wish at least you would n't avoid her, Staniford. That's all. Any little attention from you — I know it bores you — would not only break the loneliness, but it would explain that — that my — attentions, did n't — ah — had n't meant anything."

"Oh!"

"Yes; that it's common to offer them. And she's a girl of so much force of character that when she sees the affair in its true light — I suppose I'm to blame! Yes, I ought to have told her at the beginning that I was engaged. But you can't force a fact of that sort upon a new acquaintance: it looks sil-

ly." Dunham hung his head in self-reproach.

"Well?" asked Staniford.

"Well, that's all! No, it *isn't* all, either. There's something else troubles me. Our poor little friend is a black-guard, I suppose?"

"Hicks?"

"Yes."

"You have invited him to be the leader of your orchestra, have n't you?"

"Oh, don't, Staniford!" cried Dunham in his helplessness. "I should hate to see her dependent in any degree upon that little cad for society." Cad was the last English word which Dunham had got himself used to. "That was why I hoped that you would n't altogether neglect her. She's here, and she's no choice but to remain. We can't leave her to herself without the danger of leaving her to Hicks. You see?"

"Well," said Staniford gloomily, "I'm not sure that you could n't leave her to a worse cad than Hicks." Dunham looked up in question. "To me, for example."

"Oh, hallo!" cried Dunham.

"I don't see how I'm to be of any use," continued the other. "I'm not a squire of dames; I should merely make a mess of it."

"You're mistaken, Staniford, — I'm sure you are, — in supposing that she dislikes you," urged his friend.

"Oh, very likely."

"I know that she's simply afraid of you."

"Don't flatter, Dunham. Why should I care whether she fears me or affects me? No, my dear fellow. This is irretrievably your own affair. I should be glad to help you out if I knew how. But I don't. I refer you to the consolations of religion. In the mean time your duty is plain, whatever happens. You can't overdo the sweet and the generous in this wicked world without paying the penalty."

Staniford smiled at the distress in which Dunham went his way. He knew very well that it was not vanity, but the liveliness of a sensitive conscience, that

had made Dunham search his conduct for the offense against the young girl's peace of heart which he believed he had committed, and it was the more amusing because he was so guiltless of harm. Staniford knew who was to blame for the headache and the blush. He knew that Dunham had never gone so far; that his chivalrous pleasure in her society might continue for years free from flirtation. But in spite of this conviction a little poignant doubt made itself felt, and suddenly became his whole consciousness. "Confound him!" he mused. "I wonder if she really could care anything for him!" He shut his book, and rose to his feet with such a burning in his heart that he could not have believed himself capable of the greater rage he felt at what he just then saw. It was Lydia and Hicks seated together in the place where he had sat with her. She leaned with one arm upon the rail, in an attitude that brought all her slim young grace into evidence. She seemed on very good terms with him, and he was talking and making her laugh as Staniford had never heard her laugh before — so freely, so heartily.

XIII.

The atoms that had been tending in Staniford's being toward a certain form suddenly arrested and shaped themselves anew at the vibration imparted by this laughter. He no longer felt himself Hicks's possible inferior, but vastly better in every way, and out of the turmoil of his feelings in regard to Lydia was evolved the distinct sense of having been trifled with. Somehow, an advantage had been taken of his sympathies and purposes, and his forbearance had been treated with contempt.

The conviction was neither increased nor diminished by the events of the evening, when Lydia brought out some music from her state-room, and Hicks appeared, flute in hand, from his, and they began practicing one of the pieces together. It was a pretty enough sight. Hicks had been gradually growing a better-

looking fellow; he had an undeniable picturesqueness, as he bowed his head over the music towards hers; and she, as she held the sheet with one hand for him to see, while she noiselessly accompanied herself on the table with the fingers of the other, and tentatively sang now this passage and now that, was divine. The picture seemed pleasing to neither Staniford nor Dunham; they went on deck together, and sat down to their cigarettes in their wonted place. They did not talk of Lydia, or of any of the things that had formed the basis of their conversation hitherto, but Staniford returned to his Colorado scheme, and explained at length the nature of his purposes and expectations. He had discussed these matters before, but he had never gone into them so fully, nor with such cheerful earnestness. He said he should never marry, — he had made up his mind to that; but he hoped to make money enough to take care of his sister's boy Jim handsomely, as the little chap had been named for him. He had been thinking the matter over, and he believed that he should get back by rail and steamer as soon as he could after they reached Trieste. He was not sorry he had come; but he could not afford to throw away too much time on Italy, just then.

Dunham, on his part, talked a great deal of Miss Hibbard, and of some curious psychological characteristics of her dyspepsia. He asked Staniford whether he had ever shown him the photograph of Miss Hibbard taken by Sarony when she was on to New York the last time: it was a three-quarters view, and Dunham thought it the best she had had done. He spoke of her generous qualities, and of the interest she had always had in the Diet Kitchen, to which, as an invalid, her attention had been particularly directed; and he said that in her last letter she had mentioned a project for establishing a diet kitchen in Rome, on the Boston plan. When their talk grew more impersonal and took a wider range, they gathered suggestion from the situation, and remarked upon the immense solitude of the sea. They agreed that

there was something weird in this long continuance of fine weather, and that the moon had a strange look. They spoke of the uncertainty of life. Dunham regretted, as he had often regretted before, that his friend had no fixed religious belief; and Staniford gently accepted his solicitude, and said that he had at least a conviction if not a creed. He then begged Dunham's pardon in set terms for trying to wound his feelings the day before; and in the silent hand-clasp that followed they renewed all the cordiality of their friendship. From time to time, as they talked, the music from below came up fitfully, and once they had to pause as Lydia sang through the song that she and Hicks were practicing.

Their common interest in the art now brought Hicks and the young girl almost constantly together, and the sound of their concerting often filled the ship. The musicales, less formal than Dunham had intended, and perhaps for that reason a source of rapidly diminishing interest with him, superseded both ring-toss and shuffle-board, and seemed even more acceptable to the ship's company as an entertainment. One evening, when the performers had been giving a piece of rather more than usual excellence and difficulty, one of the sailors, apparently deputed by his mates, came aft, with many clumsy shows of deference, and asked them to give *Marching through Georgia*. Hicks found this out of his repertory, but Lydia sang it. Then the group at the fore-castle shouted with one voice for *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching*, and so beguiled her through the whole list of the war-songs. She ended with one unknown to her listeners, but better than all the rest in words and music, and *The Flag's come back to Tennessee* was received with the silence and the low murmur that witness the effect of a tender and pathetic song. The spokesman of the sailors came aft again, to thank her for his mates, and to say they would not spoil that last song by asking for anything else. It was a charming little triumph for her, as she sat surrounded by her usual court: the captain was there to countenance

the freedom the sailors had taken, and Dunham and Staniford stood near, but Hicks, at her right hand, held the place of honor.

The next night Staniford found her alone in the waist of the ship, and drew up a stool beside the rail where she sat.

"We all enjoyed your singing so much, last night, Miss Blood. I think Mr. Hicks plays charmingly, but I believe I prefer to hear your voice alone."

"Thank you," said Lydia, looking down, demurely.

"It must be a great satisfaction to feel that you can give so much pleasure."

"I don't know," she said, passing the palm of one hand over the back of the other.

"When you are a *prima donna* you must n't forget your old friends of the Aroostook. We shall all take vast pride in you."

This was not a question, and Lydia answered nothing. Staniford, who had rather obliged himself to this advance, with some dim purpose of showing that nothing had occurred to alienate them since the evening of their promenade, without having proved to himself that it was necessary to do this, felt that he was growing angry. It irritated him to have her sit as unmoved after his words as if he had not spoken, and he found that of all forms of rustic uncouthness this was the most offensive.

"Miss Blood," he said, "I envy you your gift of snubbing people."

Lydia looked at him. "Snubbing people?" she echoed.

"Yes; your power of remaining silent when you wish to put down some one who has been wittingly or unwittingly impertinent."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, in a sort of breathless way.

"And you did n't intend to mark your displeasure at my planning your future?"

"No! We had talked of that. I"—

"And you were not vexed with me for anything? I have been afraid that I—that you"—Staniford found that

he was himself getting short of breath. They sat staring into each other's eyes. He had begun with the intention of mystifying her, but matters had suddenly taken another course, and he was really anxious to know whether any disagreeable associations with that night lingered in her mind. With this longing came a natural inability to find the right word. "I was afraid"—he repeated, and then he stopped again. Clearly, he could not tell her that he was afraid he had gone too far; but this was what he meant. "You don't walk with me, any more, Miss Blood," he concluded, with an air of burlesque reproach.

"You have n't asked me—since," she said.

He felt a singular value and significance in this word, since. It showed that her thoughts had been running parallel with his own; it permitted, if it did not signify, that he should resume the mood of that time, where their parting had interrupted it. He enjoyed the fact to the utmost, but he was not sure that he wished to do what he was permitted. "Then I did n't tire you?" he merely asked. He was not sure, now he came to think of it, that he liked her willingness to recur to that time. He liked it, but not quite in the way he would have liked to like it.

"No," she said.

"The fact is," he went on aimlessly, "that I thought I had rather abused your kindness. Besides," he added, veering off, "I was afraid I should be an interruption to the musical exercises."

"Oh, no," said Lydia. "Mr. Dunham has n't arranged anything yet." Staniford thought this uncandid. It was fighting shy of Hicks, who was the person in his own mind; and it reawakened a suspicion which was lurking there. "Mr. Dunham seems to have lost his interest."

This struck Staniford as an expression of pique; it reawakened quite another suspicion. It was evident that she had really cared for Dunham, and that she was hurt at the cessation of his attentions. He was greatly minded to

say that Dunham was a fool, but he ended by saying, with sarcasm, "I suppose he saw that he was superseded."

"Mr. Hicks plays well," said Lydia, judiciously, "but he does n't really know so much of music as Mr. Dunham."

"No?" responded Staniford, with irony. "I will tell Dunham. No doubt he's been suffering the pangs of professional jealousy. That must be the reason why he keeps away."

"Keeps away?" asked Lydia.

"*Now* I've made an ass of myself!" thought Staniford. "You said that he seemed to have lost his interest," he answered her.

"Oh! Yes!" assented Lydia. And then she remained rather distraught, pulling at the ruffling of her dress.

"Dunham is a very accomplished man," said Staniford, finding the usual satisfaction in pressing his breast against the thorn. "He's a great favorite in society. He's up to no end of things." Staniford uttered these praises in a curiously bitter tone. "He's a capital talker. Don't you think he talks well?"

"I don't know; I suppose I have n't seen enough people to be a good judge."

"Well, you've seen enough people to know that he's very good looking?"

"Yes?"

"You don't mean to say you *don't* think him good looking?"

"No, — oh, no, I mean — that is — I don't know anything about his looks. But he resembles a lady who used to come from Boston, summers. I thought he must be her brother."

"Oh, then you think he looks effeminate!" cried Staniford, with inner joy.

"I assure you," he added with solemnity, "Dunham is one of the manliest fellows in the world!"

"Yes?" said Lydia.

Staniford rose. He was smiling gayly as he looked over the broad stretch of empty deck, and down into Lydia's eyes. "Would n't you like to take a turn, now?"

"Yes," she said promptly, rising and arranging her wrap across her shoulders, so as to leave her hands free. She laid

one hand in his arm and gathered her skirt with the other, and they swept round together for the start and confronted Hicks.

"Oh!" cried Lydia, with what seemed dismay, "I promised Mr. Hicks to practice a song with him." She did not try to release her hand from Staniford's arm, but was letting it linger there with apparent irresolution.

Staniford dropped his arm, and let her hand fall. He bowed with icy stiffness, and said, with a courtesy so fierce that Mr. Hicks, on whom he glared as he spoke, quailed before it, "I yield to your prior engagement."

XIV.

It was nothing to Staniford that she should have promised Hicks to practice a song with him, and no process of reasoning could have made it otherwise. The imaginary opponent with whom he scornfully argued the matter had not a word for himself. Neither could the young girl answer anything to the cutting speeches which he mentally made her as he sat alone chewing the end of his cigar; and he was not moved by the imploring looks which his fancy painted in her face, when he made believe that she had meekly returned to offer him some sort of reparation. Why should she excuse herself? he asked. It was he who ought to excuse himself for having been in the way. The dialogue went on at length, with every advantage to the inventor.

He was finally aware of some one standing near and looking down at him. It was the second mate, who supported himself in a conversational posture by the hand which he stretched to the shrouds above their heads. "Are you a good sailor, Mr. Staniford?" he inquired. He and Staniford were friends in their way, and had talked together before this.

"Do you mean seasickness? Why?"

Staniford looked up at the mate's face.

"Well, we're going to get it, I guess, before long. We shall soon be off the

Spanish coast. We've had a great run so far."

"If it comes we must stand it. But I make it a rule never to be seasick beforehand."

"Well, I ain't one to borrow trouble, either. It don't run in the family. Most of us like to chance things. I chanced it for the whole war, and I come out all right. Sometimes it don't work so well."

"Ah?" said Staniford, who knew that this was a leading remark, but forbore, as he knew Mason wished, to follow it up directly.

"One of us chanced it once too often, and of course it was a woman."

"The risk?"

"Not the risk. My oldest sister tried tamin' a tiger. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a tiger won't tame worth a cent. But her pet was such a lamb most of the while that she guessed she'd chance it. It did n't work. She's at home with mother now, — three children, of course, — and he's in hell, I s'pose. He was killed 'long-side o' me at Gettysburg. Ike was a good fellow when he was sober. But my souls, the life he led that poor girl! Yes, when a man's got that tiger in him, there ought to be some quiet little war round for puttin' him out of his misery." Staniford listened silently, waiting for the mate to make the application of his grim allegory. "I s'pose I'm prejudiced; but I do hate a drunkard; and when I see one of 'em makin' up to a girl, I want to go to her, and tell her she'd better take a real tiger out the show, at once."

The juxtaposition which these words suggested sent a thrill to Staniford's heart, but he continued silent, and the mate went on, with the queer smile, which could be inferred rather than seen, working under his mustache and the humorous twinkle of his eyes evanescently evident under his cap peak.

"I don't go round criticisin' my superior officers, and I don't say anything about the responsibility the old man took. The old man's all right, accordin' to his lights; he ain't had a tiger in the family. But if that young fellow was to fall overboard, — well, I don't

know how long it would take to lower a boat, if I was to listen to my conscience. There ain't really any help for him. He's begun too young ever to get over it. He won't be ashore at Try-East an hour before he's drunk. If our men had any spirits amongst 'em that could be begged, bought, or borrowed, he'd be drunk now, right along. Well, I'm off watch," said the mate, at the tap of bells. "Guess we'll get our little gale pretty soon."

"Good-night," said Staniford, who remained pondering, but presently rose, and walked up and down the deck. He could hear Lydia and Hicks trying that song: now the voice, and now the flute; then both together; and presently a burst of laughter. He began to be angry with her ignorance and inexperience. It became intolerable to him that a woman should be going about with no more knowledge of the world than a child, and entangling herself in relations with all sorts of people. It was shocking to think of that little sot, who had now made his infirmity known to all the ship's company, admitted to association with her which looked to common eyes like courtship. From the mate's insinuation that she ought to be warned, it was evident that they thought her interested in Hicks; and the mate had come, like Dunham, to leave the responsibility with Staniford. It only wanted now that Captain Jenness should appear with his appeal, direct or indirect.

While Staniford walked up and down, and scorned and raged at the idea that he had anything to do with the matter, the singing and fluting came to a pause in the cabin; and at the end of the next turn, which brought him to the head of the gangway stairs, he met Lydia emerging. He stopped and spoke to her, having instantly resolved, at sight of her, not to do so.

"Have you come up for breath, like a mermaid?" he asked. "Not that I'm sure mermaids do."

"Oh, no," said Lydia. "I think I dropped my handkerchief where we were sitting."

Staniford suspected, with a sudden

return to a theory of her which he had already entertained, that she had not done so. But she went lightly by him, where he stood stolid, and picked it up; and now he suspected that she had dropped it there on purpose.

"You have come back to walk with me?"

"No!" said the girl, indignantly. "I have not come back to walk with you!" She waited a moment; then she burst out with, "How dare you say such a thing to me? What right have you to speak to me so? What have I done to make you think that I would come back to?" — She stopped.

The fierce vibration in her voice made him know that her eyes were burning upon him and her lips trembling. He shrank before her passion as a man must before the justly provoked wrath of a woman, or even of a small girl.

"I stated a hope, not a fact," he said in meek uncandor. "Don't you think you ought to have done so?"

"I don't — I don't understand you," panted Lydia, arresting her bolts in mid-course, and looking confusedly at him.

Staniford pursued his guilty advantage; it was his only chance. "I gave way to Mr. Hicks when you had an engagement with me. I thought — you would come back to keep your engagement." He was still very meek.

"Excuse me," she said, with self-reproach that would have melted the heart of any one but a man who was in the wrong, and was trying to get out of it at all hazards. "I did n't know what you meant — I" —

"If I had meant what you thought," interrupted Staniford nobly, for he could now afford to be generous, "I should have deserved much more than you said. But I hope you won't punish my awkwardness by refusing to walk with me."

Lydia looked at him earnestly for a moment; then she said, "I must get my shawl and hat."

"Let me go!" he entreated.

"You could n't find them," she answered, as she vanished past him. She returned, and promptly laid her hand in

his proffered arm; it was as if she were eager to make him amends for her harshness.

Staniford took her hand out, and held it while he bowed low toward her. "I declare myself satisfied."

"I don't understand," said Lydia, in alarm and mortification.

"When a subject has been personally aggrieved by his sovereign, his honor is restored if they merely cross swords."

The girl laughed her delight in the extravagance. She must have been more or less than woman not to have found his flattery delicious. "But we are republicans!" she said, in evasion.

"To be sure, we are republicans. Well, then, Miss Blood, answer your free and equal one thing: is it a case of conscience?"

"How?" she asked, and Staniford did not recoil at the rusticity. This how for what, and the interrogative yes, still remained. Since their first walk, she had not wanted to know, in however great surprise she found herself.

"Are you going to walk with me because you had promised?"

"Why, of course," faltered Lydia.

"That is n't enough."

"Not enough?"

"Not enough. You must walk with me because you like to do so."

Lydia was silent.

"Do you like to do so?"

"I can't answer you," she said, releasing her hand from him.

"It was not fair to ask you. What I wish to do is to restore the original status. You have kept your engagement to walk with me, and your conscience is clear. Now, Miss Blood, may I have your company for a little stroll over the deck of the Aroostook?" He made her another very low bow.

"What must I say?" asked Lydia, joyously.

"That depends upon whether you consent. If you consent, you must say, 'I shall be very glad.'"

"And if I don't?"

"Oh, I can't put any such decision into words."

Lydia mused a moment. "I shall be

very glad," she said, and put her hand again into the arm he offered.

As happens after such a passage they were at first silent, while they walked up and down.

"If this fine weather holds," said Staniford, "and you continue as obliging as you are to-night, you can say, when people ask you how you went to Europe, that you walked the greater part of the way. Shall you continue so obliging? Will you walk with me every fine night?" pursued Staniford.

"Do you think I'd better say so?" she asked, with the joy still in her voice.

"Oh, I can't decide for you. I merely formulate your decisions after you reach them, — if they're favorable."

"Well, then, what is this one?"

"Is it favorable?"

"You said you would formulate it." She laughed again, and Staniford started as one does when a nebulous association crystallizes into a distinctly remembered fact.

"What a curious laugh you have!" he said. "It's like a nun's laugh. Once in France I lodged near the garden of a convent where the nuns kept a girls' school, and I used to hear them laugh. You never happened to be a nun, Miss Blood?"

"No, indeed!" cried Lydia, as if scandalized.

"Oh, I merely meant in some previous existence. Of course, I did n't suppose there was a convent in South Bradfield." He felt that the girl did not quite like the little slight his irony cast upon South Bradfield, or rather upon her for never having been anywhere else. He hastened to say: "I'm sure that in the life before this you were of the South somewhere."

"Yes?" said Lydia, interested and pleased again, as one must be in romantic talk about one's self. "Why do you think so?"

He bent a little over toward her, so as to look into the face she instinctively averted, while she could not help glancing at him from the corner of her eye. "You have the color and the light of the South," he said. "When you get to

Italy, you will live in a perpetual mystification. You will go about in a dream of some self of yours that was native there in other days. You will find yourself retrospectively related to the olive faces and the dark eyes you meet; you will recognize sisters and cousins in the patrician ladies when you see their portraits in the palaces where you used to live in such state."

Staniford spiced his flatteries with open burlesque; the girl entered into his fantastic humor. "But if I was a nun?" she asked, gayly.

"Oh, I forgot. You were a nun. There was a nun in Venice once, about two hundred years ago, when you lived there, and a young English lord who was passing through the town was taken to the convent to hear her sing; for she was not only of 'an admirable beauty,' as he says, but sang 'extremely well.' She sang to him through the grating of the convent, and when she stopped he said, 'Die whensoever you will, you need to change neither voice nor face to be an angel!' Do you think — do you dimly recollect anything that makes you think — it might — Consider carefully: the singing extremely well, and the" — He leant over again, and looked up into her face, which again she could not wholly withdraw.

"No, no!" she said, still in his mood.

"Well, you must allow it was a pretty speech."

"Perhaps," said Lydia, with sudden gravity, in which there seemed to Staniford a tender insinuation of reproach, "he was laughing at her."

"If he was, he was properly punished. He went on to Rome, and when he came back to Venice the beautiful nun was dead. He thought that his words 'seemed fatal.' Do you suppose it would kill you *now* to be jested with?"

"I don't think people like it generally."

"Why, Miss Blood, you are intense!"

"I don't know what you mean by that," said Lydia.

"You like to take things seriously. You can't bear to think that people are

not the least in earnest, even when they least seem so."

"Yes," said the girl, thoughtfully, "perhaps that's true. Should you like to be made fun of yourself?"

"I should n't mind it, I fancy, though it would depend a great deal upon who made fun of me. I suppose that women always laugh at men, — at their clumsiness, their want of tact, the fit of their clothes."

"I don't know. I should not do that with any one I" —

"You liked? Oh, none of them do!" cried Staniford.

"I was not going to say that," faltered the girl.

"What were you going to say?"

She waited a moment. "Yes, I was going to say that," she assented with a sigh of helpless veracity. "What makes you laugh?" she asked, in distress.

"Something I like. I'm different from you: I laugh at what I like; I like your truthfulness, — it's charming."

"I did n't know that truth need be charming."

"It had better be, in women, if it's to keep even with the other thing," Lydia seemed shocked; she made a faint, involuntary motion to withdraw her hand, but he closed his arm upon it. "Don't condemn me for thinking that fibbing is charming. I should n't like it at all in you. Should you in me?"

"I should n't in any one," said Lydia.

"Then what is it you dislike in me?" he suddenly demanded.

"I did n't say that I disliked anything in you."

"But you have made fun of something in me?"

"No, no!"

"Then it was n't the stirring of a guilty conscience when you asked me whether I should like to be made fun of? I took it for granted you'd been doing it."

"You are very suspicious."

"Yes? And what else?"

"Oh, you like to know just what every one thinks and feels."

"Go on!" cried Staniford. "Analyze me, formulate me!"

"That's all."

"All I come to?"

"All I have to say."

"That's very little. Now, I'll begin on you. You don't care what people think or feel."

"Oh, yes, I do. I care too much."

"Do you care what I think?"

"Yes."

"Then I think you're too unsuspicious."

"Ought I to suspect somebody?" she asked, lightly.

"Oh, that's the way with all your sex. One asks you to be suspicious, and you ask whom you shall suspect. You can do nothing in the abstract. I should like to be suspicious for you. Will you let me?"

"Oh, yes, if you like to be."

"Thanks. I shall be terribly vigilant, — a perfect dragon. And you really invest me with authority?"

"Yes."

"That's charming." Staniford drew a long breath. After a space of musing, he said, "I thought I should be able to begin by attacking some one else, but I must commence at home, and denounce myself as quite unworthy of walking to and fro, and talking nonsense to you. You must beware of me, Miss Blood."

"Why?" asked the girl.

"I am very narrow-minded and prejudiced, and I have violent antipathies. I should n't be able to do justice to any one I disliked."

"I think that's the trouble with all of us," said Lydia.

"Oh, but only in degree. I should not allow, if I could help it, a man whom I thought shabby, and coarse at heart, the privilege of speaking to any one I valued, — to my sister, for instance. It would shock me to see her have any taste in common with such a man, or amused by him. Don't you understand?"

"Yes," said Lydia. It seemed to him, as if by some infinitely subtle and unconscious affinité, she relaxed toward him as they walked. This was incomparably sweet and charming to Staniford, — too sweet as recognition of his

protecting friendship to be questioned as anything else. He felt sure that she had taken his meaning, and he rested content from all further trouble in regard to what it would have been impossible to express. Her tacit confidence touched a kindred spring in him, and he began to talk to her of himself: not of his character or opinions, — they had already gone over them, — but of his past life, and his future. Their strangeness to her gave certain well-worn topics novelty, and the familiar project of a pastoral career in the far West invested itself with a color of romance which it had not worn before. She tried to remember, at his urgency, something about her childhood in California; and she told him a great deal more about South Bradfield. She described its characters and customs, and, from no vantage-ground or stand-point but her native feeling of their oddity, made him see them as one might whose life had not been passed among them. Then they began to compare their own traits, and amused themselves to find how many they had in common. Staniford related a singular experience of his on a former voyage to Europe, when he dreamed of a collision, and woke to hear a great trampling and uproar on deck, which afterwards turned out to have been caused by their bare escape from running into an iceberg. She said that she had had strange dreams, too, but mostly when she was a little girl; once she had had a presentiment that troubled her, but it did not come true. They both said they did not believe in such things, and agreed that it was only people's love of mystery that kept them noticed. He permitted himself to help her, with his disengaged hand, to draw her shawl closer about the shoulder that was away from him. He gave the action a philosophical and impersonal character by saying immediately afterwards: "The sea is really the only mystery left us, and that will never be explored. They circumnavigate the whole globe," — here he put the gathered shawl into the fingers which she stretched through his arm to take it, and she said, "Oh, thank

you!" — "but they don't describe the sea. War and plague and famine submit to the ameliorations of science," — his mind wandered; he hardly knew what he was saying, — "but the one utterly inexorable calamity — the same now as when the first sail was spread — is a shipwreck."

"Yes," she said, with a deep inspiration. And now they walked back and forth in silence broken only by a casual word or desultory phrase. Once Staniford had thought the conditions of these promenades perilously suggestive of flirtation; another time he had blamed himself for not thinking of this; now he neither thought nor blamed himself for not thinking. The fact justified itself, as if it had been the one perfectly right and wise thing in a world where all else might be questioned.

"Is n't it pretty late?" she asked, at last.

"If you're tired, we'll sit down," he said.

"What time is it?" she persisted.

"Must I look?" he pleaded. He took out his watch and sprang the case open. "Look!" he said. "I sacrifice myself on the altar of truth." They bent their heads low together over the watch; it was not easy to make out the time. "It's nine o'clock," said Staniford.

"It can't be; it was half past when I came up," answered Lydia.

"One hand 's at twelve and the other at nine," he said, conclusively.

"Oh, then it's a quarter to twelve." She caught away her hand from his arm, and fled to the gangway. "I did n't dream it was so late."

The pleasure which her confession brought to his face faded at sight of Hicks, who was turning the last pages of a novel by the cabin lamp, as he followed Lydia in. It was the book that Staniford had given her.

"Hullo!" said Hicks, with companionable ease, looking up at her. "Been having quite a tramp."

She did not seem troubled by the familiarity of an address that incensed Staniford almost to the point of taking

Hicks from his seat, and tossing him to the other end of the cabin. "Oh, you've finished my book," she said. "You must tell me how you like it, to-morrow."

"I doubt it," said Hicks. "I'm going to be seasick to-morrow. The captain's been shaking his head over the barometer and powwowing with the first officer. Something's up, and I guess it's a gale. Good-by; I shan't see you again for a week or so."

He nodded jocosely to Lydia, and dropped his eyes again to his book, ignoring Staniford's presence. The latter stood a moment breathing quick;

then he controlled himself and went into his room. His coming roused Dunham, who looked up from his pillow. "What time is it?" he asked, stupidly.

"Twelve," said Staniford.

"Had a pleasant walk?"

"If you still think," said Staniford, savagely, "that she's painfully interested in you, you can make your mind easy. She does n't care for either of us."

"Either of us?" echoed Dunham. He roused himself.

"Oh, go to sleep; go to sleep!" cried Staniford.

W. D. Howells.

ROUND THE WORLD AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

"DISTINGUONS, distinguons! Let us make the distinction, gentlemen," says the venal English commissioner at whom the people laugh, going round the world in eighty days with Mr. Phineas Fogg at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. "It was one thing to break up the ceremony (the suttee of the Hindoo widow), though our gracious government aims to guarantee to all of its subjects the enjoyment of their conscientious religious convictions, and another to shoot the officiating Brahmins."

"Such being the case, as you will observe that we are extremely pressed for time, what will you take to call it square?" says Mr. Phineas Fogg.

"One hundred thousand francs," the commissioner replies. The comic servant ladles the money out of the inexhaustible haversack, and they are off in a twinkling for a shipwreck, a cavern of serpents, and a ballet of nautch girls, in the next act.

There are naturally inaccuracies in this spirited picture of life and geography, attributable to the haste in which it is sketched. Thus it is not possible, in the actual chase of lions in the jun-

gles of Bengal, that the hunter is called upon to enter with a whip and stir them up to jump over hurdles. Nor are the railway carriages on the Central Pacific, which put passengers down at way-stations to be tomahawked by savages, constructed on the European plan, with compartments and side doors and platforms. In the same way the tour of the world, as it can be made at the Exposition, can only be depended upon to give such an impression as might result from the thing itself if it could be supposed to be accomplished in the time usually allotted to it. The exotic buildings on the ground and their arrangement are in concrete form such a troubled dream of the journey as might remain if it had been performed in a lightning-express train at a sitting.

One would conclude, for instance, if he judged from the slopes of the Trocadéro, that the north of Africa was of a preponderating importance much beyond what is really the case. The people of this section, repressed in their peculiar courses towards Europeans at the date of Commodore Decatur and Captain Riley's Narrative, bear no grudge,

all the same. They accept the situation with the greatest readiness. They show a commercial spirit and an adaptability to the ultimate facts of civilization. Not being able for a long time to sell their white neighbors into slavery, they are extremely pleased to come and be with them, and furnish them small trumpery for their entertainment. They choose especially seasons and places of rejoicing. Few summer resorts — certainly not those of America — are free of them. They are likely to recover at Saratoga and Newport alone more than the plunder of all the Barbary corsairs. This is the kind of people who constitute the principal population in costume. Their booths are pitched upon the grounds in great numbers. Shrewd, versatile in languages, impudent and merry and entirely unscrupulous, they sit within, behind heaps of enameled copper jewelry; bracelets in perfumed paste, said to bring good fortune; pipes, inkstands, pen-holders, and paper-cutters, — made for the most part in Paris, and bought to better advantage in the Rue de Rivoli, — and dazzle, cajole, or browbeat the traveling public. The pen-holders contain an infinitesimal magnifying-glass in the handle, with views of the Exposition. The most common type of the out-of-door visitor is a person who holds one of them painfully to his eye, while the other is tight closed, and persuades himself, under the solicitations of the reclaimed Bedouin of the desert, that he can see something.

A department of religious objects — rosaries, crucifixes, articles from Jerusalem, and particularly from the Mount of Olives, for which credence is requested — figures largely in this merchandise. It invests the sellers — for apart from the slightly disguised Parisians there are those whose authenticity is undeniable — with a curious air of cynicism. Is it at this point that uniformity has arrived, — the fusion of all opinions, or the indifference to any? Does Ibn Ben Ibrahim, "exposing for a few days articles from the Holy Land, mother-of-pearl, olive wood, and stone from Dead Sea," know that there were eight crusades, — or was

it nine? — extending over two hundred years, with the total loss of six millions of lives, and the entire upheaval and reconstruction of society, that he offers the hated symbols of one of the furiously contending parties, in his bazar of horseshoe arches, under the coquettish crescent of the other? "If you do not think as I do, possibly I think as you do," the merry Ibn Ben Ibrahim, leaning out in his striped gabardine and tasseled red fez from a background of rich carpets, seems to say; "or at any rate, what difference does it make? In the mean time *commandez, choisissez, messieurs et mesdames. V'la un beau Christ! You spik English? Fi frances, fi — How much you give? Approchez, madame.* Ah, it was easy to see that a person like that had no money."

At Philadelphia there was space and shrubbery to separate the constructions from the remote and strange countries a little from each other. The imagination had an opportunity to work. In passing between them a space of time might be supposed to elapse, as during the fall of the drop-curtain of a theatre. Here nothing elapses. You enter the Persian pavilion, glancing at the Chinese pagoda at the right, and from the windows you overlook Swedish school-houses and the Japanese farm.

It is indeed a Persian house, the property of his majesty the Shah, the only exhibitor from a country where it may be well believed the private initiative has made as yet very slight headway. It is in green with yellow moldings, and a golden lion over the door with a scimitar on his shoulder and a rising sun behind him. The peculiarity is the very deep recessing of the doors and windows in the walls, which appear to be double. Where is Nourmahal? Let us go down and hear the fountain plash in the tile-paved court below. Where is Scheherazade, and the younger sister Dinazade, dissimulating her tender fears to join in the hazardous plan? "I pray you, sister, if you be yet awake, relate to us one of those agreeable stories in which you so excel, to pass the time till day, which is going to break." And

the redoubtable caliph who pricks up his ears, caught by the artful plot, and the thousand and one days that pass and pass to the seductive drone of the inexhaustible narrative? Are there no bulbs? and the slaves with pots of jewels on their heads, — where are they? I do not see them. There is a principal chamber entirely in crystal, even to the mantel-piece. The walls are engraved mirrors, the ceiling a mass of stalactites; the furniture is of yellow cashmere, and India shawls are spread upon the floor. Still, there is a thousand leagues to go to equal the upholstery of the imagination. And besides, the other apartments and the miserable, bald little staircase are far from in keeping. This Oriental magnificence, in fact, — it may be doubted whether it ever approached that of the finished Western civilization, which covers every point and makes a scientific comfort its basis. It is gorgeous in detail, but has a common and sordid element. There is no gas or water. The camel pokes his nose into the silken tent, and the sands of the desert are not leveled by contract to the established grade. The Shah's pavilion is surpassed, for average effect, by a dozen houses in every one of the better streets of New York.

The Egyptian house of Cairo is a blockish structure, like one dry-goods box placed upon two others. The lower portion is in bands of red, black, and corn-color; the upper white with a green margin. It has one of the small bay-windows in close-meshed carving attached to it, out of which it is customary to imagine almond-eyed beauties peeping; only there is no one peeping out of this, as the whole interior is a single shop, and there is no way of getting up to it except with a rope and pulley. There is a house of Morocco, a small, square white block of one story, with furniture complete, which with a grave Moor sitting at its door at sunset is quite capable of producing a little illusion. Everything is on the smallest scale. The people are stowed away, for their sleeping accommodations, in strips of chambers surrounding three sides of a court, with

a minute fountain, as compactly as in the cabin of a model yacht. It is not a question of swinging a cat; you could not swing a mouse. It is managed to have a very much sculptured and gilded arcade in the central space, small as it is. The curious doors, where there are any instead of curtains, not only open as a whole, but each of the main panels opens separately. I do not see why this is not a good idea for a number of purposes, and capable of saving a good deal of needless slamming.

There is a sign-board near at hand pointing out the approach to the Chinese pagoda in the best vernacular. One of the ingenious florists with whom the Exposition abounds has starred the side of the bank on which it rises with a mammoth device of the *fleur-de-lis*, in natural colors of flowers. The extensive pagoda itself, in black bricks, with its wide, projecting eaves in vermilion and gilt, the turned-up corners terminating in dragons, and the yellow flags flying from the *mâts de cocagne* in front, is extremely cheerful. It bristles with gilded images and blue porcelain, and exhales the odor of sandal-wood. The goods, down to the most inconsiderable, — and this includes the Japanese as well, — have a real value and quaintness, unlike the tawdry stuff of the Moors, which you would not want to take at any price. The salesmen, too, by their quiet manners and definite prices, gain very much from the contrast. Yonder large, well-formed young proprietor, with good features, olive skin, and a becoming dress of two degrees of blue, has nothing but his shaved temples to prevent him from being received as a very dignified and well-favored personage by the most civilized standards. He is one of the kind who never by any chance gets into the Chinese art, singular that it is! It prefers the wizened old man, his clerk, with an oblong head and a few long, straight hairs of moustache and beard like those of a seal. Is the solution that it is all a huge jovial caricature?

If the inclosures of the Japanese farm are usually in an irregularly-oval ring fence like this, it is not a country of

sonnolent ease for the surveyors. The ring fence flowers all around with fragrant pea blossoms. It is of bamboo, as in some form is almost everything else of the constructions of the place. A sculptured cock and hen surmount the white-wood entrance gates. There is a patch of maize, with melons creeping about below. The slender bamboo without a branch, but only tender green leaves at the joints, shoots up and waves above the cottages. There are plums, peaches, tobacco. The shrubbery — japonicas, the lemon, and pomegranate among it — is largely of a kind with sharp, thick leaves of glossy dark green. There are arbor vitae and cedar dwarfed to the dimensions of a flower-pot, yet presenting gnarled trunks and all the phenomena of an ancient growth. Come and see the chickens. They eat out of dishes of green and yellow faience, in bamboo cages; but they do not differ so much from the bantams that pick up their living from rusty tin pans in New England farm-yards. The hedge of white and lilac pea-blossoms makes a decorative background; it only needs a hideous figure with distorted fingers and toes, and several swords stuck in a wide purple sash, crouching beside it, or under the umbrella-shaped trellis there, to make it quite Japan. But the Japanese merchants will do nothing to realize Japan. They are, for the most part, lively fellows in fashionable European dress, who go about smoking cigarettes, and have more the air of young Cubans. Yonder comes one whistling out of the bazar, with his pen behind his ear, who might be clerk in an importing house in Duane Street. Yesterday I overlooked one reading Corneille, — whose statue on the Ile Lacroix of this prosperous city of Rouen is under my eye as I write, this very minute.

The Egyptian temple is an improvisation in plaster, and patterns from Owen Jones, on the theme of the old remains. It shuts up, like the Algerian mosque, a practical collection exposing the condition of the country, — cotton, gum arabic, a lucid reduction of the Suez Canal. The most notable aspect of both, and the lat-

ter particularly, is the modern and scientific look of things: tramways, iron-truss bridges of the most approved pattern; and what think you, at Algiers, of a flourishing literary periodical, the *African Review*? It has a Rue de Rivoli, furthermore, as an *Algérienne*, with a perfect London accent, among the booths, informs me, and a boulevard finer than that of the Italiens. There are natives who accumulate great fortunes, and go to the springs as patrons as well as hucksters. The more they make, says the lively shop-keeper, who describes them as penurious and grasping, the more avaricious they become. The government treats very well its military contingent from this important colony. A group of spahis galloped at the head of the Marshal's procession, reviewing the troops at Longchamps, the 20th of June. I see one occasionally stalking about Paris, or riding in the miserable public carriages, in solitary grandeur. He wears red boots, a pointed beard, and a long white burnoose depending from his white and yellow turban.

The French are not so badly off for colonies as we are apt to think. There is Guadeloupe, then Guiana, across to New Caledonia in the Pacific, a section of Cochin China, then home by way of Africa, beginning with Senegal. All of these are quite fully displayed. When the actual inhabitants are not at hand, like the creoles in yellow bandanas who sell orange wine and packets of vanilla of the West Indies under their awning in the Champs de Mars, recourse is had, to show the dress and manners, to costumed dolls. You may see any costume you like, — Tahiti, for instance. It would have been quite a simple matter in the days of Captain Cook, if you remember, but there have been changes since then. All of these colonies, — the Alsace-Lorraine villages in Algeria, the English settlements of Oceanica, and the states of Central America, — which would like to fill their vacant spaces with immigrants, and are liberal with informing prospectuses, draw out a friendly interest. There is an element of faint speculation in our musing before their great

cucumbers, the crude and realistic paintings of the wild scenery, and the photographs of the native women with rings in their noses, as if there were latent possibilities of life and careers not wholly disconnected even from us.

The Scandinavians erect school-houses and a bell tower among the Orientalism in a solid architecture of unpainted wood, which is a sort of union of the Swiss chalet to the open timber houses of the Middle Ages. On the way to the corner of Algeria an extensive settlement presents the manner of French farm buildings as you see them in the remote interior. Here is no coquettish bamboo-work, but solid trunks and boughs framed in rustic fashion with the bark on, filled in with rough cast plaster, and heavily thatched. These heavy granges have a damp and gloomy look even amid the apple orchards of Normandy. I much prefer the cheery New England barn. One of them contains an exposition of insects, noxious and useful, — principally useful. There is the silk-worm in all his stages, with skeins of the beautiful, shining floss; and the honey-bee — including a live colony which passes most of its time among the dates and confectionery and syrup bottles of the Arabs — and his products in every attractive form.

I am a person (I strenuously declare, because it will never appear) who is rather fond of going to the bottom of things than otherwise. If I had my way, I would never voyage but, like the amiable Count de Maistre around his chamber, in a field where justice could be done to everything, and nothing omitted. But if this narrative is desultory, it is nothing like as desultory as it might have been, let me tell you. I have not touched a hundredth part of the things we have passed in our ramblings: not the restaurants, though, without imagination as they are, — the Spanish, for instance, offering in a great sign to furnish French and English cookery, — they would not have detained us long; not the mushroom settlements and the workmen's exhibition on the inclosing streets; not the *frigorifique* and the

nautical matters on the river. Nor will I go in search of them now, at this late stage, since I desire before closing to make a mention, at least in some of their social aspects, of the visiting people, — the great kaleidoscopic crowd.

This Exposition has never seemed crowded, like that at Philadelphia, yet I have not seen the number of admissions for any day put down at less than seventy thousand. There is always elbow-room, and rarely a comfortable seat lacking, without invading the exhibited furniture in the utterly collapsed condition which was there so frequent a spectacle. I do not think there has been here the same degree of exhaustion from the long days of sight-seeing. I lay it not only to the difference in the climate, but to a difference in the degree of attention. There never was another case like ours in which so much fresh curiosity was brought face to face with such material for its gratification. The country which was accustomed only to the sights of a commonplace utilitarian civilization moved in a mass to contemplate of a sudden the heaped-up treasures of the Old World. It is different here: there is a curiosity shop in every street, and party-colored costumes are no rarity. It is in this way that I account for an easy nonchalance in this public which was at first difficult to understand. I will not undertake a calculation of the few in the seventy thousand who provide themselves with a catalogue or a guide-book of any kind, although the guide-books are none too good or too numerous; and one, designed especially for the lower classes, is a bare-faced fraud that ought to send the maker to jail. It is absolutely nothing but extracts from journals published within the year before the opening, and stating in a general way what the Exposition will probably be, but which it is not at all. The government does not label or explain much, not having yet got over the monarchical habit of thinking that it suffices for the administration to know the essence of things, without there being a pressing necessity for taking the public into its confidence. So the low-

er orders jog contentedly along, passing at every moment inestimable things, straightening out the children when they become tangled up, — Voulez-vous ne pas toucher ça, Marianne! Amadée! Faites appeler Amadée! Tiens! 'Mallie, les oiseaux! — and go away to dine at the *établissements de bouillon* outside the gates.

The young Frenchman and his wife of the upper classes are an interesting couple. She is in pink, and has a lithe, willowy movement. He has a light beard curling round his face, and smokes his cigar with an indifferent air while she points out things to him occasionally. The young officer of St. Cyr, whatever he does in time of war, in time of peace for the most part wears an eye-glass. The elderly Frenchwoman of the upper classes, rather more than of the lower, wears a decided moustache. The English are extremely prominent in the desfile of nations. In the month of August they have passed in perfect droves, "personally conducted" parties under the supervision of an autocratic guide. There are none that make such an entire profession, when they travel, of being *en voyage*. They don a complete outfit, cross straps over their shoulders, tie a scarf about their hats, and declare to all the world the business in hand.

A genuine peasant, with the large Alsatian black bow, mingles in the throng, under the safe conduct of her city cousins. There is one who superintends the grinding of coffee in the pavilion of Guatemala, and there are one or two in the short skirts and gilt, lace-covered helmets of the Dutch provinces who dispense the cordials of Amsterdam. The Swedish students, if it be their turn to be giving the national concert at the Trocadéro are showing their white caps and blooming complexions. If there are some young women, close braided, and attired with a peculiar effort at quiet elegance, they are Americans. The American youths, corrupted to the marrow by Mark Twain, pass through seeking humorous solutions to things. The young person in general comes much to the front among the En-

glish-speaking foreigners. If I were to make particular mention of another very frequent type, it would be the miss in her teens, who, alone knowing something of the language, is seen negotiating with a cab-man or a shop-keeper all over Paris, while the family stands deferentially back awaiting the result. It is the crucial test of an education at Madame Vol-au-Vent's, which has cost a small fortune per quarter, not to speak of extras.

Americanism is but a small element in the great babel. It has been an excellent place to find, if you thought you were important, that the case is quite the contrary. Some pains have been taken, too, to make it as grotesque as possible. I have seen our façade gravely spoken of, in still another guide-book, as of the kind to be taken down and put up at pleasure, and carried with them by the emigrants to the far West; fitly symbolical, therefore, of this country of rapid progress. An "English and American bar" represents our national characteristics in a prominently printed list of refreshments, divided into departments of long drinks, short drinks, and specialties. The long drinks include a Stonewall Jackson, a Greeley nogg, and a John Collins. The specialties, it may be well believed, yield to neither the long drinks nor the short drinks in ingenuity.

With all thy faults, however, my country, I love thee still. I hold to thee these hands to testify that ours is almost the only department where there is a semblance of a "head-quarters;" where there is a register, and a hospitable provision of space and easy-chairs for jurors and honorary commissioners. To the Italian, the Dane, the Turk, when he travels, it makes no difference whether his next-door neighbor may be within a stone's-throw of him or not. The American desires — commendably, as I maintain — to overlook the movement from his section. It is a luxury at times to come back out of the vast maze of foreignness and no more than overhear a Chicago man seated on a stove discussing with a Newark man the next governorship of his State; how much more

to take a personal part in it, with possibly a bosom friend for the interlocutor!

The employees of this bureau, and the corporal's guard of trim marines who have made so good a figure for us, have acclimated themselves extremely well. It has been possible to assist at Joinville-le-Pont, in the suburbs, at séances of nothing less than our national game of base-ball, between the by no means common contingents of an Exposition nine and a Latin Quarter nine; the latter made up of young artists and architects. The commissioners' room is the centre of a bustle of affairs: the departure of parties for the catacombs, and the trials of agricultural machinery; the arrival of inquiring friends; the entrance of deferential foreigners, with their business written down on paper, who wish *M. le général* this and *M. the governor* that to come and examine their peculiar turbine wheel or their respirator for mines. Everybody has been more or less connected with congresses: congresses for the abolition of war, the reëstablishment of silver currency, the protection of patents, the conclusion of a Franco-American treaty; congresses of lighting, locomotions, lunacy. It is but a property of matter, they tell us, — this human life of ours, like all the rest; but, O scientist, what a variety and intensity it has!

There has not been the need of organizing an intimate social life among the large body of permanent residents at the Exposition. When the shades of evening close in, and the Fresnel lantern begins to circle its colored rays over the deserted scene, now a red, next a green, then a white one, touching the glass palace, the trees of the Isle des Cygnes, the white Trocadéro, and the sphinx-like head of Liberty in turn, all Paris is open, and its pleasures are not easily exhausted. A small knot of jovial inventors, purveyors of arms to the government, prospectors for the advantageous placing of new merchandise, give themselves rendezvous every evening in the court of the Grand Hotel, where they employ one word of French to five thousand of sound American in their

talk, inaugurate a little round of dinners, or drive out occasionally to dine at the country seats of the personages with whom they have relations. Here I have heard the project of the best-natured elderly gentleman to introduce anthracite coal in the south of Europe, taking back cement from Rome and iron ore from Spain for return freights, and have labored to keep down the inexperienced feeling of incongruity, which has no business at all to arise in this day of close commercial relations.

The formal sociality has been the giving of a number of entertainments by the cabinet ministers, mainly dinners and receptions to commissioners by the department of commerce and agriculture, under whose auspices the Exposition is held. The minister lives in the *ministère*, as the custom is in all branches for the proprietor to be in the same hotel with his business. I have been at the one in the Rue de Varennes, Faubourg Saint Germain, of a Wednesday evening. Two steel-clad cuirassiers mount guard before the door, and the chamberlains in black, with medals about their necks, who waft you up the staircase are very stately. The minister's rooms are in crimson, with gilt furniture, crystal chandeliers, and Louis Quatorze carpets. Some such provision for entertainments, rent-free, might be a solution of the vexed question of the cabinet officer's salary at Washington. Apart from this, he could live as simply as he pleased. The minister's dinner is good, but there will not be too much information, if you happen to be in search of it, derived from the guests. If everybody has not a thousand things demanding his attention next, the Exposition creates in him the uneasy impression that he has, and prevents him from fixing it too closely on any.

There are guests who go out after dinner on the balcony of the smoking-room, where the *débris* and flowers and lake-like mirror in the centre of the vast dining-table can be looked down upon, and speculate as to the cost of the prodigal scene. It is a political question. The republic has revived the practice of

furnishing good cheer of various kinds at entertainments. This seems to the opposition a riot and debauchery—for a republic—that makes them dread the wrath to come. The vindicating journals, on the other hand, make for it something like the argument connected with joining the church. One can be a very good republican, and yet be fond of a little innocent gorgeousness. There is nothing austere about the republic; it is the friend of every cheerful and harmless diversion. It wishes to show that

as it is not monarchies alone that can assist by expositions the progress of affairs among their subjects, which otherwise would be marching but poorly, so it is not necessarily monarchs alone who can do something for the cultivation of the graces of a polite social life. I shall allow my friends—who must be pleased that I should take leave of them finally in so ornamental and highly respectable a scene—to determine the merits of this small controversy, if they care to, for themselves.

THE PINES OF EDEN.

THERE was great joy in the house of Deacon Godborrow when a son was at last born to him.

He had been three years wedded, without having a child. Moreover, the deacon came of a consumptive stock; and serious-minded neighbors had argued with him that, even were he given children, they would not be likely to live long; so that not to have them might almost be considered a blessing. Therefore, the strange logic of his heart now made him rejoice that so bare a blessing had been withdrawn, and the rosy infiction of a little boy-baby bestowed in its place. Yet the long list of deaths from consumption in the Godborrow family gave force to the warnings of the neighbors; and the parents watched the growth of their child with solicitude. They named him Obed, finding in his case a far-off parallel to that of Ruth's son of old, for he also was to raise up the name of the dead upon the inheritance of his father's father. This inheritance was the old farm which the deacon's ancestors had cleared in the early years of the Massachusetts plantations. A dim tradition remained of the great "log-rolling" in 1654, at which all the neighbors around had assisted, when the pioneer Godborrow, with his seven stout

sons, had felled twenty acres of forest. The friendly settlers gathered and helped him roll the huge logs into heaps, where they were burned to ashes; while the workers—their cheeks glowing with exertion and the warmth of home-brewed ale—looked on approvingly at the destruction of what would have been a fortune to the later Godborrows. For two centuries the family had clung to this spot, the cleared acres growing all the time more barren, the crops more attenuated, and the faces and figures of the farmers themselves becoming lean and brown in sympathy with their worn-out acres. For two centuries, also, the Godborrows—turning sixty additional acres, which the first comer had tilled, back into woodland—had been painfully growing trees and cutting them down for firewood, which they sold at a moderate profit.

At first they let their trees grow for more than half a century, before felling them. Then, as the yield of the farm decreased and the pressure of expenses became more urgent, they allowed the new growth of timber to stand a little less than forty years. The deacon's father had begun to cut when the woods had blossomed only twenty-eight times.

But this scanty inheritance weighed

little against the joy of the deacon and his faithful wife on the appearance of a male heir. Obed flourished and waxed strong, proving from month to month a cumulative protest against forebodings. His example was a good one, and worthy to be followed: when a little more than three years more had passed, a second son was born. This one was called Seth, after an old friend of the deacon's. The third and last came into the world two years later. This time the father was rather hard pressed for a name; but his wife's timid brown eyes lit up with a pleasant thought when he asked her for a suggestion.

"I don't know why we should n't call him Eden," she said. "It seems just as if God was beginning over again, with us. Our three sons will make the old farm bloom once more, like a garden."

The theological aspect of this proposal was perhaps doubtful. The deacon was obliged to consider whether it was right for fallen man to assume, even metaphorically, that he could be restored to a state of innocence. But his wife's still sweet though slowly fading face, and gentle arm lying on his shoulder, melted away his faint scruples. As for the propriety of naming a man after a garden, that did not trouble them in the least.

Eden was the weakly one of the three. In each generation, hitherto, there were some who came out victorious from the strife with the hereditary foe, and Obed and Seth appeared to belong to the line of fortunates; but over Eden the dark destiny of many a predecessor hovered from the hour of birth. To avert this destiny became a pathetic and absorbing study with his parents. They petted him; they watched the fluctuations of his strength, and carefully conformed to them. He had fresh meat when the others had salt; and great reliance was placed on an abundant fare of milk and apples. He was kept on the easiest terms with his books, when he went to school at all; and after he grew old enough to help on the farm, he was spared at the expense of the other boys. Sheltered from the fierce heats of hay-

ing time, and left at home on the freezing dawns of winter, when his father, with Obed and Seth, shouldered the axe and set off over a glazed floor of snow to spend their day chopping in the woods, he managed to survive. The deacon and his wife had no misgivings concerning this policy of theirs; but many of the hard-working and ambitious community to which they belonged doubted its wisdom.

When Eden was about eighteen the minister called, one day, to discuss his future with his mother.

"Obed and Seth," said he, "are good, thrifty young men. They are real helps to their father, and they have made up their minds to follow the plow. But Eden does nothing at home, and does n't seem minded to do anything elsewhere. Have you thought of your duty to make him a useful member of society?"

The mother looked silently at him with those eyes that once had trembled with so tender a light when she had thought of the name she would give her boy. They were grown dim and somewhat unresponsive now, after so many years of hard, unrelieved toil and petty cares. They slowly scanned the minister's friendly but austere and polemical face. Then she said:—

"It seems to me my first duty was to make him live."

The minister nodded, as if the concession of this point was only so much gained to his argument. "And now that that is secure, what are you going to do with him? He will soon be a man. Have you thought of the ministry? His great-grandfather was a minister, you know, and both your husband and his father have been deacons."

"Yes, the deacon would like to see him fill a pulpit. But Eden is n't strong enough to study; and then, out visiting the sick and dying, you see— Well, besides, Eden has no taste that way, sorry though we may be to tell of it."

"I know it. He has never experienced religion. But I pray for him. And there have been many called who had no more promise than he."

"I'm sure," said the mother quickly, "Eden is n't backward in promise. But he's only a boy, after all. And" — here the dim eyes suddenly grew brighter — "may be God will provide him a place and part in the world, even if neither you nor I can shape his way."

"Ah, Mrs. Godborrow, you will tempt Providence," said the minister, shaking his head. "We must not throw away our responsibility, expecting that God will take it."

Eden's mother turned her head aside, and tears began to come into her eyes. There was a singular weakness in her heart which the minister appeared to have fathomed. She knew she was not fitting her youngest son to grapple with life, yet she could not endure to think of his being otherwise than he was at this time. Why should not he, at least, out of the thousands of restless toilers, remain one to be cared for and caressed, without utilitarian compensation? He had been so sweet a burden in his frailty; their anxiety about him had become a dear possession to his father and mother: why should they be deprived of it? And, after they were gone, would not Eden's two stout brothers proudly and happily lend him their support? To have Eden to care for would teach them to be generous and tender. These thoughts, however, she did not dare discuss with the minister, and she bade him give her more time to think.

But criticism had found a foot-hold within the house as well as without.

"Father," said Obed, as they were nooning at the edge of one of their "wet meadows," a few days after the minister's call, "why don't you send Eden to the city, anyhow? He'll never be any good on the farm, but he might get a salary in a store. We can't afford to keep him much longer."

Obed, at twenty-three, with a strong red beard usurping much of that face which had come to irradiate his father's heart so long ago, was a shrewd calculator, and had set his mind on attaining prosperity. Though nothing had ever been said to imply that he would be more than a joint owner with his brothers,

when they inherited, he instinctively viewed Seth and Eden as despoilers of his property.

The deacon was startled at his query, but answered, drawlingly: "I don't know but I shall be able to settle how long we can afford it, as well as you." Obed was fully aware that, coming from the old man, this was a sharp rebuke.

Nevertheless, he pressed his idea. "Well, if you're going to settle it, you'd better do it pretty soon. I've got my mind about fixed. If you mean to keep Eden right along, suppose you buy out my share of the farm, and let me go somewheres else."

"Never knew you owned any part the farm," returned the father, dryly, in his elliptical fashion.

"I s'pose I shall, some day," was the rejoinder, given in a gloomy tone. "Any way, buy or not, I ain't going to stay here and run things, just to support a loafer. I love my brother as well as most do their'n, but there's a time for all things, and it's time for Eden to look ahead."

"He ain't but eighteen," suggested the deacon.

"You would n't have looked at it that way when I was eighteen," said Obed. "Well, let it be; I can move West, I s'pose."

This was a shrewd threat. The deacon knew it was impossible to let his oldest son go. Seth and he could not manage the work advantageously alone; for he himself was growing old, though but little over fifty. He made no further opposition, but put his surrender in a neutral form. "Well, we'll see. There ain't no need for trouble," said he.

He reflected sadly, that afternoon, on Obed's utterances. The young man had never before betrayed his grasping nature in this explicit manner. In these partially developed characters, passions move secretly and slowly, and declare themselves at one leap when prepared to come into the light at all. Savages do not warn, but strike.

From this hour, Eden's departure was settled. Seth, it is true, whose instinct

it was always to labor for some one else's benefit, could not see why he should go. "There's enough here for all of us," said he to Obed, "if we only stick together. As far as taking care of him goes, why, all cattle can't work alike, you know. We have to favor old Short Tail in the furrows."

To this easy-going representation Obed answered briefly, "You're a boy, Seth,"—a view of the case which had been so completely overlooked by the younger brother that on its being suddenly brought before him he was overtaken by disastrous astonishment, and the argument came to an end.

Eden, having few duties to interfere, had read much and dreamed more. He had soon learned to look for livelier entertainment than could be found in old bound volumes of orthodox Dr. Morse's Panoplist, filled though they were with fiery explosions against the Unitarian heresy; and his secular readings had created in his mind I scarcely know what dim, misshapen visions of pleasure and adventuring, of excursions into the wide world and rapid rise to wealth, without other foundation than that of continuous enjoyment. The idea of leaving home and going to the city enraptured him. When the deacon cautiously began to sound him, and then warmed to his theme in the hope of kindling a spark of enthusiasm on the boy's part, he was amazed to find that he had started a conflagration. There was no peace after that until everything had been decided.

Mrs. Godborrow turned pale when her husband told her how eagerly Eden had embraced the project. Her white, sad lips parted and stood open a little way; nothing about her appeared to remain alive except her eyes, that shone with a dry heat as they turned towards her companion. Then she asked: "Did you expect it—did you think he would have felt so?"

Her husband shook his head mournfully. "Not hardly," said he, after a pause. "No, I did n't."

Then the deacon's wife went away, and began to make Eden's things ready.

At the top of the little hill on the

cross-turnpike, not a quarter of a mile away, Eden stopped, as his father and he trudged off, under the September sunrise, to gain the nearest railroad station. He turned and waved his rough straw hat to his mother, who was in the front doorway. There was a smile on his thin cheeks, which his mother observed yet half discredited; but she was sure that in his eyes there must be tears, though she could not see them.

When she came in to her work, her head was bowed, but her thoughts rose upward. "O Lord," murmured the soundless voice within, "if I have done my duty, reward me with blessings on my son."

In a few days Eden, installed in a humble position in a grocery store, wrote home, inclosing a livid ferrotpe of himself. In this picture his head was surmounted by an ambitious muffin-shaped cap, very high in the crown, and thrusting a jaunty visor down towards his bashful young eyes. He had bought a cheap gilt ring, also, which came out strongly in the photograph, having been expressly touched up with liquid gold. He looked quietly conscious of these new and dashing elements in his appearance, yet somewhat scared by his own magnificence and the novelty of sitting for his likeness. But everybody in the village secretly admired this proud effigy, as Eden very well knew they would. Only, his mother, I think, sighed over it, and wondered if her boy would be led astray by vanity, as she pondered on the lines of the face, so evidently that of an invalid, contrasted with the fashionable coat and waistcoat, the ring and the muffin-shaped cap.

Eden's letter expressed great satisfaction with his new life. But that did not last long. In a few weeks he had lost his first illusions and found out what an inferior place he occupied. He was ashamed of his poverty, and restive under the petty duties which lined the path to advancement. For a while he was homesick, as well; but he soon gave up alluding to any return to the farm, and spoke only of bettering his condition by new employment. His mother tried to

induce him to come back for a week or two; but a fever of aspiration had seized him. He evaded the proposition. The poor boy had silently resolved never to revisit the farm until he could take with him a visible blessing in the shape of ample money. At last a crisis of this fever arrived, and with it a frightful blow to the yearning parents. News came from Eden's employer that the boy had disappeared, had left the store and his lodging, and was thought to have shipped as a sailor. A letter from Eden himself confirmed this conjecture. He had gone for a two years' cruise on a merchant vessel.

This was in November. Chill and pale, his mother went through her daily round of housework, constantly growing weaker, but suspecting no disaster to herself. A fresh calamity was in store. By and by the snow came and spread its convenient floor for hauling wood. The deacon sharpened his axe. "To-morrow, boys," said he, "we must begin chopping." Then he fell to musing: "It's thirty years, most, since my father cut the wood on Rollins hill. We'll begin there. Thirty years more, and it'll come around time again to cut those woods. I guess, though, I shan't do much of it then." Mrs. Godborrow, over her sewing, glanced at him wistfully, and he returned a sad, kindly gaze. They never again exchanged another glance like that.

In the afternoon of the next day, the "pung," or sled, had been loaded high with wood, and the deacon, sitting low down on the sled, tried to start his oxen on the homeward route. The incline was very steep, and as the rude conveyance at last began to move with a jerk one of the stakes confining the wood broke, and precipitated half the pile upon the farmer. He fell stunned. Obed, who was near, shouted for Seth, and the two carried their father home in their arms. The doctor succeeded in reviving him; but his back and head had been seriously injured, and in a few days it became clear that he would never recover his faculties. His mind was lost in a half imbecile stupor.

His wife met this shock with fortitude. She did not fail in one of her duties, and the new burden of caring for her shattered husband was borne bravely. Nevertheless, the double grief was robbing her of strength. Her endurance was a mere shell, within which empty despair and treacherous weakness lay concealed. In March, attending the helpless sick man before dawn, one blustering day, she took a cold; pneumonia followed. The doctor came, but before many days he gave place to the minister by her bedside, for the last hope of recovery was gone. Then, before she died, she spoke to her religious adviser about Eden. With a strange look in her eyes, that was not accusation, but rather a sort of unearthly justice without reproach, "It was you," she said, "that made me consent to his going away. I tried to act right, but I never would have thought it right only for you. You see what has come of it. . . . His brother Obed wanted him to go. . . . He will come back. He is living; he will come! God will give him his part in the world."

It sent a strange thrill through all the listeners, this wild, broken prophecy, the meaning of which they could not discern, yet were mysteriously touched by.

The deacon could not understand his wife's disappearance from the house. He complained to Seth that she had deserted him in the season of trouble and pain. When the door of his room was opened, he would turn laboriously in his chair and look, expecting her to enter. "Did you say she was gone to a funeral?" he would demand, querulously, of Seth. "Why is she always going to funerals? Tell her to come back. I shall die! I shall die! Then she will go to my funeral." And presently his mind would wander away again. The duty of sitting with the old man fell naturally to Seth; it accorded with his disposition to minister personally to others. Meanwhile, Obed went on with the care of the farm animals, and continued the wood-cutting.

The winter wore away, but before the time for plowing and sowing arrived a

woman had been found to assist in the household. Seth, however, was still called upon to give most of his time to his father; and in the midst of this pre-occupation Obed one day brought him a paper to sign, which would enable him, as he said, to transact business during the deacon's incapacity. Seth put his name to it without reading it. When spring had fully come, he began to feel the need of work, and proposed to resume, as far as possible, his share in the farming. He then discovered that his brother had carried all the wood to town and sold it. He made some inquiries as to the proceeds, and Obed declined to give any particulars. "Have n't I kept you and father all winter?" he asked. "That's about enough for you to know."

During all this period of affliction, Obed had remained composed in mind and hale in body. A sickening perception began to steal over Seth that his elder brother was flourishing upon the miseries of the rest of the family. Still, as yet he did not openly criticise him. But it happened before long that Seth took one of the two horses out to pasture in a rough field near the forest, and left him there. The next day the horse was not to be found. Obed stormed and swore furiously, and accused his brother of stealing the animal.

"You fool!" exclaimed the younger. "Don't I own as much of him as you?"

"No!" thundered back Obed. "You're nothing but my hired man, if I choose to have you. If I don't, you're a beggar, and that's all." And he brought out the paper which Seth had signed a month before. It was an agreement constituting Obed trustee of the entire property of their father.

"It's a cheat," said Seth, growing pale. "You're an unnatural scoundrel, and I'll have the law of you."

Obed smiled contemptuously, pocketed his paper, and continued the search for the horse; while Seth hung behind, muttering balefully. At length they found the horse lying in a deep ditch that intersected the field near the woods: he had fallen in by some accident, the

sharp root of a tree had stuck into him, and he was already lifeless. At this, Obed's face grew ominously stern. He vowed that Seth should work for him without wages, until the value of the horse should be made good. "I'm going to make this land pay at last," said he. "We've only got three to feed, leaving out father; I'm well rid of Eden, and if you don't like my way you can go, too."

Seth submitted. He worked out his time without wages, meditating what he should do. He had no money to go to law with, and he felt that he was now the only person who would care to prolong his father's life. Yet he revolted at his slavish position. During the term of payment for the lost horse, he never spoke a word to Obed. He received his commands and executed them, but whenever the two met they regarded each other with silent hate. When these weeks had expired, Seth announced that he should work for his brother no longer. He had secretly resolved to try his strength by seizing a part of the land, tilling it, and taking the profits.

"Then you may go," said Obed, — "you and father. I can't have you cumbering the house." In addition, he explained that the young woman who had been keeping the house — the daughter of a farmer near a distant village — had promised to marry him the following month, and they would prefer to have the place to themselves.

"I shan't go," said Seth, doggedly.

"You'll leave to-morrow," answered his brother, fiercely.

The next day Seth rose early, got out the oxen, and harnessed them to the plow. As he was starting with them to a new field, Obed confronted him. "Let that plow alone," said he.

Seth went on. The elder brother bounded towards him and seized his arm. "Hands off!" shouted Seth.

In a moment they were struggling desperately. The solemn, peaceful sunrise spread its crimson wings high towards the zenith; the latest star glimmered in the pale west; the birds sang louder and sweeter; and the two brothers, obliv-

ious of all, fought on the new grass beside the road,—the grass so like that which was sprouting on the mother's grave, just beyond that eastern hill-slope. The patient oxen stood gazing with mild eyes at these furious men, who grappled, swayed, clutched at each other's hair, and reeled breathlessly backward and forward, intent on deadly harm. Obed's superior strength was gaining him the advantage, when Seth managed to elude his stout grasp, and suddenly retreated to the barn. Obed pursued; but Seth instantly reappeared with a bill-hook, used for cutting trees, in his hand,—a bright, sharp weapon, curved like the tooth of some huge beast of prey. Then Obed fled for his life, and dodged behind the oxen. Seth advanced a little way, in hot chase, but all at once he stopped, let the dangerous tool fall, and seemed overcome with horror at what he had been upon the brink of doing. The moment his elder brother saw him in this mood, he dodged by him at a safe distance, dragged the only remaining horse out of his stall, and, mounting him bare-backed, dashed away towards the house of the nearest justice.

An hour later Seth was arrested and examined, and bound over to keep the peace. Obed was present, but Seth seized the occasion to complain of his brother's sharp practice and harshness. These, naturally, received no reprimand from the justice; yet Obed found it politic to propose a concession when they returned home. He himself was absent all day in the village, making some negotiations. At night-fall he came in and announced that he was going to build a new house for himself and his betrothed wife. He would therefore allow Seth and his father to occupy the old one, and appropriate three acres behind the house for a vegetable-patch. "You can hire yourself out around, to make out your living," he explained, with a liberal air. "You can't expect me to provide for the whole."

So, though it was offered as a favor, Seth accepted this as a part of his rights. But while the brothers remained together, they had no further intercourse.

Obed was married at the time fixed, having seen that the woman of his choice was a hard worker, economical and clever, and knowing that such a woman is often the corner-stone of a well-conducted farm business. In the autumn he moved into his new house, which he had built by means of a loan. Then all connection between the two brothers ceased absolutely. Seth did not go to the wedding, and he did not appear at church the Sunday after. From that time, in fact, he ceased to attend the services; and when the minister came to ask him the cause he answered sarcastically, and railed against the Christianity of the congregation because it countenanced the marriage of his brother and continued him in church membership, without rebuking him for his theft or making him restore his brother's share of the property. The minister went away and reported him partially out of his mind; it very soon became apparent, also, that the sympathy of many persons who had rather taken his side had become alienated from him by this new tone, which accused the community along with Obed. Then, gradually, a fearful rumor crept about that Seth had instigated a suspicion of Obed's having purposely loosened or weakened the stake which let the load of wood fall upon his father, hoping to kill or injure him, and so get possession of the farm. Those words of Obed's to his father, claiming a share in the estate, had somehow got abroad, and were remembered; and this strengthened the whisperings. Thus a new source of enmity was opened between the two.

The scandal of this bitter feud between the sons of a former deacon was great, and people eyed both men, and even their houses, with a strange dread and dislike. Obed was the successful one, came to church regularly, made himself useful in the village, and overpowered to a great extent the unfavorable atmosphere that hung about him. Seth was poor and overworked, led a gloomy life with his imbecile father, and grew more and more a recluse, with his heart and soul embittered by the silent, cold warfare with his unjust brother.

But so it went on,—the two houses standing within a few rods of each other by the road; one old and decaying and stricken with a blight; the other fresh and firm,—hard and joyless in its aspect, to be sure, but still seeming to draw all the light and cheer away from the other, which once had been so happy a home, with its three boys waiting for the future.

Seven years passed: Obed, by sharp-sighted traffic, was leading most of the surrounding farmers. He made special outlay to secure early and heavy crops, which brought large gain in the city markets, sold off his wood rapidly at a period of good prices, and cleared new fields to support additional live stock. He was now several hundred dollars ahead, but had not taken up his mortgage. All this time he had contributed nothing to the support of his father. But at least he had fulfilled—though how differently from the design!—his father's and mother's hope that he would raise up their name on his inheritance, and increase the inheritance itself.

Meanwhile, Eden had been forgotten. Nothing had occurred to break the silence that engulfed him after his resort to the sea. Seth sometimes secretly wondered what Obed was thinking about Eden; and Obed, with terror, wondered whether Seth had heard from him,—for if Eden should return, the trust might be disturbed. This secret wonder, touching a common topic, was the only bond left between them.

Seth finally awoke from his long religious lethargy, and suddenly one day began praying for Eden's return.

It happened that just after he made this prayer he was impelled to go out to the gate of the old weed-grown flower-garden before the house. There, as his eyes fell upon Obed's house, bitterness and doubt again overcame him, and he wished he had not prayed. In this mood he watched a man who was coming across the fields, directly towards where he stood. It was not any one he knew, so far as he could tell; but he watched him because the man looked so curiously like a boy. Suddenly the

stranger paused, and was seized with a fit of coughing. He appeared to be ill. Seth felt sorry for him; then cursed himself at feeling sorry for another when he was himself so much wretcheder than any man. The stranger came on, and at last stood in the road. Looking at the two houses, he seemed puzzled; then he caught sight of Seth among the bushes, and advanced. He was a slight, pale man, with wasted but rosy cheeks, and well-trimmed, scanty whiskers on either side. He had a tall hat, with crape on it, and his meagre person was clothed with great nicety; a watch-chain, with a charm attached to it, swung delicately from his vest.

"Is this Deacon Godborrow's?" he asked, in a soft voice that carried a kind of physical melancholy in its tone, as if it were a dead or utterly forgotten voice.

"It used to be," answered Seth, almost surlily. Then, instantly, the manner of the two men changed. They eyed each other with a questioning excitement that passed swiftly into a glance of old-time love; and Seth bethought him of the old ferrotype.

"You must be Eden: you are Eden!" cried he.

"What has changed you so?" murmured Eden, beginning to tremble violently. "I hardly know you, Seth."

Eden's story was that on reaching his second port he had found mention of his mother's death in a fragment of a local paper which had in some way strayed thither. That was in Rio Janeiro. He fell ill; his ship sailed; and on recovering, he fortunately found employment with an American merchant. He had no heart to come home, liked the climate and the life, and so stayed there. He made money, and ran into many gayeties. "I have led a wild life," he said, with a sad smile. "I have been dissipated, Seth. Well, it's all over now. My health has given way." Then he told how he had written once to his father, and got no answer. "I suppose, now, the letter went astray; but I began to feel as if you did n't care for me. I thought you wanted

me out of the way, and mother was dead; and so" — He put his hand over his eyes. "Don't let's talk of it any more. My life is ended, Seth; it is n't worth speaking of. It was a poor one at the best, and I've wasted it."

Not since his mother's death had Seth shed tears, but he wept now; and yet amid his sobs he was encouraging Eden to believe that many years of happy companionship awaited them both. In this wise came a second invalid into the charge of Seth, the faithful servant of others. Although Eden had a little money, he was soon to become a heavy and constant care to his poorer brother; yet somehow Seth found in Eden's return almost a compensation for all his own previous misfortune. After a few days, however, when the history of the seven years had been fully told, the question arose whether these two should not attack the validity of Obed's trusteeship.

"No," said Eden, "I have come home to die, — not to fight about worldly goods."

"Are you going to see Obed?" inquired Seth, timidly, with a jealous fear upon him.

"I think not," returned Eden.

"You might be more comfortable there," his brother suggested.

Eden's young, worn eyes flashed fire. "I shall not go," said he. After this he sat thinking a long time, silently. He began to speak, but a long and terrible spasm of coughing interrupted him. Then he succeeded in saying: "I want you, Seth, to go out with me to-morrow where we can get some young pine-trees. We must hire a horse and wagon."

"You mean to plant the trees?"

"Yes. The odor of them is good for me. Who knows, Seth? I may live, yet. I must have a little avenue of pines to walk under."

Seth was glad to fall in with this whim. In the morning they began the planting. Eden set each tree in the ground, himself. "I feel like a giant," said he, hilariously.

"Which way are you going to run

your avenue?" asked Seth, looking rather startled at the direction it seemed to be taking.

"Over to Obed's."

Seth let his spade fall.

"Come on; I want your help half-way," said Eden.

They went on with the work. Now, half-way meant just to the boundary of the old house-yard, beyond which Obed's land began. Obed had heard of his youngest brother's return, and watched all his movements furtively. Secreted behind a window he looked on at the planting, at a loss to make out its object. Presently Eden advanced to the boundary, looking towards him. Obed shrank away, with an unexpected pang. "How much like mother he looks!" was his thought, and it pierced him with indefinable anguish. As yet he observed no sign of hostile action on Eden's part, and the suspense gave him time to think over his own ugly course. In three days, the pines, set out in two straight rows over the rising ground, had reached the boundary. Eden, relieving Seth, paced between them out to the limit, and then called, in his loudest tone, "Obed!"

Strange melancholy of that sweet, dying voice! No answer came, and the cry was repeated: "Obed!"

The eldest born could not resist this summons. A side-door opened, and he came out. "How do you do, Eden?" said he, constrainedly.

"I am dying," was Eden's answer. Obed shivered. "Will you lend me a hand," continued the consumptive, "to finish this avenue? I want to walk here, every day. Seth has helped me this far."

Obed made a slight gesture of repugnance, but came forward. "Is this all you have to say, Eden," he asked, "after such an absence?"

"This is all," returned the other, coldly.

"You have no quarrel with me, then? You don't intend to try driving me out?"

"Is that necessary, on mother's and father's farm?" Eden inquired, in an

swer. "I suppose if you asked shelter of Seth or me, we should give it. Neither one can drive out the other."

It began to appear to Obed that he had been acting in a senseless dream for the last six or seven years. He came and worked for Eden, as Seth had done. He could not tell why he did it; but it seemed impossible to refuse; a new set of motives had come into play within him. Soon the avenue was completed, and then Obed, with a hesitation he did not himself understand, asked Eden a new question: "Will you come into my house sometimes, now, Eden?"

It was curious how both the older brothers felt a species of awe before Eden. There was a something inscrutable in his sad, gentle ways. He acknowledged that he had wasted his life, yet the industrious Obed was surprised to find that he could not despise Eden for this. The knowledge of the world which Eden had gained, fatal though it was, placed him beyond Obed's sordid ken; and the mysterious blending of youth and death in him formed a sort of consecration. So he awaited a reply, with keen anxiety. This was what he heard:—

"I shall come when you have been to Seth's; and when you come, you know what I want you to do. Think it over, Obed."

"You don't know Seth," said Obed. "He tried to kill me once. Did he tell you that?" The question was somewhat defiant.

"Yes," replied Eden, quietly.

"And yet?"—began Obed.

"I don't want to talk," said Eden, decisively. "Go and think it over."

Obed did so. He sat in his wood-shed, alone, and tried to persuade himself that he was a fool for being influenced by Eden. In the midst of this, a thought came to him that made him start as if he had been struck from behind. This was an uncanny fancy that Eden was really dead, and that he had been talking with his ghost. The next instant, "Pshaw!" said he, "I don't believe in ghosts; so what's the use heeding him?" He snapped his fingers, and resolved to

go his own way. But then he remembered that Eden's being dead was only a fancy; and it rushed across him that soon his gentle brother would indeed be gone. He leaped up, and was about to run to the pines, to ask Eden if he was sure he must die. His steps shortened again, and a bitter sadness invaded his breast, at the folly of this question. Somehow, he felt at this moment just as he had nearly twenty years ago, when he had done Eden a little mean injury in play, forgotten till now. . . . That very night he went to Seth's, and began by asking Eden's forgiveness for the petty wrong practiced on him in that game twenty years ago. This tiny pebble rolled away, his whole heart seemed to open, the feud was annulled; he burnt, before Seth and Eden, the trusteeship paper; and then they talked together about the future.

"I have a few hundred dollars," said Eden. "I shall leave them to Seth. Then, with his half of the farm, he will be richer than you, for you have your mortgage to pay off. Still, that's only fair."

Obed—silent like a man who has passed through fire or escaped any great danger, and still rests in the hush of safety—scarcely attended to what was being said.

On an evening of the next spring, while Eden still lingered, and when Obed had come to the homestead to chat, Deacon Godborrow suddenly roused himself, and transient intelligence returned to his eye. Through the open window came the pungent scent of brush-fires. "That smells good!" exclaimed the old man. "It makes me think when I was young. Smelling it waked me up just now, boys. I must have been asleep. Eden, you're quite a man now, but you look thin. Tell mother to give him plenty of milk," he added, turning to the others. "Hey, what's that I see through the window? I don't remember that row of pines. It seems as if I'd been gone longer than I thought. Well, it can't be more'n thirty year since we were chopping trees with my father. I guess I shan't be around much when

you cut those pines again. But spare 'em as long as you can, boys; spare 'em!"

Under their spicy shade Eden walked, with his brothers beside him, each day, until he died; and now his pine-trees

stand as a memorial and a symbol of the path he opened between those two sun-dared hearts.

Was not his mother right in her trust that God would give him his part in the world?

G. P. Lathrop.

A BIRTHDAY.

INTO this world, with April, you
Were ushered by the birds, the dew
On opening violets, and the blue
Of skies just washed from weary stain
With shower on shower of happy rain;
By earthly scent of furrows new,
By sudden rainbows on the wing,
And each dear thing of early spring.

Wild hyacinths are in the grass,
That grow more purple as you pass,
And pale above the answering glass
They find in many a shadowy brook
The daffodils bend down and look,
See the chance cloud, a snowy mass,
And see the restless bluebird fly
Deep in the high and painted sky.

Oh, gay the day that April brings,
When all about the wide air rings
With melody of whistling wings;
With rustling waters, and the sigh
Of odorous branches far and nigh,
Where the bee murmurs as he clings;
While up and down the glad winds strew
The rosy snow of apple blow.

Ah, if on some delicious day,
Dropped out of heaven and into May,
You first had wandered down this way,
When mellow sunbeams wove their snare
Through azure vapors everywhere,
And all the land in languor lay,
It had not seemed a day so meet,
So shy and fleet, so fresh and sweet!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

WORKINGMEN'S WIVES.

In these studies of American life nothing is invented or purposely colored. They are reports of the experience and talk of persons I have known, and their interest, for me at least, is in the thought of these men and women, in the effect of their circumstances, experience, and total environment upon their intellectual character and activities. In all my acquaintance with the working people, I have observed that the women appear to be depressed and injured less than the men by the hardships of their life. The anxiety and suffering to which so many of them have been exposed during the last few years have usually been borne by the wives of workingmen with superior patience and courage, and they have developed such readiness of resource as yields only to absolute impossibilities. In many cases the wives of workingmen have for several years supported their families almost entirely. While there has been no work for the men, the women have done washing, sewing, and general housework for all who would employ them. Some women do the washing for half a dozen families each week. In such cases their own home-work must be done at night, and on Sunday. But there are few women who have strength for so much work of this kind, and families often live upon what the wife and mother receives for two, three, or four days' work each week. Sometimes the men assist their wives in the home housekeeping, and even in the washing which is taken in for the neighbors, but I have seen few workingmen who seemed able or inclined to render much assistance in women's work, although idle for months together.

Workingmen's wives are, as a class (so far as my acquaintance extends), more saving or economical than their husbands. They have also less dislike for small jobs, and less contempt for the trifling sums received for them. I am compelled to say that many workingmen

appear unwilling to accept transient employment, especially if of a kind to which they are not accustomed; but their wives are usually ready for any kind of work, however disagreeable or poorly paid it may be. The men often yield to complete discouragement, and become listless and stupid, and are sour and cross at home, until, unable longer to endure the misery of inaction, they take to the road and become tramps. It is easy to censure the folly of leaving home for work in times like these, but few persons who live comfortably understand the mental strain and torture borne by unemployed workingmen, who see at each meal that every mouthful on the table is really needed by their children. Hunger does not make men philosophical. In the cities and larger towns some workingmen's wives take to drink, as do the men, when their condition and prospects have become desperate, but among working women who do not drink I have never yet seen one relinquish effort and yield to despair. Even when the wolf has long been inside the door, and life is a daily struggle with pinching want, I have noted the silent endurance of workingmen's wives, the effort always renewed, the spirit which never yields.

One such woman, whom I have known for several years, has often excited my wonder by the quiet strength and beauty of her character. She is about thirty-five years of age. Her father was a prosperous farmer, and she grew up in the large, old-fashioned farm-house, where the abundance of hired help made it unnecessary for her to do anything beyond taking care of her own room and clothing. But she learned housekeeping in the intervals of attending school, taught school two or three years near her home, and then married a business man whose fortune, consisting largely of landed property, was amply sufficient to promise a life of comfort, and the opportunities for intellectual improvement

which she so much coveted. Their life was pleasant and prosperous until a few years after the war. Then her husband sold his property and removed to a distant State, where he bought a farm which had been exhausted by bad tillage, and which required extensive improvements. About this period the approach of the hard times began to be foreshadowed by a general decline in values, to the consequent disappointment of business men who had looked for profits from the continued rise in prices.

Some of the men to whom our friend had sold portions of his property were unable to pay. Loans which he had thought well secured were not repaid, and could not be collected. The man's health declined, and he was obliged to hire all the labor required in the cultivation of his land. It soon appeared to be advisable to sell the farm, as it was rapidly absorbing all that remained of his money, and yielding very little in return. It was sold for an amount much less than the aggregate cost of the land and improvements. A house was bought in a small town at a price which now seems extravagant. About half of it was paid at the time out of the money received for the farm, and a mortgage on the house given to secure the remainder. Most of these changes now appear to have been unfortunate, but they were such as many business men were making in those years, and to have followed a wiser course would have required a degree of foresight which very few at that time possessed. Our friends soon found themselves without any assured income. The hope of receiving something on various old debts was not relinquished until several years later, but it has never been realized. There were now four persons in the household, the two children being nearly old enough to go to school. The father hoped to find in the village some employment which would enable him to support his family, but salaries were being rapidly reduced, and each month added to the number of men seeking places. About this time the wife was engaged for some months in sewing straw goods at home for manufacturers in one of our

large cities. It did not yet appear absolutely necessary for her to earn money for the sustenance of the family, but she preferred to help. Their state and prospects became more serious, and the piano was sold. It had been a marriage gift to the wife from her mother.

Part of the money obtained by the sale of the piano was used to buy a sewing-machine; and while the husband did what he could as a day laborer, at gardening, farm-work, sawing wood, etc., the wife took sewing from a large manufactory of woolen clothing. The price for her work was ninety cents per dozen of the garments upon which she was employed. For several months she used the sewing-machine fifteen hours per day, and by working for that length of time she could make three fourths of a dozen of these garments each day. She was thus able to earn three and a half or four dollars per week. But the labor was too great for her strength, and in less than a year she was compelled to relinquish it. During this period she was often unable to sleep from the weariness and pain resulting from excessive labor.

The first payment made on the village property was also the last. All that could be obtained by the efforts of both husband and wife was often insufficient to supply the family with needed food. The man's strength declined so much that his labor was not very profitable either to himself or to his employers. It became impossible to pay the interest on the debt for the house, now overdue, and the property was surrendered to the former owner. Owing to the great decline in values, it would not now have sold for more than the amount which was still due on it. Since that time this woman has paid rent for the house which she once hoped soon to own. It is but six dollars per month, yet that is a large sum for her. There have been many dark days. After it became plain that the work with the sewing-machine could not be kept up, my friend learned to make various small articles of women's apparel then in fashion, and has kept a small store of them at her home for sale, and has taken orders from custom-

ers for their manufacture. The family needs for food, as she has told me, three dollars and a half per week, but there have been many times when they lived on a dollar per week. Sometimes in winter they have been without food or fuel. They often live almost wholly upon bread, and have no meat for weeks together. The woman is a member of a prosperous church, and attends its meetings with great regularity.

"Does your minister come to see you?" I inquired.

"Oh, yes."

"Does he know how you are situated?"

"No."

"Why do you not tell him?"

"He has not asked me, or spoken of such things, and I would rather converse with him on other subjects."

"But some of your friends in the church are acquainted with your circumstances?"

"They know that we have nothing to live on but what I earn, except when my husband can do a little work now and then; but I do not think they know anything about how much or how little we have." Here she paused, and I saw that she was making an effort to speak quietly. Her lips moved in silence, but she soon spoke again in the same clear voice: "It is sometimes hard to be told that such and such ladies have remarked that I am always wonderfully well dressed. It is quite certain that I should have more work if I were ragged and slovenly. People would interest themselves about me, and give me something to do, if I gave up trying to be neat. But I can't do that, you know." And she laughed gayly, though her eyes were ready to overflow.

She possesses in an unusual degree the power, apparently so easy and natural for some women, of dressing with exquisite taste, even with the poorest materials. My wife says that Mrs. — would appear well dressed if she had only an Indian blanket, and would somehow make it look about the same as the costume of all women of taste. People say that she does not look like a work-

ing woman. After a few months' rest from work with the sewing-machine she grew stronger, and undertook dress-making, an industry which she still practices. But there are many others engaged in it; many ladies do their own sewing of late, as a measure of necessary economy; and our friend often has great difficulty in obtaining sufficient work. She feels that debt would be failure and ruin. "I could never keep up heart and energy if we were in debt."

"What are your expectations, your hopes, for the next few years?"

"My children have thus far been kept at school; they are doing well in their studies, and I feel that they must, at any cost, have a tolerable education. My daughter, now about fourteen years of age, has a passion for teaching; and it is my utmost ambition, I suppose I may say, to fit her for that work. My hope is that my health and strength may hold out, and that I may have work enough for the support of my family, and especially to pay my house rent."

"Do you ever look back with regret?"

"I have not time, and if I had, that would be foolish and useless."

"Do you blame anybody for your hardships?"

"I feel sometimes, as I suppose all women do in such circumstances, like saying, 'If you had only taken my advice, or done as I wished;' but it would do no good, and I have never allowed myself to say it."

"Does it seem to you that people are cold and harsh and unkind?"

"No; they are generally kind-hearted. They are sometimes thoughtless, but we must expect that. Not many know much about the lives of those around them."

"Does your religion help you? is it a real force and aid?"

"Yes; there are times when I could not go on, or have the strength I need, without it. I am not a very pious person, — not enthusiastically religious; I do not expect that God will do my work for me, or make everything easy and

pleasant; but I could not live, I think, without the feeling that his goodness and justice and love are over all things, and that somehow, in ways I cannot understand, he is with me and cares for me in the darkest times. I am obliged to believe that help is sent me sometimes in answer to prayer."

"Then, why is it not always sent? why is prayer not always answered?"

"That is not for me to understand."

This woman's religion appears to be a real force in her life. There seems to be but little mysticism in her thought. She does cheerfully and courageously all that lies in her power, and endures patiently the hardships she cannot avoid. She is certainly made stronger by her faith in the divine goodness, which, in spite of appearances to the contrary, she believes is at the heart of things, and is a factor in all human affairs. She thinks that human labor, wisdom, and self-sacrifice are necessary for the right direction of human life, individual and social; and that men must learn how to avoid and cure the evils that now afflict society. "God will not do these things for us, but He will help us if we do our best in any good work." She does not seem to have been injured by her harsh and trying experience. I have observed that many women (and men too) are made cynical by hardship; others adopt eccentric theories about religion or the organization of society, and console themselves by a vehement advocacy of these opinions, or steep their faculties in benumbing dreams of the future, losing thus all power and disposition for present struggle. But this woman, while ready for any drudgery that will enable her to support her family, has lost no iota of self-respect, and does not seem to have been in any wise weakened or degraded by trial and suffering. She retains her old interest in culture, especially in literature, and manages to read each year a few good books. She is well acquainted with the writings of the best American and English poets, and likes biography and essays. She converses well, has a fine presence, and is always in request to preside at ta-

bles at church fairs and festivals. Our friend's circumstances do not of course permit her to be much in society. She is rarely away from home, and has no traits or qualities that would fit her to be a reformer of any kind; but her example and influence are most wholesome and encouraging.

My next story is of a woman who, although a good housekeeper, has had much to do with the life in numerous homes besides her own. She is the wife of a mechanic, an unusually intelligent and thoughtful man. Their home is in a village not far from a large city, and there are several manufacturing towns of considerable importance in the same region. I became acquainted with these persons soon after the close of the civil war. They are so inseparable in their thought and work that I cannot well write of one alone. The husband had entered the Union army early, and served to the close of the contest, and they both felt that their connection with the nation's struggle had been a kind of religious experience to them. This first drew me to acquaintance with them. They had a clear idea of a principle of patriotism which should draw men together in times of peace, and inspire them with a feeling of comradeship and of devotion to the interests of their country. As I was myself at that time thinking much of these subjects, and becoming more and more fully convinced of the importance of encouraging and propagating such ideas, I soon became greatly interested in the thought and activities of this workingman and his wife. The man had read much, and was still reading, about government and the organization of society, and had a considerable knowledge of history. He talked with his wife about his reading, and often read aloud the most important passages. For some time before I met him he had been troubled by the growing conviction that many things in the best writings on political economy and similar subjects were inapplicable and impracticable in this country, and among the workingmen whom he knew; and

it had just occurred to him to inquire whether there are perhaps some special or peculiar conditions or elements in the circumstances and character of society in this country which have not yet been sufficiently considered by our teachers.

At the period referred to, artisans were still making money in the shops and factories of that region, and there was much talk among them about life insurance. We spent many evenings together: my friend reported the discussions which had occurred at the shops during the dinner hour, and read from various books passages bearing upon the subject; his wife told of what the women were saying, and expressed her own judgment in relation to the matters we were considering. While her husband had been in the army she had had much intercourse with the families of workingmen in the village, and since his return they had worked together for the advancement and elevation of the class to which they belonged. They both thought there were serious objections to life insurance, though it might yet be the best thing available, as a method of saving, for many working people.

"Something of the kind is necessary," said the wife, "because the men cannot keep money. As soon as they have a small sum they either wish to buy something with it, or to invest it in a way that will bring them more. Most women can keep money much better than men can. It pleases them to go on adding to the little stock they have hoarded up, and to look at it now and then; but when a man has a few dollars, he is apt to be restless and unhappy till he has expended it."

"But this is a costly way of saving," observed her husband. "I have been at the principal offices in the city. Two of the companies are putting up showy and expensive buildings. Their officers have good salaries, and the commissions allowed to agents are large. Of course all these things are paid for by the people who are insured. The men who are building up and managing this great business of life insurance are doing it for the profit it will bring to them, of course.

That is all right, but it will be far more profitable to them than to the working people."

"The women are inclined to like savings-banks better," said his wife; "they think the money would not be so entirely out of their reach."

"They are partly right," the husband replied, "but we are coming to have too many savings-banks, and life insurance companies too. The depositors in the savings-banks have no real security for the safety of their money except the honor and foresight of the bank officers. It is always possible in a time like this that the value of real estate securities may decline so much as to fall below the amount for which they are pledged. It is not likely that prices will always keep up."

"I am sure," said the wife, "that men are buying too many things; they make too many improvements; and these things eat up the profits, it seems to me, of all kinds of business about here. If I should buy so much improved machinery for housekeeping, we should soon be in debt instead of saving anything, and that appears to be just what the men are doing. And if so many people go to making shoes and silks and steel rails, it will bring the prices down so that there will be no profit. Besides, I should think we would have more of these things by and by than anybody will want, or can afford to buy. I cannot see ~~that~~ many people, either workingmen or others, are really saving anything except as they insure their lives or deposit something in savings-banks. So I suppose these plans for saving will really benefit people."

"No doubt they will do good in some ways," was the reply, "but much of the money so invested will probably never come back to those who earned it."

"Then there is something very wrong about it," answered the wife, "for the certainty of having what they save is more important for the working people than anything else connected with money. I have thought a great deal about this matter of interest for money as it affects

our people. No doubt it is necessary and right for rich men, who loan large sums, and in the great affairs of the business world. But for working people it does harm, and not good. Many of our class are excited and dazzled by the thought of their money increasing, and, as they say, 'piling up while we are asleep,' so that they often risk losing the whole of it by lending it to men who are not to be trusted, or venturing into wild speculations. I suppose some of these things are too deep for me, but I am sure the effect of interest for money is, for many of the working people, very much like the influence of gambling. It gives them unreasonable hopes for the future, and leads them to desire above all things to escape from the necessity of work; and, as I said, they often lose their money by it."

"Do you not think the ambition to rise above the condition of working people a good feeling, and one to be encouraged?" I asked.

"No," said she, "I do not. If we are able to rise above the condition of working people, who will be left to do the world's work? Everybody seems to think it would be very fine, but I can see that such notions are doing mischief. Is it really degrading to work? It sounds well to talk about our fitting ourselves for something better. There must be some deception in what our teachers are saying about these things. If we could be wise enough and unselfish enough to do our part by everybody as working people should, I think we should be more useful in the world, and much happier than we can be by trying to rise to positions which are not suited to us. Five or six of the men at the shops have bought pianos within a year or two. A political speaker from the city spoke of this at the town-hall, a few weeks ago, as an evidence of the superiority of American workingmen and their opportunities, and said that laborers in other countries cannot have such things. That is true, I suppose, but I think if our men had been wise they might have found better uses for their money. You can hear one of the instruments now. Our

neighbor's daughter is taking lessons. Her teacher tells her it is a great pity she could not have begun sooner, because the work she has done has spoiled her hands for the piano. Her mother does all the hard work now, and her daughter dresses in style and takes care of her hands. It is not at all likely that her playing will ever be the means of real cultivation to herself or of pleasure to others. A year or two ago she was an earnest, industrious girl, affectionate and happy; now she is affected, discontented, and disagreeable. She wants many things which she cannot possibly have, and has no idea of being serviceable to anybody. Such changes are going on among nearly all the working people that we know, and if there's a great deal of good in them, there's some harm too."

"Well, wife," said her husband, "tell us, since you are in the way of it, what you think the working people ought to aim at, and what they most need."

"We ought to do our work well and faithfully, so as to be really of service to our employers and to the country. We need to feel more interest in one another as a class, without any enmity toward other people, and to help and encourage one another to gain more of such kinds of knowledge as will be of use to us in our circumstances and way of living. The knowledge that makes the working people dissatisfied with their lot is no blessing, and it is not a kindness to give it to them. We need somebody to tell us and teach us what would be most useful to us. But I can see that the women need to know how to cook a great deal better than they do now, and how to keep their houses and things around them in a wholesome condition, so as not to invite disease into their families. They need to feel more responsibility for their children every way. And then—I must come back to that—the working people need some way of saving money that will be absolutely safe, so that they can be perfectly certain of having it when they want it. Whenever men have steady work, even at moderate wages, they can save some-

thing, and they ought to lay by a little at a time, till each family has two, three, or four hundred dollars, as a provision against sickness or possible lack of employment; or has a little sum for each of the children as they grow up and begin life for themselves, and perhaps some small provision for the old age of the parents. To use all our earnings as we go along has an unfavorable and demoralizing effect. To bind ourselves by a resolution to save a small part of each week's income is a useful discipline, — one that we all require. It teaches us to be able to do without some things that we could have, and that is a kind of education that would be good for everybody. But the uncertainty about receiving their money does more than anything else to discourage the working people from trying to save. I have thought a great deal about this, and it seems to me a very important matter, and one that the wise men of the nation might well think about. I do not know anything about the science of government, but there must be something very imperfect in our civilization, or the organization of society, when all the wisdom of this great country and all the power of the government cannot give a laboring man who saves fifty dollars any security that he shall have it returned to him when he needs it. I have sometimes seen such mischief and suffering result from this state of things that I could not sleep, and I have spent many hours in trying to think out some plan for changing it. Whenever money that is loaned or put in a savings-bank is lost, it makes workingmen reckless and improvident."

"Tell our friend about your plan," said her husband, "and perhaps he will say what he thinks of it."

"My plan seems to me a very simple one. It is for the national government to receive money from the people at the post-offices everywhere, and give them certificates of deposit, charging a small fee to pay for the clerical labor involved. The important thing, as I look at it, is that the government is not to pay interest on these deposits. Even if only two or three per cent., or only one per cent.,

were proposed, there would be serious objections to such a system; but I cannot see how this plan could do any harm, or why there should be any great difficulty in putting it into practical operation."

"The present organization and character of life-insurance and savings-bank business," remarked the husband, "tends to produce everywhere an increasing feebleness of community; and anything that does that works an injury for which nothing can be sufficient compensation. Every life-insurance company and savings-bank is a partnership made up of the men who establish the business and of all who invest money in it,—that is, the depositors and those who are insured. The thousands of men whose earnings furnish so large a proportion of the capital have no voice or power in the management or direction of the business. But what is much worse than this, the partners are not acquainted with each other. The managers do not live in the same community with their partners in the business, and they possess none of those common interests and responsibilities which proximity naturally tends to establish. In anything so important in its effects upon character and the chief interests of society, each community, village, or neighborhood should, as it seems to me, organize and direct its own business. If I ~~lend~~ money to my neighbor, he is more apt to conduct his business carefully, and to repay me honestly, because he is my neighbor. When the working people have put their money into the hands of men in the city whom they have never seen, they may feel more interest in the welfare of the city people; yet this is a barren kind of interest, as there can be no personal relations between them; but the working people will feel less interest in their own town and in the welfare of their fellow-citizens and neighbors here. I think our money, our business, our interests, should, as far as possible, all be here, where we live, and that we should all be concerned and responsible for the welfare of all the members of the community. If we have

savings-banks or life insurance, the entire business should be here, all the officers our own citizens, and no money should be drawn from the people of other places. There should be no expensive buildings, and as little as possible of the element of speculation in the business, but the greatest possible degree of certainty in the preservation of the funds. But the life insurance which I think most important is that which consists in the strength of community among the people of each village or small town; in their neighborly good-will, interest, and practical kindness for each other; in their coöperation in what we may call the moral control and administration of the community; in the education, protection, and guidance of all its members; in the repression of license, of ignorance, idleness, and all other vices which seriously threaten social or public interest."

I have not room for any farther report of these conversations. My friends still live in the same village. Visiting them early last summer, I found that most of these opinions had been confirmed by observation and experience of the effect of trial and hardship upon the working people. This man always advised his neighbors against trades-unions and secret societies of every kind, but urged them to have places of meeting where anybody might come and talk. Such open clubs have from time to time been sustained by the workingmen there, and have been useful. When the general prostration of business and industry reached the place, my friend had saved nearly a thousand dollars, but had not insured his life, or put his money into a bank. He had loaned it without interest in sums of one or two hundred dollars to business men who were his neighbors. It was all repaid him; but he told me that a man who had about two hundred dollars of his money came to his house one evening, and said, "Here is your money. I cannot go on much longer, and there will not be much for anybody, I fear. This is a personal matter, and I cannot have you lose anything." At one time all the laborers in

the shops and mills were discharged, and a few months' idleness reduced some of them to great straits. My friend then began lending small sums, without interest, to the most needy workmen, — from two to twenty-five dollars to each. He says most of the money has been repaid, and loaned again so often that the aggregate is more than four thousand dollars. He has lost about one third of his money, as he supposes, finally. Some of the men who had it have gone away, and he has lost sight of them, and a few have died. "But," he says, "the good and help of it all were so great that I do not regret a dollar of it." He still thinks this the best kind of life insurance. His wife has taught the women how to make old clothing over again to the best advantage, how to cook beef-bones so as to obtain much food from what they had before thrown away (by long boiling to extract all the nutritious elements), to utilize scraps and remnants of all kinds, and to avoid dangers to health from foul cellars and bad drainage. The two have influenced in a notable degree the life of the village. This report of our conversations is from notes made at the time many years ago. I then preserved these records of the talk of a workingman and his wife, because I thought they contained some germs, at least, of genuine American thought. The man was born in Vermont, and the woman in Massachusetts. The families of both have been in this country more than a hundred and fifty years, and have always been working people, and, as my friends say, "none of them were ever 'in better circumstances;' they all had to work for their living, so their descendants have not had to 'come down in the world.'"

I have for many years enjoyed acquaintance with a woman whose home overlooks the great prairies of South-eastern Kansas. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, as she has told me, it was common, where she grew up, for girls engaged to be married to go out to service and earn money for the purchase of their housekeeping outfit. She was in

her sixteenth year when she left home for this purpose. Her girlhood had been happy and busy. Her parents lived on a small farm. There were many daughters, and they learned to love the freedom of out-door work in haying and corn-planting time. Idleness and piano-playing and the modern styles of dress had not then become fashionable among young women in that region. An earnest, practical spirit ruled the somewhat primitive society, and the better class of young people had a real thirst for knowledge and improvement. The few books and newspapers were passed from hand to hand, and read in almost every house of the neighborhood. My friend says there is much more reading among the young people now, but the books read are not, where she is acquainted, equal in character to those with which she was familiar in her girlhood. They are less thoughtful, and require less mental exertion on the part of the reader.

She was married at seventeen, and soon afterwards set out on the westward journey of a thousand miles to the region in which she was to find, or rather make, her home. The young couple had money to purchase enough wild prairie land for a farm, and to supply the means of living till they could raise the first crop of corn, but not much more. The grassy plains stretching away to the horizon on every side showed few human habitations. There were at first about a dozen houses within as many miles, and within that distance all were neighbors. But there were new arrivals every year, and life soon became less lonely, or at least less solitary, for the young wife, who battled bravely against home-sickness, and threw herself with energy into all the activities of her new sphere of action. The settlers in the neighborhood represented nearly all parts of the country, except the Pacific coast. There were families from New England and the Middle and Southern Atlantic States, and from the different regions of the great Mississippi Valley, north and south. One of the first things in the new life which impressed this young woman was the fact that the moral differences be-

tween the life around her and that to which she had been accustomed all seemed to have been produced by a lowering of the old standards. Men who used profane language acknowledged that they had not done so in their old homes; some who had brought letters of fellowship from Eastern churches went hunting on Sundays. Nearly everybody made and received visits on that day, and it was a jolly, social holiday. The new citizens and neighbors were good men and women; there were few coarse or vicious persons among them, but there was a strong and general tendency to revert to a much lower type of civilization than any of them had been acquainted with in the older portions of the country. This facility in adopting lower standards, so manifest all about her, caused the young woman many an hour of anxious, painful thought. It was by no means easy to determine what would be right or wise for herself under the new conditions of her life. Here was a modest, quiet girl, with no one to advise her, with no one at first even to understand her, who saw that society was in process of formation around her, and felt that some very important elements and influences were wanting, the lack of which she was sure would be felt more and more as an evil and injury as inclination hardened into habit, and tendencies became fixed in custom. Her interest was the greater because her husband appeared not at all disposed to resist the influences which excited her distrust. He grew fond of ranging over the prairies with his gun, and steady work on the farm seemed to affect his health unfavorably. When several men worked together he was willing to share in the labor for the sake of companionship, but solitary employment grew more and more distasteful to him. This often led to exchanges of work and other plans for enjoying the society of some of his neighbors, who, like himself, liked conversation so much that work seemed an interruption and an impertinence. His farm and dwelling soon showed signs of neglect and inefficiency, and it was not long till he had contracted debts

which the surplus productions of the farm were not sufficient to pay.

After long and painful resistance to a conviction which seemed a kind of disloyalty to her husband, the young wife was compelled to recognize the fact that the wisdom, energy, and responsibility properly belonging to the head of a family were required of her, and that unless her resources proved equal to the unexpected demand, her home life was likely to prove a failure, a life-long disappointment and misery. There was a period of wild and lonely bitterness, and then she quietly accepted her lot, and resolutely entered upon her work of building the temple of home upon better foundations, and of trying to cultivate and encourage as much as possible all the higher elements and aptitudes of her husband's character. She wished, as I suppose most women do, to look up to her husband; to feel that he was her head; to respect his superior strength and authority. But she set forward to make the best of everything, and soon developed a kind of happiness in courageous effort and endurance. She had much to endure. More than once the homestead itself has been imperiled by bad management. But the business men of the region gradually recognized the fact that when debts were paid it was by the wife's economy and energy, and the danger from the husband's injudicious investments and engagements lessened as the years passed. While she was thus endeavoring to do her part faithfully at home, her interest in the life around her grew more profound and serious. She told her husband of her feelings and desires regarding the intellectual and moral condition and needs of their neighborhood, and asked his counsel as to her own course. He thought that any effort to influence their neighbors would probably be resented by them as an officious and unfriendly interference, and, while deploring the want of moral and religious teaching in the region about them, was of the opinion that people should be left to the teaching of experience. "If they do wrong and get into trouble, they will learn to do better next time." Still

he did not more decidedly oppose her wishes, and she felt that the way was clear for her doing what she could. But what should she attempt? Although herself earnestly religious, she thought it not wise to undertake teaching religion directly or specifically. What she did may appear rather shocking to many good people, but I can only report the truth. The time was approaching for a great Sunday visit at her house. It was her turn to entertain her neighbors. Some fifteen or twenty persons, old and young, would dine with her, and spend the afternoon in conversation and such amusements as they were accustomed to enjoy or might improvise for the occasion. The aimless and thoughtless character of the talk in these social meetings had given my friend much discomfort. It had no direction or purpose, but depended upon mere impulse and accident in its selection of subjects. Its tone was often rather low, and there was never, as she said, anything profitable. If, as often happened, a young person made a serious or thoughtful remark, some older member of the circle would make it the point of a joke or repartee. This young woman's beginning, that Sunday afternoon, for the regeneration of society, was a series of *tableaux vivants*, based on the pictures in a copy of Shakespeare's plays. Everybody was delighted, and there was an unexpected and most gratifying desire to know what it was all about, — who the soldiers and ladies were who had been represented, and what they had done. "Tell us about them," said the young people. Her strength was failing. The battle had been fought, and she had gained the victory. She could not tell stories now. Years afterward she told me of her gratitude to a gentleman present, a physician, who, profoundly touched by the change which he felt had passed upon their association, said earnestly, "Not now; we have had enough for to-day. I have the books, — Shakespeare and the English histories, that tell about it all. If any of you will stop at my house, my wife will show them to you. It is time for us to go now." And with a respectful dignity

of manner which awed his neighbors he advanced to the centre of the room and took leave of his hostess. Everybody followed his example.

The next day the doctor rode a few miles out of his course across the prairie, to call on this new acquaintance. They had a long conversation, and she told him of her feelings regarding the community, — of her fervent wish for the beginning of a better order of things. "Well," said the doctor, "we have had the beginning. We will meet at my house next time. Come over, you and your husband, on Saturday afternoon, and we will make our plans for the entertainment." He was always afterward her faithful ally. It proved, as he said, that a beginning had been made.

The Sunday visits grew into meetings for reading, music, and conversation. From the first the mirth was less boisterous and the talk more thoughtful, but there was no loss of real freedom or geniality. I have always wondered most that my friend did not try to do too much. But the hour had come, and the woman. And she could not only do what the occasion required of her; what was quite as necessary to her success, she knew how to choose her marshals. People seemed to develop new capabilities under her influence. Her home life was always trying in many ways. It was necessary to hire some labor to assist in bringing the land into cultivation, and in order to have means for this she took two or three boarders, men from the East working upon new farms in the vicinity, who had not brought their families with them. The people for many miles around came to depend upon her superior judgment and readiness of resource as a nurse in all cases of severe illness of women and children. Her kindly arms were the first resting-place for scores of little ones upon their arrival in this strange, new world, and she closed the weary eyes of age as the shadows deepened of "the night before the eternal morning." Young lovers came to her, sure of one friend who would not smile at their perplexities and

disappointments, nor break the kindly silence which guarded the secret of their pains or joys. No bride's attire could be designed without her judgment. Few social enterprises were regarded as well begun without the sanction of some suggestion from her.

She had no children of her own, but two or three years after marriage she adopted two motherless little boys. One was two years old, but the other had come into life as his mother passed out of it. Never had orphaned babes a tenderer foster-mother. As they grew older, others like them were brought, one after another, to this house of refuge. Some remained for a short time, until they set their little faces toward the land where their mothers had gone before them. Others were nourished and guided until suitable homes could be found for them elsewhere. When a little child was left motherless by the death of a betrayed and forsaken woman, the neighbors said, "Mrs. — will take it," and under her guidance the child whose life was a legacy of shame has grown to be a young man of unusual promise.

She has done nearly all the work of her housekeeping, including for many years past a considerable dairy, with sometimes a little assistance for a few weeks when she is threatened with complete exhaustion of her strength. Her health has suffered greatly from her long-continued over-exertion. But her culture has gone forward, fed not only by her rich and varied experience of life, but also from the best literature of our time. She has read much; I can scarcely say how it has been possible for her to do so, but when I was for a short time at her house, four years ago, I observed that an open book lay always within her reach, and that it was often glanced at for a minute or two in some pause of the culinary processes, or a passage would be read now and then in connection with the conversation. She writes well, in easy, graphic narrative, with a clear and vital expression of thought and sentiment. A few articles from her pen have been published in Eastern newspapers, and she has written

much for the papers of her own county. Her experience would be a treasure to a writer of fiction. At the time referred to I was looking into the geology and botany of the State in which she lives, driving across the country, in fine weather, in an open carriage. On two or three occasions I asked her to accompany me. Her enjoyment of the open air, of the dewy brightness of the morning, of the sultry summer noon brooding over the wide lands, was as fresh as that of a child. But what interested me most was her reception by the people. As we drove along the roads, and sometimes crossed the great farms where she knew the way, the men everywhere dropped their work, or left their teams standing, and hastened across the fields to greet her. They begged us to stop at their homes to see their wives; and where the house was near the women were called out. I noted a repressed intensity of feeling on their part, like that of lovers meeting in the presence of strangers. She seemed to be in complete sympathy with every one, and received their affectionate homage with quiet, frank delight. Afterward, when I met the physician, her early friend, and still her co-worker in various schemes for popular culture and improvement, he told me the story of her work. (Every one I saw had something to tell me of her kindness or wisdom.) He thought it one of the most noticeable features of her life and influence that she inspired all men with profound respect and admiration, and yet no woman ever felt in the slightest degree jealous of her. I dined with the doctor, and his wife told me the same thing. Said she, "We women all love her, and the men adore her."

The country is much changed since she made it her home. The great valley is populous now. There are half a dozen churches of different denominations within easy reach of her dwelling. She has not joined any of them, but often attends the meetings at two or three of the nearest. The ministers all visit her, and all regard her as a valuable friend and assistant in their work. No one appears to have thought her capable

of sectarian feeling. One feature of the work of the Sunday reading club has been the establishment of a neighborhood library. The plan of dining together on Sundays was given up after the first year, as involving too great labor for the hostess, and also because it was felt that the convivial element and interest should be subordinated to the higher objects of the meetings. Most of the people now go to church in the morning, and a few still meet in the afternoon for reading and conversation. A recent letter says, "When the Eastern war came on we obtained a few books and maps (very cheap little things they were), and thought we would give a week or two to learning about it. But our studies grew like the war itself, and we were led to the history of the Turks and of Greece, and kept on for many months. We should never have known Curtius' and Finlay's wonderful histories if it had not been for this war. We even got into the history of the Holy Roman Empire. I forget how it came in, but we read Bryce's little book." They gave a good deal of time to biblical studies a few years ago, and did not quarrel. My friend says that one of the most stubborn evils with which they have had to contend is the deluge of worthless reading matter which has within a few years extended to that region. She thinks it would be better for people not to read at all than that they should be miseducated by the writings of persons without culture or knowledge.

As we rode homeward on the last day of my visit, I asked her what was still most needed by the people of the valley. She said, "They need discipline, the power and habit of self-restraint and self-direction in nearly everything, but especially in their use of money. They are full of life, and love good living, — love to 'have things.' They might all be rich, but they are so impulsive and extravagant that most of them are in debt, and are often pressed and harassed by their inability to pay their notes when they are due. It is absurd that this should be so in a country with such resources as this region possesses. If we only had some good, convenient way of

taking the women's money, whenever they have saved a few dollars, and keeping it for them, they would soon grow more economical. As it is, they always say, 'It is my money, and if I do not buy something with it my husband will spend it for something that will do me no good.' They have little foresight of possible future needs; but the worst difficulty is that they cannot keep money, and have no place to put it where it will be safe. Some of the girls who are at work about here leave their money with me, but I wish there were some officer, somebody appointed by the government,

to take care of people's money, and keep it safely for them. Could it not be so?"

"What have been your greatest difficulties and discouragements?"

"My own lack of ability for the work of life, the want of opportunity for acquiring the culture I need, and the general disposition of people to be contented with low things."

Both the parents of this woman are descendants of families who removed from Virginia to Ohio about the first of this century; their ancestors were from England, and came to Virginia in very early times.

IS UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE A FAILURE?

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF ITHACA, NEW YORK,
OCTOBER 17, 1878.

Is universal suffrage in the United States a failure? My friend President White told you the other evening what he thought was the opinion of foreigners on that question. This evening a foreigner speaks for himself, — a foreigner, yet not an alien. Canada is a dependency of the British crown, but she is a community of the New World. She is a partner with you in the great experiment of equality. So deal with her, so bear yourselves towards her, if you can, in this crisis of your commercial relations with her which is impending, and on all occasions, that she may be true to the partnership, and learn not to dread the day in which the last lingering shadows of Old World aristocracy and privilege shall depart from these shores, and the New World shall wholly and forever be dedicated to humanity.

Voices of despondency are heard, — voices which have almost the accent of despair. Perhaps some reach the ears of us foreigners which do not reach yours. Skepticism sometimes unmasks to the foreigner which before fellow-country-

men wears the mask. Commercial men from England, going among the chiefs of commerce here, report that misgiving as to the value even of your most fundamental institutions is wide-spread and profound. They report that republicanism here begins to be like theological orthodoxy elsewhere, — openly professed and privately derided. Less important are the whispers of disaffection which Americans of the wealthier class, who have left their country for the pleasure haunts of Europe, sometimes breathe into the open ear of European aristocracy, and which have led aristocracy to hope, and to give practical expression to the hope, that the New World may after all be redeemed from equality. But a deeper significance belongs to the utterances of some of your eminent writers and thinkers, who with the lips not of social sycophancy, but of wailing patriotism, proclaim aloud and in thrilling accents the failure of universal suffrage.

In approaching this subject, let us put far away from us all demagogic cant and

rant. Gone, forever gone, are the illusions as to the perfect wisdom and virtue of the people, and the all-sufficiency of popular freedom for the regeneration of society, which beguiled the pioneers of democracy, and perhaps to them were of service as stimulants, without which they might have shrunk from the effort of overturning the thrones of the past. Sad experience has made it clear that institutions wisely framed are needed by all of us, in order to give that which is politically good in us the victory over that which is politically evil. I say by all of us. Alike in high and low, in rich and poor, in every condition and every walk of life, there are passions and interests which conflict with our public duty and are adverse to the common weal. Selfishness is the grand obstacle to political wisdom; and the rich, though commonly the best educated and the most intelligent, are not the least selfish. Let us eschew demagogism, but let us also eschew oligarchy, intellectual as well as social. One of Oneida's heroes, an adorable officer in the British Guards, having been brought into contact with the populace in guarding the royal carriage, laves his gentility as soon as he gets home in a warm bath well dashed with eau de cologne. Oneida's guardsman has his counterparts in the intellectual sphere. Renan, for example, appears to think that the mass of his fellow-men are a mob, to be held down lest its brutality should interfere with culture. He tells you coolly that the many must find their happiness in the enjoyments and the glory of the few, and it does not seem to occur to him that the enjoyments of the few can possibly be marred or their glory dimmed by the misery of the many. Culture! Alas, where would culture be if those brutal masses did not support it by their daily toil? The thought of what labor endures on the stubborn glebe, in the dismal wilderness, in the stifling factory, in the perilous mine, and on the stormy sea, — the thought of what the wives and mothers of the poor undergo in their housekeeping and child-bearing, — ought to banish every unbrotherly feeling from our breasts. Myriads of

Renans are devoted to coarse and obscure toil that one may write and win the fame. These men look down from the height of their philosophy on the simplicity of Jesus of Nazareth; yet behold them, and the great Goethe too, wallowing in the mire of their cultivated selfishness, while He remains the brother of mankind.

We must also, to judge any particular system of government aright, have a worthy conception of government itself. If it is merely a machine for the preservation of life and property, there may be something to be said in favor of an empire. But we hold that government is the organization of the community not merely for the preservation of life and property, though this no doubt is its primary purpose, but for all the objects, moral as well as material, which we may best attain by acting in common. We hold, with the great English statesman, that the best form of government is that which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good. The characteristic excellence of such a government does not consist in mere order, such as the French empire maintained with the bayonet till the bayonet broke. Its excellence consists rather in general, active, and self-sacrificing devotion to the common weal. Nor is mere security its special promise. To attain great ends something must be risked. Much must be risked to attain so great an end as the brotherhood of man.

Every system ought to be tried by broad results. Let us try on that principle the strength and the integrity of the American government, and see whether there is any ground for despair.

There can hardly be a more crucial test of the strength of a government than its power of going through a perilous crisis without suspending the ordinary course of law and resorting to violent measures of repression. Nothing more decisively displays its confidence in the soundness of its foundations and the free allegiance of its people. When the aristocratic government of England, reputed the very type of strength, is

threatened, or fancies itself threatened, by the French Revolution, what do we see? We see the ordinary course of law at once suspended, and recourse had to extraordinary measures of repression, — personal liberty interrupted; opinion gagged; the right of public meeting curtailed; government indictments for libel; a series of trials for constructive treason, in which conviction would have led to judicial murder; fair discussion punished as sedition; a young Scotch advocate, of blameless character, for speaking in favor of parliamentary reform, sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and told from the bench that he ought to be put to the torture; the land filled with spies; the judges turned into agents of police; private associations formed, with the sanction of government, for the manifest purpose of perverting justice; a reactionary reign of terror. This, although the war with the French republic was a foreign war, and those who then sympathized with the revolution in England were few and weak. The existence of the American government was threatened by a great rebellion on its own soil; the hostile armies menaced the capital; sympathy with the enemy was rife and avowed. Yet a stranger visiting the United States at that time saw no interruption of the ordinary course of law, no suspension of personal liberty, of the freedom of the press, of the right of public meeting, except on the actual scene of war. History can scarcely supply a parallel to this perfect reliance of a government on its moral strength and the unconstrained loyalty of its people. The second election of Lincoln took place at the acme of excitement, when every other family had a member in the field for the Union or in a soldier's grave; yet there was not only perfect order, maintained without any intervention of the police, but perfect respect for every right, not only of voting, speaking, and writing, but of public demonstration. What government in Europe could safely have allowed sympathy with a great rebellion to hang out its banner in all the streets? Never to be forgotten, either, are those predictions of military usurpa-

tion and sabre sway as the sure result of civil war, uttered with exultation by enemies, with sorrow by friends, warranted by the experience of history, but belied by the republican loyalty of the generals and the immediate return of the armies to civil life.

The second election of Lincoln struck an observer at the time as a signal proof of self-control on the part of the people, as well as of conscious strength and security on the part of the government. Where else would you have found, under similar circumstances, the same toleration extended by the dominant party to its opponents? Majorities are tyrannical, and will be so till our reason gains a greater control than it now has over our passions. But the majority which could respect the free speech, free action, and public demonstrations of the minority in 1864 was not the most jealous or cruel of tyrants.

Then as to integrity, we will by no means strive to hide the weak places, but we will hold to the principle of judging by broad results. In fourteen years, as the president was saying the other day, a third of the debt has been paid off, the interest greatly reduced, taxation materially lightened, the credit of the nation raised to a level second only to that of the credit of England. How could this have been done if honesty had not prevailed, on the whole, both in the central administration and in all the agencies through which the revenue is collected and disbursed? In what state are the finances, and how stands the credit, of Spain, where the reverse of honesty is the rule? So with regard to the administration of the law. The system of electing the judges for a limited term, instead of appointing for life, appears to us foreigners bad, and we hold it not surprising that there should have been cases of judicial corruption. Yet on the whole it is evident that property is secure; right is done between suitors; crime is punished; confidence in the judiciary is generally felt. Nobody expects in an American judge to find a Spanish *alcalde* or a Turkish *cadi*.

Again, what is the conduct of the re-

public towards other nations? Has it not, since the violent and overbearing spirit of slavery departed, been at least as moderate and as righteous as that of any other nation with equal means and opportunities of aggrandizement? Canada rests in perfect security beside you, while Holland and Belgium are always turning anxious eyes to the movements of their powerful neighbors. Mexico gives you a sufficient pretext for war about once a month, yet she is not conquered. San Domingo lays herself at your feet, and is rejected. Meantime, those who have most loudly accused you of unprincipled ambition annex the Transvaal and Cyprus, and are now preparing to conquer Afghanistan. If any charge were to be made against you, it would rather be that of excessive non-intervention. After all, the American republic is the tutelary power of the New World, and provided she keeps clear, as she seems resolved to do, of self-aggrandizement, she may act in that capacity with benefit not only to the weaker communities, but to herself, since the minds of her people will thus be sometimes diverted from internal strife. The determination not to annex Cuba is evidently wise as well as moral: a republic is not like an empire; the law of its being forbids it to annex anything which it cannot thoroughly incorporate. But it was difficult not to feel a pang when the island, after its long and desperate struggle, fell back under the domination of Spain, the most despicable among the Old World powers of iniquity, — a power which is the last ditch of slavery and priest rule, and which, while for the most selfish ends it crushes its agonized dependency, cannot keep the flag of the foreigner off its own coast.

Surely, then, it is worth while to examine this system of government, to mark its defects and see what can be done to cure them, before you give way to despair. Surely, the spirit of hope, not that of despondency, ought to preside over reforms.

That universal suffrage, in the strict and literal sense of the term, has failed in some respects and produced serious

evils assuredly is not to be denied. But that we may go forth to combat evil cheerfully and with vigor it is expedient to look at the good first. Experience has disclosed to us only three foundations on which a government can be built: hereditary right, sheer force, and the national will. Government here is based on the national will. The more extended the suffrage can be consistently with public safety, the more complete will be the expression of the national will, the broader and the firmer will be the foundation. During the civil war no careful observer could fail to see what strength your government derived from the general feeling that it was the government of the whole people. That sentiment more, much more, than counterbalanced the sentiment of loyalty which in monarchical countries is felt towards a hereditary throne. We say the more extended the suffrage can be, in this point of view, the better, provided its extension be consistent with public safety. The public good is the sole criterion in politics; it is the measure of justice as well as of expediency. A man has a right to such institutions as will best promote the public good, in which his own is included; he has no other right in a civilized state, whatever he might have in the bush. The suffrage will of course be a failure if it is given to those who are manifestly disqualified for political life. It will be a failure, for instance, if it is given to those who cannot read, because they cannot possibly inform themselves about the questions on which they have to vote. A man who cannot read not only has no right to the suffrage, he has a sacred right to be exempted from it, as a blind man has to be exempted from a public duty requiring eyesight. An education test or a security for education of some kind is an indispensable safeguard of universal suffrage. You will say you cannot get it; and we shall presently see why.

People absolutely devoid of political training and of the knowledge of political duty are in much the same case as those who cannot read. It is obviously of vital importance to a free state that

naturalization laws should be strictly enforced. If there are immigrants radically alien as a race, socially and morally, to American civilization, their case must be decided by the same paramount rule of the public good, care being taken that the interest of the state is not confounded with industrial rivalry or inhuman antipathy of race. Negro enfranchisement, which it might have been difficult, from a foreign observer's point of view, to defend on ordinary grounds of policy, at least in so sudden and sweeping a form, pleads as its justification the exigency of the civil war and the necessity of putting the sword of political self-protection into the hand of the emancipated slave.

Again, universal suffrage will fail if a distinction is not drawn between national and municipal government. In the objects of national government all have an equal share, and the poor perhaps most need the suffrage for their protection. Had the poorer classes of England enjoyed the suffrage they would have voted down the old criminal code, so lavish of the poor man's blood; they would have voted down the corn laws, imposed by a landlord Parliament to keep up rents while the masses wanted bread; they would have voted down the war against the French republic, waged in the interest of the aristocracy to the ruin of the people. But a municipal government is mainly concerned with the collection and the disbursement of local taxes; and as these are proportional to property, so in some measure ought the power to be. The principle of the joint-stock company is more applicable to municipalities than that of the nation. While the wealthier classes have lost, the poorer have in no way gained by municipal pillage, which has enriched the demagogues alone. Witness the condition of the poorer quarters of New York. The subject is one in which a Canadian has as much interest as you. On both sides of the line equally this problem of municipal government confronts us. It is one of the great problems of society on this continent.

Let us remember, however, that the

grossly ignorant and the rowdies are not the only dangerous class. If, in some, envy of wealth breeds dark thoughts of pillage, there are others who provoke envy by the ostentation of wealth. You read of millionaires going about in a state rivaling that of kings, though probably not refined by royal taste. These are the great preachers of communism and repudiation. We could half sympathize with the communist who burns to pull Shoddy down. As moral and social beings, we would rather be governed by the rowdies than by the American colony in Paris as it was under the empire. There is yet another class dangerous in its way, — the class of seceders from political duty. Malcontents from this country are always telling their sympathizing friends in Europe that the best men here stand aloof from politics. The answer is that those who in a free country stand aloof from politics cannot be the best men. A man is not bound to seek the prizes of public life; he will perhaps exercise more influence for good if he does not; he is not bound to become the slave of party; he is not bound to sit in any conclave of political iniquity. But he is bound to do his utmost, in such ways as are morally open to him, to get the best men elected, and to make the right principles prevail. If he cannot do much, he is still bound to do what he can. Striking pictures have been drawn of men with high foreheads and intellectual countenances condemned to sit in council beside low brows and stolid faces. But would the matter be mended if the low brows and stolid faces had the council to themselves? We must say, however, that during the civil war it appeared to us that all classes of men in this country, if they did not actually go into public life, took an active part in the performance of public duty; that wealth and education proved themselves, by their efforts and sacrifices, to be nobly loyal to the republic, and showed thereby that the republic could not have been a very bad mother even to them.

Let us see precisely what the evil is, and trace it, if we can, to its source.

It is not tyranny or oppression. Nobody complains of anything of that kind. It is not insecurity of life or property, at least in the settled States of the North, which are the fair specimens of the system. It is political corruption. That corruption does exist, that it is great, lamentable, and scandalous, all citizens and friends of the republic seem to own with sorrow and with shame. But at all events, we may feel pretty sure that we see the worst of it. The American republic is no dissembler; she washes all her dirty linen in the street. Not only so, but she even dirties some for the purpose. Every presidential election is a match game at slander between the two parties, and other nations believe both sides. The slightest scent of scandal seems to be followed up with the fell sagacity of the blood-hound. The faintest whisper of suspicion is swelled into thunder by the joyful acclaim of the hostile press, and reëchoed by the press of Europe. In England decorous silence is the rule. It is generally believed that the records of the railway mania in that country, if they could be opened, would tell a dark tale of corruption, parliamentary as well as general; but those records still sleep in peace. The payment of half a million of dollars to the firm of Rothschild for advancing the purchase money of the Suez Canal shares was said, even by the most cautious critics, to be a questionable transaction. In private this was said, but in public not a word. Everybody shrank from bringing forward a charge which could not be positively proved. Here the press and the country would have rung with the scandal. Here a public man of eminence is charged with having sold a cadetship at West Point for four hundred dollars depreciated paper currency, and with having employed a door-keeper of the House as his agent in the transaction; and the charge, instead of being scouted, becomes the subject of a solemn investigation which fills the world with dreadful ideas of American corruption. So with regard to commercial fraud. In the English newspapers the cases of commercial fraud appear to

be about as thick and about as bad as they are in yours. But in the case of England they are called exceptions; in the case of America they are called the rule.

Commerce is corrupted by the gambling spirit which always attends a very rapid development of trade; and commercial corruption is a principal source of political corruption, both in the way of moral contagion, and through the bribery of legislators by the agents of dishonest speculation. It seems to be mainly in the commercial legislation, or what is called in England the private-bill legislation, that the evil prevails. We do not hear, at least upon trustworthy evidence, of great public measures being carried by bribery. Hence there is reason to think that the evil might be diminished by the simple expedient of delegating the decision of questions respecting railway and other commercial bills to a professional tribunal, subject still to the supreme authority of Congress; as in England the decision of election petitions has been delegated to the judges, without prejudice to the supreme authority of the House of Commons. England certainly would have been saved by such a tribunal from infinite waste of money, as well as from much jobbery and corruption. Something, probably much, might be done by a sharper law, meting out to the high and inexcusable the same measure of justice as to the low and excusable felon. The acceptance by a legislator of a bribe is a crime perfectly justiciable, as well as most heinous. Impeachment is a cumbrous remedy, and one which is sure to be perverted by party. A criminal tribunal inaccessible to party, and accessible to all citizens who seek justice, would be a good deal more to the purpose. Put into Sing Sing one legislator who has sold his trust, and the rest will be tired of the game. Laws are nothing without national character, but national character may be improved by laws. The national character of England was improved with reference to trusts by the fraudulent trustees act. Good judges ascribe the prosperity of

French commerce partly to a sound commercial morality, and the soundness of the morality to the strictness and the rigorous execution of the law. These problems are common to all popular governments, and in speaking of them we are speaking of that which concerns all your partners in the experiment of freedom as well as you.

Another influence for which the suffrage is in no way responsible is at present affecting morality, political and general, in all countries. There is nothing in the history of opinion like the sudden breaking up of old beliefs during the last twenty, it might almost be said the last ten years. When one revisits England after a short absence, the progress strikes one as almost appalling. It is far greater than appears on the surface; for decorum still prescribes outward conformity to religion, and many religious skeptics support the state church on political grounds; indeed, they seem to support it the more zealously the more skeptical they become. Skepticism reigns in the intellectual classes and among the intelligent artisans, in conversation, in literature, and in the press. But the morality of the great mass of men has hitherto been bound up with their religion; at least, with their belief in an all-seeing God, and in an account to be rendered after death. One is not surprised to hear thoughtful men in England say that the effects of religious and moral skepticism begin to be felt in commerce, in politics, and in every walk of life. Far be it from us to cling to anything that has been proved untrue, or even to anything that is doubtful, for the purpose of supporting the social fabric. If there is a God, he is the God of truth, and to prop with falsehood is to prepare a heavier fall. But let those who pull down old beliefs remember the necessity of building up. Some rule of life higher than his animal nature man must have, or he will become a wild beast and need a keeper. In an old country, society is held together by immemorial authority, ingrained habit, consecrated custom, independently of individual belief; but in a democracy, each man must

be, to a great extent, a law to himself; and here, if individual belief in the great sanctions of morality fails, social as well as moral anarchy may ensue.

On this subject of political corruption, public opinion, at all events, appears not yet to be hopelessly depraved. Bribery, no doubt, when committed in the interest of a party, is too easily condoned; but the acceptance of a bribe, or of illicit gain of any kind, seems still, if brought home to a man, to ruin him in public life. The same thing cannot be said of all countries under what is supposed to be the elevating influence of monarchical institutions.

The corruption in England during the last century was appalling. Seats in Parliament, and the votes of members of Parliament, were constantly, almost avowedly, bought and sold. To carry a disgraceful peace through Parliament, a regular bribery office was opened, as Horace Walpole tells us, by the government, and bribes amounting to twenty-five thousand pounds were paid to members in one day. You could slip a bank-bill into the hand even of a peer without offense. Government, in fact, subsisted by corruption. But from this, England, having vigorous life in her, emerged. There is now no bribery in England, — none at least of a pecuniary kind; for it ought to be remembered that millionaires are bribed by titles and decorations, which the government still uses as rewards for political support.

Of the corrupt we always hear; the trumpet of party rivalry tells their names loud enough. But no trumpet tells the names of those who through their whole lives serve the republic faithfully and die poor. That such there are we are most credibly assured; our own observation in some measure confirms the assurance; and it is more effectually ratified by the general results of the administration in all departments, and particularly in the department of finance.

Universal suffrage has hitherto had the advantage of great safety-valves in the abundance of land and in commercial expansion. This cannot be too frankly admitted, nor can the attention

of statesmen be too earnestly directed to the new exigencies which may arise when all the land is filled and commercial expansion has reached its limit; although it is to be observed that the land will not have been filled till it is all highly farmed, nor will commercial expansion have reached its limit till the land has been filled. For the general possession of property by the people, democracy itself may partly claim the credit, since it has abolished primogeniture and entail. But against these advantages must be set the difficulty of dealing with masses of immigrants, wholly untrained, for the most part, to the exercise of political power, and often embittered against all government by oppression suffered in their native land. The republic has received by millions, and has to a wonderful extent turned into citizens, victims of English misrule in Ireland and fugitives from the military system of Germany. American socialism is not native: it is brought from lands where social wrong breeds wild schemes of redress in the hearts of the wronged. When the International tried to set fire to American society, it was like putting a match to the Hudson. Any one who visited the mining district of Pennsylvania, at the time of the Molly Maguire outrages, might easily satisfy himself that the men were not only immigrants, but for the most part industrial exiles of the wildest and most roving kind,—many of them probably ringleaders of strikes in the old country.

The times just now are bad. The republic is meeting the heavy bill drawn upon the future by the civil war. She feels the loss of all the wealth, actual and prospective, which was fired away in gunpowder. She feels it the more because for the time the war expenditure produced a factitious prosperity. The poorest, of course, suffer most. Discontent, disaffection, industrial conspiracy, angry illusions, both social and economical, are the natural result. How was it in England after the long war with France? For many years English society heaved with political sedition and industrial strife. There were Cato

Street conspiracies, Peterloo massacres, Luddite disturbances, destruction of machinery, Bristol in flames and in the hands of rioters, conflicts with the military, wild outcries against the national creditor, mad currency theories, proposals to apply the sponge to the national debt. Till 1819, when cash payments were resumed, an inconvertible paper currency aggravated the industrial distress and the disaffection which was its consequence. It was certain that as in England so in the United States, inconvertible paper money would produce fluctuation of prices, confusion, hardship, and industrial disturbance, and that there would be no relief without a return to a sound currency such as that on which the wisdom of Peel and other English statesmen resolved in 1819. Let us be just. This movement which you are combating and which you regard as repudiation in disguise has not its source in mere dishonesty; it is like the similar movement in England, the offspring of real and pressing hardship. An inconvertible paper currency breeds not only confusion but wrong. Mortgagors and other debtors are crushed by debts which they contracted in depreciated paper, but which they have to pay in coin. The conduct of American sufferers calling for inflation to lighten their burdens is at least no worse than that of the English land owners after the French war, when, finding that the monopoly which they had enjoyed during the war was being taken from them by the importation of foreign grain, they made the Parliament, which was entirely in their power, pass the corn law to keep up prices, while the people, after just tasting of plenty, were thrust back into privation. If the present demand were not that the currency should be again debased, commerce again demoralized, and the gambling-table of gold speculation restored to noxious activity, but that mortgage and other debts should be reduced to the value really received by the borrower, whatever objection there might be on the ground of practicability, there would scarcely be an objection on the ground of justice.

Of the dangers of the present situation no small part is the result of slavery. Even the worst excesses of democracy, or what we foreigners think its worst excesses, in the North, such as the abrogation of the life tenure of the judges and the consequent diminution of the independence of the judiciary, seem to have been rather the work of the Northern allies of the Southern aristocracy than of democracy in the proper sense of the term. Massachusetts continues to appoint her judges for life. But for slavery universal suffrage is not responsible. The responsibility rests historically on a far different power. The Tory rulers of England in the reign of Anne, the political progenitors of those who patronized the Alabama, made the queen proclaim to Parliament the glad tidings of her having obtained for the country a share of the Spanish slave trade. Slavery created at the South a social system radically antagonistic to the social system of the North, and it was necessary that one of the two should die. If slavery had lived it would have filled the New World with social, moral, and economical poison. In this, perhaps, posterity will find the justification of the war rather than in any legal right of coercion. Would we were able to say that the traces of slavery, like the commercial crisis, were temporary as well as unconnected with democracy, and that they might be expected, in the course of nature, soon to pass away! Alas, this juxtaposition of two races, one, besides its mental inferiority, bearing the brand of former servitude on its brow, seems likely, for generations to come, to be the difficulty and the danger of the republic! Divided from each other as they are by the whole scale of humanity, how can the Anglo-American and the negro ever be fused into a community? The commons of Rome, though they had wrung from the exclusive patriciate a share of offices and political power, thought their enfranchisement incomplete till they had obtained the right of intermarriage with patricians. Frame your civil rights law as you will, you cannot have real political equality without social equality, and

you cannot have social equality without intermarriage.

Lastly, we must not lay to the charge of the democratic principle, or of universal suffrage as its general embodiment, defects in the special machinery of any democratic institutions. There were sure to be such defects in the constitution of the United States. The framers of that constitution were perhaps the wisest statesmen of their time; but they could not be exempt from the prejudices and illusions of their age. They had very little experience to guide them. Democracy on a large scale was new. The republics of antiquity were not democracies, but republics of masters supported by the labor of slaves, in which slavery settled the most formidable of the political problems with which modern democracy has to deal. The only precedent in point was the ill-starred and short-lived, though glorious, commonwealth of England. In your Revolution there were two elements, — one akin to the French Revolution, the other British and constitutional; the first represented by Jefferson, and the second by Hamilton. With both came illusions. With the French element came the false belief in popular perfection and in the all-sufficiency of freedom, which received its hideous refutation in the excesses of the French Revolution; perhaps, also, that general dislike of government and disposition to confound lawful authority with tyranny, which in its influence upon the household, and upon legislation respecting the internal relations of the family, constitutes about the gravest peril of this country, political as well as moral, because anarchical tendencies bred in the home are sure to extend to the character of the citizen. With the British element came those misconceptions regarding the distribution of power under the British constitution which then universally prevailed, and had taken captive even the intellect of Montesquieu. Everybody at that time fancied that the king of England was still, as he had been in the period of the Tudors, a real ruler; whereas he had become a figure-head, reigning and not governing,

while the government was carried on by responsible ministers, chosen for him by Parliament. Everybody then fancied that the House of Lords was a senate, revising in the light of its maturer wisdom the more impulsive legislation of the popular house; whereas it was not a senate, but an estate of the old feudal realm, representing not political maturity, but territorial privilege and social caste. Everybody then fancied that power was really distributed between king, lords, and commons, and that in this distribution lay the grand secret of the British constitution; whereas the House of Commons had in fact reduced the House of Lords to comparative impotence, as well as the king to nullity, and had drawn the substance of supreme power to itself. All the world went astray after constitutional kings and revising senates, imagining that this was the road to British liberty, and the sure road of political salvation.

Your president is evidently the British king reproduced in an elective form. But a foreign observer may doubt whether the reproduction was necessary or wise. A single head certainly is not a universal necessity, since Switzerland does without one. An office such as the elective presidency is at once the grand prize and the most powerful stimulant of faction: it keeps selfish ambition and intrigue constantly at work; it breeds and advances to influence a crowd of men skilled in bad electioneering arts. Every four years it brings burning questions to a dangerous head. It caused the question of slavery, which might otherwise have smoldered on, to burst into the flame of civil war. The periodical revolution which it involves is fatal to anything like stability of policy or forecast on the part of the government. Why should we not all do, as Switzerland does, with an executive council elected by the national legislature? Harmony between the executive and the legislature might be preserved and steadiness of policy secured at the same time by having the council elected, not all at once, but by periodical installments. The first of these two essential objects would per-

haps be better secured by such a system than it is by the present. To restore harmony between the two powers in the case of President Andrew Johnson, you were compelled to resort to the extreme measure of impeachment. The two legislative chambers, again, federal and in each State, — are they really necessary, or are they, like the system of two chambers in Europe, merely a misguided imitation of the two houses in England? This question applies specially to the state legislatures: in the federal legislature the senate has a distinct ground of existence as representing the federal principle; but in the state legislatures both chambers alike represent the people of the State, and are, with variations as to terms and modes of election, duplicates of each other. Would not well-devised rules of proceeding and the requirement of an absolute majority, or even more for the passage of an opposed bill, be as good a security for considerate legislation as the clashing of two separate chambers? If the two chambers differ decidedly on a serious question, or the party which is in a majority in one of them is in a minority in the other, they will not temper each other's actions, but collide and produce a deadlock, as they have just been doing in the British colony of Victoria.

They who propose to set matters right by giving the American cabinet, like the British cabinet, seats in the legislative body illustrate once more the prevalence of illusions respecting the nature of the British constitution. In the British Parliament there is really, as we have said, only one chamber, the House of Commons, which has practically engrossed the supreme power. A ministry, therefore, which has a majority in the House of Commons is able to carry its measures through Parliament. But in the American Congress there are not only formally but really two chambers, and unless the cabinet could command a majority in both, confusion, legislative as well as executive, would ensue. For the British cabinet, be it observed, is not merely an executive; it assumes the control of legislation, and when it loses that control it

falls. Moreover, if the cabinet were in Congress, like the parliamentary government in England it would have to take all the responsibility; with the responsibility must go the power; and the president would have to follow the advice of his ministers, and would become, like the British king, a figure-head.

The multiplication of legislators, and paid legislators, to which the system of two chambers leads, if it is not a necessity, is itself an evil. It renders the cost of republican government really greater than the cost of any monarchy. What is worse, it is sure to breed a swarm of professional politicians, who are tempted to leave the regular paths of industry for that which is the highest of all callings, but the vilest of all trades.

But of all institutions imported from the Old World or formed here in imitation of it, the most questionable is party government. Burke defines party as "a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavors, the national interest on some particular principle in which they are agreed." The pure-minded Burke thinks only of principle and the national interest; he says nothing about power and pelf; yet he saw Fox and North, with their factious and venal trains, united in endeavoring to govern the country for objects in which they were all agreed, but with which principle and national interest had nothing to do. But let that pass. To justify the permanent division of a nation into parties, the principle of division must obviously be perpetual. But what perpetual principle of division exists or can be imagined? What principle is there that will forever separate from each other, and range in opposing hosts, men equally sensible and equally patriotic? Such a principle it must be, because otherwise one of your parties will be a party of the bad, and you will have to dedicate half your citizens to evil in order to keep your system in existence. Suppose real issues fail, as fail they must and do. Are we to go on fabricating factitious issues, merely to provide party with a basis? This is what is actually done. In Canada, for instance, all the great

questions having been settled, real issues of sufficient importance failed, and the two parties became mere personal combinations wrestling with each other for power. Party has its uses. In England it was the necessary organ of resistance to the encroachments of royal prerogative, as it is now the necessary organ of resistance to aristocratic reaction. In this country it was the necessary organ of resistance to slavery, and a foreigner cannot presume to say that it may not still be the necessary organ of resistance to repudiation or to movements subversive of the settlement made in 1865. In such cases a good citizen is warranted in submitting his reason and conscience in some measure to party discipline, for the sake of the great and permanent object to be secured. But can it be seriously maintained that a party struggle for the offices of state is the normal and permanent basis of good government? Does not such a struggle inevitably evoke all the passions, all the cupidities, all the malignant activities which render good government impossible? Under such a system, where are good and sensible men to find their place? They certainly will not find it among the slaves of party. They will be self-estranged, and power will fall more and more into bad hands. Let us not deceive ourselves. Party, under ordinary circumstances, is a fine name for faction, and faction is the ruin of free states. All other subjects of human interest are passing, by an irresistible movement, out of the domain of party and passion into the domain of science, and why should politics be an everlasting exception? So far from being essentially connected with universal suffrage, party is its practical subverter. Under the system of party management, with its caucuses, its wire-pulling, and its close nominations, who except the managers really has a vote?

Why is it hopeless to propose an education test for the suffrage? Because if one party proposed it, the other party would at once espouse the cause of ignorance for the sake of its vote. Why is it hopeless to agitate for a permanent civil service? Because party cannot af-

ford to dispense with the engine of patronage. A permanent and properly trained civil service would not work miracles, but it would be likely to increase the efficiency, economy, and integrity of the public service, as signal experience shows. Whether British empire in India is a good thing or not, the body of highly trained administrators which rules that empire is as pure a government as any in the world. West Point officers during your war were exposed to the same temptations as other men in power; yet I do not remember that I ever heard a West Point officer charged with corruption. The same spirit of corporate honor would probably animate a civil service if it were placed upon a similar footing. As to the danger of bureaucracy, it could hardly be very great in a community so self-reliant and so political as this. But the best part of a reform of this kind is that it reduces to a minimum the amount of personal and pecuniary inducement for seeking a change of government, and insures as far as possible that the change shall be sought, if at all, on public grounds alone.

If we are not mistaken, when the people are carried in some measure out of the direct influence of party an improvement becomes visible in their political character and in their legislative wisdom. It appears at least that the amendment of state constitutions — that of the constitution of the State of New York, for example — has been carried on in a calmer spirit and with better results than ordinary legislation, and that the people on these occasions have shown a willingness to accept reforms even of a conservative kind, such as a lengthened tenure for the judiciary and the minority clause.

One hears loud complaints against the press, its violence, its rancor, its untruthfulness, its narrowness of view. Reformers propose, as a remedy, to give journalists a regular training for their profession, — to teach them history, jurisprudence, political science. This is very good; but teach the journalist what you will, if you send him into the service of party, you send him out of the service

of truth. Nor can it be hoped that party criticism will check political abuses. Abuses cannot be checked, nor can the authors of abuses be kept in awe, by criticism that is indiscriminate and notoriously, almost professedly, unfair. Such criticism cloaks guilt by confounding innocence with it; it defiles everything, and purifies nothing.

Of course in speaking of defects in the machinery of the constitution we do not insist on details; we may be mistaken about all the special points that we have mentioned. But we do venture to insist on the general fact that the constitution, framed at the time and under the influences that it was, would be likely to contain such defects, entirely apart from universal suffrage and the general principles of democracy; and that they may, partly perhaps by the application of the historical method, be discovered, and when discovered may be removed without touching the life of the republic.

When we have separated from American democracy that which is not an essential part of it; when we have made allowance for extraneous influences and temporary pressures; when we have distinguished curable defects in the machinery of the system from inherent and incurable vices; and when, having done this, we survey the actual condition, material and social, of the American people, a foreign observer, while he must believe that there is much need of reform, and while he follows with the eye of anxious sympathy the efforts of reformers, can see no reason for despair. Perhaps his confidence will be greater if he has lived not only in the great cities, where with much to excite admiration there is much to create misgiving, but in the country also, and there seen the strong foundations of the republic.

And if you despair of democracy, whither will you flee? As was said before, apart from sheer force, experience presents to us no basis for government except the national will and hereditary right. Hereditary monarchy is apparently dying even in the Old World. It lingers in the primeval East; it lingers in half-Asiatic Russia; but its decadence

in more civilized Europe is pronounced. Legitimacy and divine right are leaving the scene with the last Bourbons. France is a republic. Political writers now class England, notwithstanding her monarchical forms, as a republic also: and in the other countries, although monarchy exists, its attributes are greatly shorn and its character is profoundly altered by the revolutions. Scarcely a monarch sits by the same title as his father, and with his father's prerogative, on his father's throne. As to hereditary aristocracy, perhaps it may be said that in all lands social servility, which is one pillar of it, is still pretty strong; but the other pillars of it, primogeniture and entail, it would be difficult to set up in a land which had once known justice. An empire of force like that of the Bonapartes was proposed some years ago, but without the smallest effect on public opinion. If you wanted an empire of force you

allowed the opportunity of securing it to slip, for the road to such an empire lies through revolution and civil war.

There seems to be nothing for it, then, but to purify the republic. So, in a tone of pensive resignation, says an able and in the best sense patriotic writer after a mournful description of republican evils. So might a foreign observer say, in a more cheerful tone, if he were not too well aware that no one but a citizen knows the bitterness that is in the heart of his own country. What a foreigner may without misgiving say is that to purify the republic, if it is the hardest of all political tasks, is by far the highest; that it has produced characters nobler than have been produced by political effort of any other kind; and that the result to which, if successfully performed, it leads is the grandest, the happiest, and the most enduring that the political imagination can conceive.

Goldwin Smith.

THE DEAD FEAST OF THE KOL-FOLK.

CHOTA NAGPOOR.

WE have opened the door,
Once, twice, thrice!
We have swept the floor,
We have boiled the rice.
Come hither, come hither!
Come from the far lands,
Come from the star lands,
Come as before!
We lived long together,
We loved one another;
Come back to our life.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Child, husband, and wife,
For you we are sighing.
Come take your old places,
Come look in our faces,
The dead on the dying,
Come home!

We have opened the door,
Once, twice, thrice!
We have kindled the coals,
And we boil the rice
For the feast of souls.
Come hither, come hither!
Think not we fear you,
Whose hearts are so near you.
Come tenderly thought on,
Come all unforgotten,
Come from the shadow-lands,
From the dim meadow-lands
Where the pale grasses bend
Low to our sighing.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and friend,
The dead to the dying,
Come home!

We have opened the door
You entered so oft;
For the feast of souls
We have kindled the coals,
And we boil the rice soft.
Come you who are dearest
To us who are nearest,
Come hither, come hither,
From out the wild weather;
The storm clouds are flying,
The peepul is sighing;
Come in from the rain.
Come father, come mother,
Come sister and brother,
Come husband and lover,
Beneath our roof-cover.
Look on us again,
The dead on the dying,
Come home!

We have opened the door!
For the feast of souls
We have kindled the coals
We may kindle no more!
Snake, fever, and famine,
The curse of the Brahmin;
The sun and the dew,
They burn us, they bite us,
They waste us and smite us;
Our days are but few!
In strange lands far yonder
To wonder and wander
We hasten to you.

List then to our sighing,
While yet we are here:
Nor seeing nor hearing,
We wait without fearing,
To feel you draw near.
O dead to the dying
Come home!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG.

WHEN I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage, — a newly married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advances toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they

came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chanced to be the most enchanting bit of genuine country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover, can be reached in half an hour's ride by railway. But the nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.

The village — it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it — has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel. Along the Old Bay Road, a highway even in the colonial days, there are a number of attractive cottages straggling off towards Milton, which are occupied for the summer by people from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house, and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

"Are you not going to call on them?"
I asked my wife, one morning.

"When they call on us," she replied lightly.

"But it is our place to call first, they being strangers."

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office, — where *he* was never to be met with by any chance, — and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrowheads and flint hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the plowshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain, — an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crowd, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a state pensioner. I quote from the local historiographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen-garden, or emulating Professor Schliemann at Mycenae, the new-comers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an operatic air, conjecturally at some window up-stairs, for the house was not visible from the public road. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of

the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, the one and the other, of having no legal right to do so; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet,

"It is a joy to think the best
We may of human kind."

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them, — that is an enigma apart, — but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description, was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village, — an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which (I advertise it gratis) can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a handsaw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their house-keeping to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations, — persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate [our neighbors did own their house], they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skillful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in David Copperfield, who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as

a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's saw-mill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to form uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *meum et tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms; for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was — well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of scarlet at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about

the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician from Canton or from Milton, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large white allopathic horse, nor the gig with the homœopathic sorrel mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power; but the memory of the repulse I had sustained rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one.

"Yes."

"The elm with the hang-bird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

AMERICANISMS.

VI.

I AM not Feste, and yet the Malvolios of literature might say of me, with more reason than their prototype said of him, that I am a barren rascal, and that unless some one ministers occasion to me I am gagged. But again, in the self-perfection of their characters, they furnish me occasion themselves. Since the writing of my last article upon my present subject, the following illustration of the prevalent British ignorance upon it has appeared. A letter professing to be written by an American was published in the *London World*, about hotels in that city. Upon this the *London Figaro* undertakes to show that the writer is not an American, "because, while trying to assume the Yankee style of expression, he shows a lack of familiarity with peculiarly American phrases." The point in itself is well taken, and if maintained it would be fatal to the pretense of the "American" origin of the letter. But to accomplish this the critic must have a double knowledge as to the phrases which are the grounds of his criticism,—that they are or are not used by "Americans," and that they are or are not used by Englishmen. As to his possession of this knowledge we shall see. "For example," he says, "Americans say *railroad*, not *railway*; they say a *hotel*, not an *hotel*; andirons, not *fire-dogs*; that's so, not that is so; *baggage*, not *luggage*; *parquet* or *reserved seats*, not *stalls*; *right away*, not *right off the reel*; *shirt bosom*, not *shirt front*; on *hand* or on *deck*, not to the *fore*; and many other things besides." What the other things are I do not know. I have seen neither the letter nor the criticism *in situ*, but quote the latter from a New York paper in which it is presented as settling completely the question at issue. Now whether the letter was written by a Yankee or not I shall not undertake to say; that matter is nothing to my purpose.

But I shall show by a few illustrations lying just at hand that this formidable attack upon its origin based upon internal evidence is quite futile, and that the British critic was not sufficiently informed as to what are peculiarly "American" phrases.

As to the use of *railway* being evidence of non-American origin, see the following passages, the first from the most American of newspapers:—

"The Board of Fire Commissioners of the District [of Columbia] has refused to recognize Mr. W. B. Reed. The funds for paying for the *Railway* Mail Service will run short in December." (*New York Tribune*, October 23, 1878.)

"Whenever the Greeks have tried to establish *railway* communication with the rest of the world, they have been met by the opposition of Turkey," etc. (Speech of General Reed, United States minister to Greece, in *London Week*, September 21, 1878.)

I have before me a letter dated Paris, September 12, 1878, from a gentleman now traveling in France, one who till four months ago had never been out of New England or New York, and in it are these passages:—

"We took a bottle of old Beaune into the *railway* carriage, which we had to ourselves," etc.

"In France they set the clocks in front of the *railway* stations ten minutes in advance, so everybody shall come early."

Clearly, a letter may be written by an "American" of the most pronounced type although its writer uses *railway* and not *railroad*. On the other hand, see the following evidence that Englishmen use *railroad*. In the very *London journal* which on one page quotes the American minister's speech containing *railway* is the following passage:—

"For investors are not so well situated, and therefore the descriptions of American *railroad* securities are to be

commended at this moment in preference to government bonds." (The Week, September 21, 1878.)

"For here the *railroad* comes to an end, and a good riddance to it." (The same, October 19, 1878.)

But if it should be said that this is mere newspaper writing (although upon such a point of usage there is no better evidence than that of a high-class London weekly paper), see the following examples furnished by an eminent Englishman who is regarded by many persons as the writer of the purest and most unexceptionable English of the day:—

"In these times newspapers, *railroads*, and magnetic telegraphs make us independent of government messengers." (John Henry Newman, Callista, chap. vii.)

"Therefore, for example, education, periodical literature, *railroad* traveling, ventilation, drainage, and the arts of life, when fully carried out, serve to make a population moral and happy." (The same, Apologia pro Vita sua, page 296. Note on Liberalism.)

These illustrations might be largely increased. I have taken merely what was within reach of my hand as I sat at my table.¹ Clearly, again, a man need not be an "American" to use *railroad* instead of *railway*. But *railway* is right and *railroad* wrong, as I have shown in Words and their Uses, for the reason, in brief, that a *railway* is laid upon a road, and the road is always somewhat, and generally very much, wider than the way. Of this view of the case I find the following illustration in a recent number of a London journal:—

—"but the years passed away, and one governor-general succeeded another, and still the railway was not begun. At last it was determined, in the interests of economy, to lay down the rails on the existing trunk road, a very fine work." (Pall Mall Budget, October 12, 1878.)

¹ *Railroad* occurs four times on a single page (vol. i. p. 282) of *Memoirs of a Quiet Life*; and Mrs. Trollope, most American-eschewing of British females, furnishes this instance: "When an individual, or set of individuals, desire to commence some expensive undertaking, such as the construction of a *railroad*, the establishment of steam vessels, or

As to *baggage*, I have already shown (Atlantic, April, 1878) that it is not distinctively "American" upon the evidence of the writings of Fielding, Sterne, Walter Scott, Mrs. Trollope, Thomas Hughes, and others. As to *right off the reel*, I can only say that I have constantly heard it from my childhood upon the lips of New England people who, although educated, were entirely unsophisticated by British example; and it is remarkable that Mr. Bartlett gives *right off*, in the sense of immediately (which is a mere abbreviation of *right off the reel*), as an Americanism! A similarly laughable confusion exists as to *fire-dogs*. At the end of that excellent work, Chambers's Dictionary of the English Language (Lond. 1872), there is a glossary of "Americanisms," so called; and in this glossary *dogs* is set forth as an Americanism for *andirons*! Truly, we may leave our British critics to settle what is British English and what is American English among themselves. As to *andiron*, there is not a word in the language more thoroughly English, past or present. I will observe, by the way, that in this same Chambers's Glossary of Americanisms I find, under *F*, *fleshy* in the sense of stout, upon which I remarked in my last article; and *flashy*, in the sense of not sweet and fruitful, notwithstanding Bacon's "else distilled books are like common distilled waters, *flashy* things" (Essay, Of Studies); and, St. Patrick help us! *forment*, in the sense of opposite,—a word not only never heard from Yankee lips, but the occasion of smiling remark to us when we hear it from Biddy and Murphy. We shall next be told that *Ochone!* is an Americanism. Returning to our critic: I hear to the fore quite as often here as I heard it in England (where I also heard *on hand*), and much oftener than I hear *on deck*, which is slang of a kind not used by persons fastidious as to their hotel

the like," etc. (Vienna and the Austrians, page 183, chap. lvii.) Dickens also writes: "At one point, as we ascended a steep hill, athwart whose base a *railroad*, yet constructing, took its course, we came upon an Irish colony." (American Notes, vol. ii. p. 212, Lond. 1842.)

accommodations. *To the fore* is rather *rococo* in both countries, and is used, as it were, within quotation marks, except among some plain provincial people. Upon the very serious question of *shirt bosom* for *shirt front* I dare not venture an opinion, but will only say that both are known to me as the name of that stiff, starchy stomacher, a fault in the set of which is the cause of so much anguish to the manly heart which beats beneath it.

The truth is that in all this array of assumed tests of Americanism in language there is only one of any value; and that one is a *hotel* for an *hotel*. According to my observation the elision of *n* before *hotel* is so general in this country that it may be regarded as universal, while in England it is very rare. This difference is the consequence of the difference in the pronunciation of *hotel*, which in England, except among a very few of the most highly cultivated speakers, is pronounced *otel*. To the tendency to this pronunciation of unaccented syllables beginning with *h* is to be attributed the old rule that in those cases the *n* is to be preserved; for example, a *history*, but an *historian*. But this usage has been for some time passing away, even in England. For example, in one of the papers lying on my table I find, "In this sense of the word Gibbon is not a *historian*." (Pall Mall Budget, October 12, 1878: Review of English Men of Letters.)

Leaving our British critic, I turn to the Boston Dictionary of Americanisms. The first word under the letter G is an example of a sort of word, so called, which is largely represented in this compilation; but it is a sort which has no proper place in any collection which professes to represent the vocabulary of any community or any sort of people. These words are not good English, nor are they Americanisms, nor are they the cant or the slang of England, of the British colonies, or of any part of the United States. The word in question is *gabblement*. It is said to be a Southern word; and an example is quoted which would seem to support that view of its origin.

Doubtless the word is used at the South; but so it is at the North, as thousands of readers of The Atlantic will bear witness. I have heard it again and again in New York, New Jersey, and New England; and more, I have heard it from the lips of children. Indeed, it is merely a grotesque word used in light, jocose, colloquial speech, — a word that might be "made up," as children say, by any one on the spur of the moment, as I have no doubt that it has been made again and again by persons who have never heard it used. That it has been and is so used in England I have no doubt; but, as I have had occasion to remark before, all such light and frivolous words, like other light and frivolous things, are not exhibited to the world in England as they are here. The works of British authors are full of dialect words, folk-speech, and even of vulgarisms which are characteristic; but they do not put in print words which, while they deviate from standard speech, are in their difference utterly characterless and without significance. Such are *gabblement*, *gal-boy*, *go-aheadativeness*, *goneness*, *grandacious*, *grandiferous*, and the like. They are merely the whimsical coinage of a moment, caught up and used again in the whim of the moment; and although some of them may have got into print in that depressing department of our journalism and our literature which professes to be humorous, they are never used, even by children, or the childish, seriously, as language, but with a full knowledge that they are not really words, and merely for "the fun of the thing" (for to some people it is exquisitely funny to say *grandacious*); and they have therefore no claim to consideration or record as part of the language of a people. *Goneness*, indeed, has some humor and suggestiveness, and might be accepted as good slang if it were in sufficiently common use. It is described as being a "woman's word;" but I have heard it from men; and I once heard a very small boy, guiltless of the word itself, give the spirit of it while suffering the sensation which it describes. At luncheon he had managed to get a

tremendous swig of some strong ale that might have disturbed older heads than his. Not long after the discovery of his draught he broke in upon the general conversation by exclaiming, "Mamma, it makes my legs go out."¹ *Gentleman turkey*, for turkey-cock, is also admitted by Mr. Bartlett into his dictionary, with the explanation that "the mock-modesty of the Western States demands that a male turkey should be so called." With all my heart I cheer Mr. Bartlett in any attack upon mock-modesty in language; but I cannot agree with him in his appreciation of this phrase. It is used, and is put by writers into the mouths of the personages of their sketches and stories, not with a modest motive, but jocosely, whimsically. With that thin humor and weak satire which some people enjoy, and repeat at second-hand till one is sick of it, they thus repudiate the very mock-modesty to which Mr. Bartlett assumes that they conform. There is a great deal of this kind of talk among "Americans" of a sort found all over the country, but naturally most numerous at the West. Words so used are no part of the true language of the country regarded in any light; because, as I have remarked before, they are not dialect, or cant, or slang, and are not used seriously by the very persons who utter them. They have no fixed character or permanent place of any kind, but pertain to the persons who speak them and to the moment when they are spoken. Mistakenly accepted as Americanisms, they wrongfully swell the catalogue of words which, with a seeming "American" authority, give occasion for the assumption, perhaps the honest belief, that the language in common use among us is something else than English.

Something similar in kind to these words and phrases is *to go off*, which appears in Mr. Bartlett's third edition, but is discreetly omitted from the fourth. It is not peculiar to either country, or to

any class in either country. Nor was it in the former edition correctly explained as meaning to expire. It is an abbreviated expression, or rather one left purposely incomplete. It may mean to go off in laughter, to go off in a swoon, or something else. We may be sure that the Widow Bedott, who is quoted in illustration, when she said, "I thought I should *go off* last night when I see that old critter squeeze up and hook on to you," did not mean that she thought she would expire. She might have meant that she would go off in laughter, or in a faint, or perhaps in a "connipion fit."

But while *go off* is omitted from the last edition, *go it* is added; why, it is difficult to discover. For the phrase is not of late introduction, nor is it of "American" origin, or peculiar to this country in any way. I can bear witness that it has been in common use among Englishmen, educated and uneducated, for thirty years, and few of us here can remember the time when we first heard it. The explanation of it, "to undertake a thing, to go at it, to succeed in a thing, go through it, to be earnestly engaged in," is unsatisfactory. "Going it" in an affair does not mean being successful in it; and a man may undertake a thing and yet not "go it," because he has no "go" in him. Perhaps "to go at earnestly" would express its meaning; which, however, includes something more than earnestness, something of a sustained rush. Another one of the phrases which make their first appearance in the edition of 1878 is *to go to the bad*; the presentation of which as an Americanism is astonishing. It is a semi-slang phrase which has been in vogue in England for a generation, as any Englishman will testify; and its use was strictly confined to England until comparatively a few years ago, when it began to creep in here, although its use is still so restricted

going about as if at every step they were going to drop upon their knees." This illustrates the meaning of *gone* and *goneness*, and the quotation of the word by my correspondent shows its recognition only as a slang phrase.

¹ While this article is going through the press I receive from a friend, who is avowing over the boundless prairie, a letter, dated Denver, November 29th, in which he says: "The air here has a queer effect upon some people. It gives them a 'gone' feeling about the knees, so that you see new comers

that to most people it would seem strange, if not foreign.¹ All these phrases founded on *go*, however, are mere slang, and however good slang (and *go* it could not be bettered), they should be set apart by themselves. It is one of the injurious features in the Dictionary of Americanisms that all its various matter is "lumped" together and arranged only in alphabetical order. The "nigger," the "Injin," the Canadian "habitan," the Mexican "greaser," the backwoodsman, the California miner, the loafer, and the decent, educated American are all mixed up together in one indistinguishable heap.

Gal, *g'hal*, *g'lang*, and *gray deal* (great deal) are representatives of a very numerous class of words in this collection of so-called Americanisms. They are not words, but merely slovenly pronunciations of words which are used in their simple and universally accepted English sense. Three of these, the first and the last two, are not in any sense peculiarly American; as the same slovenly pronunciations prevail in England among a class of people corresponding to those who use them here. The second, *g'hal*, is not, but was, an affected pronunciation peculiar to a certain part of New York. It prevailed, however, but for a short time; it has entirely disappeared, with its companion, *b'hoy*. The Bowery boy, who used both, has not lasted so long as Mr. Bartlett's dictionary, many items in which are of an equally circumscribed and ephemeral sort.

A large class of words to which I have before directed attention is represented under this letter by *gerrymander*, *guano*, *Gulf States*, *Graham bread*, *Grahamites*, *gong-punch*, *greenback*. These are not in any proper sense Americanisms. They are merely the names of things, just as *hari-karu*, *mandarin*, *tabu*, *boomerang*, and *wampum* are. They involve no perversion or modification of English words or phrases, such, for example, as appears

in *right away* for immediately, or *lumber* for timber. The latter are examples of true Americanisms; and they are neither slang nor cant.² Of the words in question, *guano* is not even the name of a thing found in the United States, or a word originating among or peculiar to the people of this country. It is a Spanish name of the product of Spanish or quasi-Spanish islands thousands of miles from our borders; and it is used by all European peoples just as it is used by the people of the United States. I am reluctant to say what would imply or suggest any other than the most perfect conscientiousness and singleness of intent upon Mr. Bartlett's part; but it does seem at times that he has been carried away by the mania of the specialist and the collector so far as to stick at nothing that would stand in the way of increasing the bulk of his volume.

Gad. Why this word, the meaning of which need not be told, should be included in a collection of words peculiar to the United States is a mystery past understanding. It is pure Anglo-Saxon; it appears in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, 1440; in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580; and I believe in every English dictionary that has ever been published, down to Johnson and Richardson. Mr. Bartlett tells us it is used in the north of England. So indeed it is, and also in the south, and in the east, and in the west. It is as English as a word can be. Wedgwood says of it, after remarking that *gad* and *goad* "differ only in the more or less broad pronunciation of the vowel," that "the primitive meaning is a rod or switch, probably from the sound of a blow with such an implement. Then as a cut with a flexible rod or prick with a pointed one are equally efficient in urging an animal forwards, the name is extended to the implement used for either purpose, and a goad is the pointed rod used in driving bullocks." Apart from Wedgwood's

¹ Mr. Bartlett would have found *go it* and *to go to the bad* in any edition of the *London Slang Dictionary*, published by John Camden Hotten.

² In further illustration of this point: The Spaniards called a certain red river in the far West, Colorado; and we have a territory, Colorado. But

"river Colorado" and "Colorado territory" are not Americanisms, they are merely names of things here which are not elsewhere. If, however, we were from them to adopt *colorado* as a synonym for *red*, and use it in that sense, then *colorado* would be an Americanism.

peculiar notions as to the origin of words in descriptive sound, this presents the plain state of the case as to the ox-gad. We shall be next told that *rod* and *spear* and *whip* are Americanisms. Who ever supposed that the rustic teamster's gad, or the name of it, was "peculiar to the United States"? He brought the thing and the name with him from England; and his English cousin has kept both, and uses them when he "drives fat oxen," which, however, are going out as beasts of draft in both countries, and perhaps more rapidly in England than here. I did not see an ox-cart or an ox before the plow in my walks in any rural part of England. The horse is found the more efficient, the more manageable, and the cheaper draftster.

Gallus, or *gallows*, in the sense of showy, dashing, we are told is New York slang. Not more than it is London slang. It is used in the same way by corresponding classes in both countries. *Ecce signum.*

"How?" replied the audacious one, 'why, with cheek, to be sure. Anything can be done if you've only got cheek enough. It's no use puttin' on a spurt of it, and knockin' under soon as you're tackled. Go in for it up to the heads of your d—soul bolts. Put it on your face so *gallus* thick that the devil himself won't see through it.'" (James Greenwood (the "Amateur Casual"), *Seven Curses of London*, page 214.)

"It's cos people get so *gallus* 'ard-'arted, that's wot it is," remarked, with a grin, a young gentleman who shared the bed of the cheeky one." (The same, page 245.)

Galoshes. This word is used by Chaucer, and was in general use in England from his day down to a recent period, and lingers there yet. It appears in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, in Skinner, and in all English dictionaries (Bailey defines it as "leather cases or clogs worn over shoes") down to Richardson. Some of these facts Mr. Bartlett himself mentions. Moreover, it has entirely passed out of use here, while, on the other hand, it is found in the best current light literature of England, and that

not as a character word, or provincial or old-fashioned. See the following example from the most read novel of the day:—

"You will begin to ask whether it is right to shoot pretty little birds in order to eat them; you will become a vegetarian; and you will take to *goloshes*." (William Black, *Macleod of Dare*, chap. xxvii.)

In the name of common sense, then, why does it appear in a dictionary of Americanisms? What authority or useful guidance is there in a book which gives as Americanisms words which are and which ever have been English, and which are not in use in America? *Gallowses*, for suspenders or braces, is in the same predicament.

Gambrel. A gambrel-roof is one which is "hipped" or has its slope broken. Mr. Bartlett says that it is so called "from its resemblance to the hind leg of a horse, which by farriers is called a gambrel." As to the farriers, the word is not peculiar to their craft. Instances of its use by Beaumont and Fletcher, and by Grew, are given by Richardson *in v.* Nor is the name given to the roof directly from its likeness to a horse's hind leg. From the shape of that limb a piece of wood bent like it at an obtuse angle was called a gambrel, which Halliwell tells us is "a crooked piece of wood used by butchers for hanging up or expanding a slaughtered animal." Thus the crooked piece of wood or beam that expands the roof of a house is a gambrel. Such Americanism as may be in the word consists merely in the application of it to a large piece of wood as well as to a small one.

Gap. Mr. Bartlett says "this pure English word is used properly of any breach of continuity," in which he of course is right. It might possibly be said, nevertheless, that our application of it to a breach of continuity in mountains, as in the Delaware Water Gap, is peculiarly American. But this is not so. Englishmen when they came here merely gave a proper English name to a thing that did not exist in England. There are no such mountain gaps in

England. And in Scotland the mountain passes are not gaps. In fact, there could not be a more thoroughly English use of *gap* than the one in question. Mr. Bartlett gives as a second American sense of the word "an opening in a fence." But that has been an English use of the word from time immemorial. Bailey's only definition of *gap* is "an open place in a hedge or wall." May we be quite sure that *hedge* and *wall* are not Americanisms?

Gat, in Barnegat, Hellgat, is set forth as an Americanism; but it is not at all so. Those names were given to certain places by the Hollanders; and the names have remained. That is all. *Gat* has not taken any place in our speech, in our vocabulary. On the contrary, we have changed Hellgat to Hellgate. *Gat* as a word is unknown to us; hardly, I am sorry to say, as the perfect tense of *get*.

Gaum. It would be safe to bet odds of nine to one that not one "American" reader of *The Atlantic* in ten ever heard or saw this word, or has the least notion of its meaning. But such a venture would not be safe as to its English readers. Halliwell gives us one meaning, to handle improperly, and says, "This last meaning is found in Fletcher's Poems, page 256, and is still in common use." The sense of to smear or maul, which Halliwell also gives, is relative to and deduced from the former: improper handling has mauling and smearing as its consequence. Mr. Bartlett's "local in England" implies directly that the word is general here; but, on the contrary, its use is confined within the narrowest possible limits here, and is much more widely diffused in England; although there as here it is not heard in "society."

"To get the wrong pig by the tail" and "to get the wrong sow by the ear" I take notice of only to say that the "chaw bacons" of England, from the Humber to Land's End, would stare "consumedly" if they were told that they and their grandfathers had got these phrases from America.

Gent for genteel is one of the new

words in Mr. Bartlett's edition, for which he quotes Madame Knight's journal, A. D. 1704; doing so, probably, because he forgot that a well-known Yankee named Alexander Pope wrote, about that very time,

"Duck in his trousers hath he hent,
Not to be spied of ladies gent."

(Imitation of Chaucer.)

Verily, this going back to 1704 for Americanisms is a rather desperate resort. *Gent* is also given as an American abbreviation of gentleman. This case is worse, if possible, than the former. *Gent* has been in all modern English literature the word-sign and token of a cockney. It is almost a peculiarly London vulgarism, although it has spread with trade into provincial towns, and instances of its use in literature of past generations might be produced. In America it has been gradually sneaking into low use only during the past few years.

To *give out*, in the sense of to desist, to become faint, to fail, is another novel Americanism which appears for the first time in the last edition of the dictionary. Just about the time that this was printing, Mr. Jennings, an Englishman who has lived here, and who is the author of one of the most charming books of foot-travel ever written, heard an old woman speak thus in Sussex:—

"We liked the old church best, sir," said the woman, who was wheezing away, dismally. "This don't seem to us as if it were the same church, like. See, yonder is the old house where they say the vicars used to live—I would come and show you, but my chest gives out." "Gives out,"—a true Americanism, if there ever was one." (*Field Paths and Green Lanes*, page 77, Lond. 1877.)

Not so, good friend. There be Americanisms; but this is not one of them, as you indeed may have meant to say. It is merely a homely but suggestive metaphor, which might occur to any English-speaking person.

A *good time*. This phrase is stigmatized as an Americanism, not by Mr. Bartlett, but by British critics; on what

grounds I have not been able to discover. The London Times correspondent, under date of August 5, 185—,¹ says, "In the odd phraseology of the country, he is having a *good time* of it." The phrase is referred to in like manner again and again by English journalists. And yet *time* is used by all the best English writers to mean a succession of days, a period, a season; and good is a proper and an English qualification of it in that sense. Moreover, I am sure that there is precedent for the phrase in the books of English writers of repute in past generations, although, as when I was reading those books I had not had my attention called to this phrase, I am not now able to produce these precedents. However, I find the following examples in the recent writings of very English men:—

"If the Divorce Court were only sitting, and a war would break out somewhere with special correspondent range, that great section of society to whom news is as food would have quite a *comfortable time*." (London Spectator, August 17, 1865, page 379.)

Between "a comfortable time" and "a good time" there is, of course, for our purpose, no difference.

Here, also, are some passages very directly in point:—

"'I am going to ask a favor of you,' he said in a low voice. 'I have spent a *pleasant time* in England,'" etc. (William Black, Macleod of Dare, chap. ii.)

—"if Hamish came to learn of the peril in which Macleod had been placed by the incaution of the English lad, the latter would have a *bad time* of it at Castle Dare." (The same, chap. xxxi.)

Surely, if it is English to say one has a pleasant time, or a bad time, it is also English to say one has a good time. But in the following passages we have the identical phrase:—

"He intended to forget Mr. Groschut, to ignore Dr. Pountner, and have a *good time*." (Anthony Trollope, Popenjoy, chap. xiv.)

¹ Unfortunately my memorandum is torn on the edge and the last figure of the year has disappeared.

"But there might be some sort of arrangement to do away with the nuisance. See what a *good time* the dogs have." (The same, chap. xvi.)

But precedent or no precedent, examples or no examples, a *good time* is normal English. It cannot be otherwise, unless

"All my times are in thy hand" is in the "odd phraseology" of America.

To go ahead. Upon this phrase, which is possibly an Americanism, and which Mr. Bartlett says is a seaman's phrase which has got into very common use, Mr. Dickens thus remarks: "By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry, 'All right!' an American cries, 'Go ahead!' which is somewhat expressive of the character of the two countries." (American Notes, vol. ii. p. 11, Lond. 1842.) Then, indeed, the character of one of the two countries entirely changed during Mr. Dickens's life. Long before his death *all right* took the place of *go ahead* with us; and now it has become almost a nuisance. He must himself have heard it all over the country on his second visit. Not only do conductors and expressmen and policemen, *et id omne genus*, use it, but cooks and maids say all right to their mistress's orders; and, alas, mistresses say all right to the cooks and maids when they bring messages or report the condition of things in kitchen or drawing-room. Master and man all-right each other. So does this phrase pervade American speech as a servant of all work that I am not sure that our willing girls don't say all right when their lovers pop the question, and that our clergymen do not grant absolution in that form to penitent sinners. Mr. Dickens's comment and inference, when considered in connection with the universal use of *all right* in America within so short a time of his first visit here, are a striking illustration of the perils and uncertainties that environ the subject of Americanisms, particularly when they are assumed to be evidences of national character. As to the assumption that *go ahead* is a seaman's phrase which came into common use, I have

some doubts. Davy Crockett was far enough removed from the influences of seamen, and he made the maxim, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." But indeed this use of *ahead* came in at least two centuries before Crockett's time. The notion that it is of nautical origin was first broached by Dr. Johnson, not the best judge on such a question. Milton uses it thus:—

"But how, among the drove of custom and prejudice, this will be relisht by such whose capacity, since their youth, run ahead into the easy creek of a system or a medulla," etc. (Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, Letter to Parliament.)

Between "run ahead" and "go ahead," although one is indicative and the other imperative, there is no essential difference; and thus we see that the Americanism of the latter is of the utmost tenuity of fabric.

Goody. And this, too, in the sense of a well-disposed, but small-minded person, is set down among Americanisms; its turpitude having been discovered since the publication of the third edition of the dictionary! Alas for Goody Two-Shoes, and alas for Goody Blake! Oliver Goldsmith and William Wordsworth, those egregious "Americans," reckless and incorrigible delayers of the English tongue, have given this American title to two personages who have become famous in English nurseries and in English drawing-rooms. What is to be done if the purity of the English tongue is to be left to the mercy of such yawping Yankees! To be sure they might have the effrontery to plead in extenuation that *goody* had been used in England as they used it from the time of Chaucer, and for aught we know from that of Cædmon. But what of that! Has it not been heard in New England, although from the lips of men of English blood? Go to! we'll have none of it.

To Gouge. This, which according to the excellent and fastidious Grose, in his Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, is "a cruel custom practiced by Bostonians in America," is probably an American,

although not perhaps a peculiarly Bostonian practice. But it is the practice, not the word, that is American. The word is used just as all Englishmen have used it from time immemorial; and had the habits of Bostonians in this respect never been heard of, if in some other place one man had relieved another of an eye with his thumbnail, any Englishman would have said that he gouged out the eye; that is, any Englishman but Dr. Johnson. In his remarks upon a passage in King Lear, he speaks of the "extrusion of Gloucester's eyes;" which, by the way, must soothe the Boston mind in that it affords British precedent for the practice.

Grain is set forth as an Americanism when used in two senses: first, in that of a particle, a bit, a little. In refutation of this judgment I shall go only to Shakespeare in a well-known passage:—

"If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day!"

(Othello, v. 2.)

The truth is that such a metaphorical use of *grain* is inevitably universal; pages might be filled with examples of it from the works of English authors of repute; and among persons of not very exact discrimination or refined taste in any country where English is spoken we must expect to hear such a misuse of it as "I don't care a grain," and to "move a grain nearer." As to the rest, see Latham's edition of Johnson. The second sense in which *grain* is set forth as an Americanism is that of a general name for wheat, rye, oats, barley. Indeed! And were the translators of the Bible, then, writing "American" when they made St. Paul say, "And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but *bare grain*, it may chance of *wheat*, or of some *other grain*?" (1 Cor. xv. 37.) Indeed, it would be work of merest supererogation to show that there is no ground whatever for the assertion that wheat, rye, oats, and barley are called corn in England so exclusively as to make the calling them grain un-English. Shakespeare, the Bible, Milton, Dryden, and

a throng of other writers, past and present, witness the contrary.¹

Grass. "A vulgar contraction of *sparrow-grass*, that is, *asparagus*. Further than this the force of corruption can hardly go." This is amazing; for it shows that a man of intelligence and reading has still to learn that *grass* is, and has been for certainly more than a century, a vulgar British corruption of *asparagus*. In a recent number of *Punch* one of Charles Keene's clever social sketches shows a solemn "heavy swell" in the box of an eating-house with a waiter before him, to whom he says that he "be-lieves — he — will — take some — haricot-of-mutton and some as-par-agus;" the waiter, hardly waiting for the words to pass his lips, turns and shouts into the kitchen, "Arice 'n grass!"² It shows also that the compiler of our dictionary is unacquainted with the following comment made by Walker upon *asparagus* almost one hundred years ago:

"This word is vulgarly pronounced *sparrow-grass*. It may be observed that such words as the vulgar do not know how to spell, and which convey no definite idea of the thing, are frequently changed by them into such words as they do know how to spell, and which do convey some definite idea. The word in question is an instance of it; and the corruption of this word into *sparrow-grass* is so general that *asparagus* has an air of *stiffness* and *pedantry*." (Dictionary, in v.)

Grand in the sense of very good, excellent, pleasant, is especially set forth as an Americanism in our dictionary, with remarks upon its being much abused by us in that way. My attention has not been attracted by this word so used; but I remember that that reckless Yankee, William Shakespeare, makes King Alonzo abuse it in the same way: —

¹ Milton uses *grain* thus conspicuously and distinctively for corn in general in two fine passages, where *corn* would have served his purpose equally well: —

"As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the aire,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Ajoynd, from each thing met conclave delight:

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"And Trincolo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this *grand* liquor that hath gilded 'em?"
(*Tempest*, v. i.)

And I will undertake, on reasonable notice, to produce numerous instances of a like use of the word by Englishmen of education in modern times. *Great*, in a like sense, which has also the American stamp set upon it, is in the same category with *grand*.

Great big. "Very large. . . . Often used by children." Indeed, indeed, it is; and by all the children in England; and not only by the little children, but by that very big boy, William Thackeray: —

"A crow who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window sat perched on a tree, looking down at a *great big* frog in a pool beneath him." (*The Newcomes*, chap. ii.)

And another big boy named George Chapman, who did some very good Greek exercises — in translation — about two centuries and a quarter ago, also used it:

. . . "for whose use allow
A little ship; but in her bulk bestow
A *great big* burthen."
(Chapman's *Hesiod*, 1618. Book II., l. 405.)

Great Spirit. Mr. Bartlett gives us this phrase, and *fire-water*, *pale-face*, *tomahawk*, *wigwam*, *squaw*, etc. Why? What have we to do with the "Indians," so called? They form no part of our society. Their language is no part of ours. Words adopted by us from their language, and substituted for English words, if any such there be, are properly Americanisms. But words adopted by them, from us, or phrases which are translations of expressions peculiar to them, are surely not so. It is difficult to see any reason for the presence here of these words which would not equally justify that of like words from the speech of the Alaskans.

The smell of *grain*, or telled grass, or kine,
Or Darie; each rural sight, each rural sound."
(*Par. Lost*, ix. 445.)

"What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or *graine*,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green."
(*Par. Lost*, xii. 184.)

² I cannot now put my hand upon this *Punch*, but I hold myself ready to produce it.

Grocery as the name of the place where groceries are sold is an Americanism; and the circumstances of its use are such that to avoid it is almost impossible. But *grocery store* is not an Americanism. There are signs, old signs, which have "grocery store" on them in London. But this phrase and *grocer's shop* are rarely heard there, according to my observation. They speak in England of going to the *grocer's*, of getting things from the *grocer*. But *groggery*, which Mr. Bartlett also gives, is in use there, and I believe is of British origin.

Grouty, meaning ill-natured, troubled in spirit, a word very rarely heard here, and according to my observation never written, seriously at least, is merely a metaphorical application of an old and widely diffused English word. *Grouted* means begrimed; *grouts* are dregs, lees; and thick, muddy liquor is *grouty*. (See Halliwell.)

Gubernatorial. This ridiculous and pretentious word is also an Americanism, due to the affectation of those who must call the governor's room the gubernatorial chamber, and who "cavort" in like manner through all the "gubernatorial" offices and functions. It was probably called into being as a companion to *presidential*.

Guava. Why this Spanish name of a fruit produced in the West Indies, a name used, of necessity, by whatever people that fruit is spoken of, in whatever country, should appear in a dictionary of words peculiar to the United States is one of the many mysteries which surround the subject of Americanisms.

Guess. I have considered this word in a previous paper,¹ and shall here only mention that it was there shown to have been used in the sense of think, suppose, by Wickliffe, in the Wyckliffe Apology for the Lollards, by Chaucer, by Bishop Jewell, by Bishop Hale, by John Locke, and by Anthony Trollope.

¹ The Federal Language, in The Galaxy for November, 1877.

Gum-sucking, which Mr. Bartlett mildly calls a disgusting word, I mention merely to say that being so loathsome, and being never heard among decent people, much less written by them, it might well have been omitted from the dictionary. There are many other foul words which might with equal propriety have defiled his pages, and which he has wisely omitted.

Gunning, we are told, is "used in the Northern States for the act of going out with a gun to shoot game." But it is so used in England, and has been for generations, and probably ever since the gun supplanted the bow.

"Yet oft the skulking *gunner* by surprise
Will scatter death among them as they rise."
(Bloomfield, The Farmer's Boy, Spring.)

"*Gunning* is my theme, . . . the great art of shooting." (Edmund Yates, The Business of Pleasure, Lond. 1865, vol. i. p. 175, and *passim*.)

Gutter-snipe. I shall not say that the definition of this word as "a Wall Street term for brokers who do business chiefly on the sidewalk or in the street, and who are not members of the Stock Exchange," is incorrect. But I am sure that this is at least a secondary meaning, and that the term was transferred from those to whom it was first applied to the "curb-stone brokers" in derision and contempt. *Gutter-snipes* are the little ragamuffins who play in the gutters of the poorer parts of the town. The word was known to the better class of boys and to policemen long before it got into Wall Street.

Gumption. This slang word, meaning, not understanding, skill, as Mr. Bartlett has it, but comprehension, capacity, is, and has long been, in common use in England, where it is indigenous. It appears in Todd and Johnson, and in the glossaries of Pegge, Brockett, Forby, Jennings, and Halliwell, as Mr. Bartlett himself acknowledges. Why, then, does it appear in a dictionary of Americanisms? Because, as Mr. Bartlett adds, "with us it is frequently heard"? So are *beef*, and *bread*, and *butter*.

Richard Grant White.

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

TURN back the picture to the wall
That gazes from the easel thus!
The hand that drew is dead, and all
Is ended, now, for all of us.
Oh, not his life alone, but mine
Goes down into his grave to-day,
As, failing of the touch divine,
My very portrait fades away.

You look askance — My portrait? Yes.
True, I have lent to many a one
His canvas saints' and sinners' dress,
But this was just myself begun.
You would not think that fresh, pure face
The same that every studio knows —
That girlish form's unconscious grace
Your model's well-considered pose?

Oh, never any one like him
Had brain and heart to feel and know!
The others painted turn of limb,
And flesh and blood's mere surface glow;
But he, with vision swift and strong,
Pierced deep to what they could not see,
And through the web of chance and wrong,
Discerned the hidden soul of me.

I tell you, with his kind, keen eyes,
He looked straight through this accident
That men call Me, and saw me rise,
The very woman Nature meant!
And in my inmost self, the while,
I felt it grow, the sweet, strange dream,
And stood, beneath his quickening smile,
The marvel that he made me seem!

Oh, might I once have seen complete
This miracle I measured by,
Prostrate before the spotless feet
Of this that was and was not I,
I could have wept such tears as wear
The stained soul white and leave it free,
And risen a new creature there,
And been — what I shall never be!

Turn back the picture to the wall,
And bury the dead painter now,

And let me walk behind them all
 That mourner chief of all should bow;
 For who can see, like such a one,
 The self-same coffin shut within,
 Beside the life untimely done
 The life that never shall begin?

And yet if any truth there be
 In worlds that make amends for this,
 Then Heaven perhaps will pity me
 For all that Earth has let me miss;
 And I shall find his face again,
 And know the rest. Farewell, my Fate,
 Until we meet! If never — then —
 Farewell to all I learn too late!

Kate Putnam Osgood.

A STUDENT'S SEA STORY.

AMONG the pleasantest of my recollections of old Bowdoin is the salt-air flavor of its sea experiences. The site of Brunswick is a sandy plain on which the college buildings seem to have been dropped for the good old Yankee economic reason of using land for public buildings that could not be used for anything else. The soil was a fathomless depth of dry, sharp, barren sand, out of whose bosom nothing but pitch pines and blueberry bushes emerged, or ever could emerge without superhuman efforts of cultivation. But these sandy plains, these pine forests, were neighbors to the great, lively, musical blue ocean whose life-giving presence made itself seen, heard, and felt every hour of the day and night. The beautiful peculiarity of the Maine coast, where the sea interpenetrates the land in picturesque fiords and lakes, brought a constant romantic element into the landscape. White-winged ships from India or China came gliding into the lonely solitude of forest recesses, bringing news from strange lands and tidings of wild adventure into secluded farm-houses that for the most part seemed to be dreaming in woodland solitude. In the early days of

my college life, the shipping interest of Maine gave it an outlook into all the countries of the earth. Ships and ship-building and ship-launching were the drift of the popular thought, and the very minds of the people by this commerce had apparently

... "suffered a sea change
 Into something rare and strange."

There was a quaintness, shrewdness, and vivacity about these men, half skipper, half farmer, that was piquant and enlivening.

It was in the auspicious period of approaching Thanksgiving that my chum and I resolved to antedate for a few days our vacation, and take passage on the little sloop Brilliant, that lay courtesying and teetering on the bright waters of Maquoit Bay, loading up to make her Thanksgiving trip to Boston.

It was a bright Indian summer afternoon that saw us all on board the little craft. She was laden deep with dainties and rarities for the festal appetites of Boston nabobs: loads of those mealy potatoes for which the fields of Maine were justly famed; barrels of ruby cranberries; boxes of solid golden butter, ventures of a thrifty house mother emu-

lous to gather kindred gold in the Boston market. Then there were dressed chickens, turkeys, and geese all going the same way, on the same errand; and there were sides and saddles of that choice mutton for which the sea islands of Maine were as famous as the South-Downs of England.

Everything in such a stowage was suggestive of good cheer. The little craft itself had a sociable, friendly, domestic air. The captain and mate were cousins; the men were all neighbors, sons of families who had grown up together; there was a kindly home flavor in the very stowage of the cargo. Here were Melissa's cranberries, and by many a joke and wink we were apprised that the mate had a tender interest in that venture; there was Widder Toothacre's butter, concerning which there were various comments and speculations, but which was handled and cared for with the consideration the Maine sailor boy always gives to "the widder;" there was a private keg of very choice eggs, over which the name of Lucindy Ann was breathed by a bright-eyed, lively youngster, who had promised to bring her back the change, and as to the precise particulars of this change many a witticism was expended.

Our mode of living on the Brilliant was of the simplest and most primitive kind. On each side the staircase that led down to the cabin, hooped strongly to the partition, was a barrel, which on the one side contained salt beef, and on the other salt pork. A piece out of each barrel, delivered regularly to the cook, formed the foundation of our daily meals; and sea-biscuit and potatoes, with the sauce of salt-water appetites, made this a feast for a king. I make no mention here of gingerbread and doughnuts, and such like ornamental accessories, which were not wanting, nor of nuts and sweet cider, which were to be had for the asking. At meal times a swing-shelf, which at other seasons hung flat against the wall, was propped up, and our meals were eaten thereon in joyous satisfaction.

A joyous, rollicking set we were, and

the whole expedition was a frolic of the first water. One of the drollest features of these little impromptu voyages often was the woe-begone aspect of some unsuspecting landlubber, who had been beguiled into thinking that he would like a trip to Boston by seeing the pretty Brilliant courtesying in the smooth waters of Maquoit, and so had embarked in innocent ignorance of the physiological results of such enterprises.

I remember the first morning out. As we were driving ahead, under a stiff breeze, I came on deck, and found the respectable Deacon Muggins, who in his Sunday coat had serenely embarked the day before, now desolately clinging to the railing, very white about the gills, and contemplating the sea with a most suggestive expression of disgust and horror.

"Why, deacon, good morning! How are you? Splendid morning!" said I, maliciously.

He drew a deep breath, surveyed me with a mixture of indignation and despair, and then gave vent to his feelings: "Tell ye what: there was one darned old fool up to Brunswick yesterday; but he ain't there now; he's *here*." The deacon, in the weekly prayer-meeting at Brunswick, used to talk of the necessity of being "emptied of self;" he seemed to be in the way of it in the most literal manner at the present moment. In a few minutes he was extended on the deck, the most utterly limp and dejected of deacons, and vowing with energy, if he ever got out o' this 'ere you would n't catch him again. Of course, my chum and I were not seasick. We were prosperous young Sophomores in Bowdoin College, and would have scorned to acknowledge such a weakness. In fact, we were in that happy state of self-opinion where we surveyed everything in creation as birds do from above, and were disposed to patronize everybody we met, with a pleasing conviction that there was nothing worth knowing but what we were likely to know, or worth doing but what we could do.

Captain Stanwood liked us, and we

liked him; we patronized him, and he was quietly amused at our patronage and returned it in kind. He was a good specimen of the sea-captain in those early days in Maine: a man in middle life, tall, thin, wiry, and active, full of resource and shrewd mother wit; a man very confident in his opinions, because his knowledge was all got at first hand, — the result of a careful use of his own five senses. From his childhood he had followed the seas, and as he grew older made voyages to Archangel, to Messina, to the West Indies, and finally round the Horn; and, having carried a very sharp and careful pair of eyes, he had acquired not only a snug competency of worldly goods, but a large stock of facts and inductions which stood him in stead of an education. He was master of a thriving farm at Harpswell, and, being tethered somewhat by love of wife and children, was mostly stationary there, yet solaced himself by running a little schooner to Boston, and driving a thriving bit of trade by the means. With that reverence for learning which never deserts the New Englander, he liked us the better for being collegians, and amiably conceded that there were things quite worth knowing taught "up to Brunswick there," though he delighted now and then to show his superiority in talking about what he knew better than we.

Jim Larned, the mate, was a lusty youngster, a sister's son whom he had taken in training in the way he should go. Jim had already made a voyage to Liverpool and the East Indies, and felt himself also quite an authority in his own way.

The evenings were raw and cool, and we generally gathered round the cabin stove cracking walnuts, smoking, and telling stories, and having a jolly time generally. It is but due to those old days to say that a most respectable Puritan flavor penetrated even the recesses of those coasters, — a sort of gentle Bible and psalm-book aroma, so that there was not a word or a joke among the men to annoy the susceptibilities even of a deacon. Our deacon, somewhat consoled

and amended, lay serene in his berth, rather enjoying the yarns that we were spinning. The web of course was many-colored, — of quaint and strange and wonderful, — and as the night wore on it was dyed in certain weird tints of the supernatural.

"Well," said Jim Larned, "folks may say what they're a mind to; there are things that there's no sort o' way o' 'countin' for, — things you've jist got to say. Well, here's suthin to work that I don't know nothin' about; and come to question any man up sharp, you'll find he's seen *one* thing o' that sort himself; and this 'ere I'm going to tell's *my* story: —

"Four years ago I went down to aunt Jerushy's, at Fair Haven. Her husband's in the oysterin' business, and I used to go out with him considerable. Well, there was Bill Jones there, a real bright fellow, one of your open-handed, lively fellows, and he took a fancy to me and I to him, and he and I struck up a friendship. He run an oyster smack to New York, and did a considerable good business for a young man. Well, Bill had a fellow on his smack that I never liked the looks of: he was from the Malays, or some foreign crittur or other, spoke broken English, had eyes set kind o' edgeways 'n his head; homely as sin he was, and I always mistrusted him. 'Bill,' I used to say, 'you look out for that fellow; don't you trust him. If I was you I'd ship him off short metre.' But Bill he only laughed. 'Why,' says he, 'I can get double work for the same pay out o' that fellow; and what do I care if he ain't handsome?' I remember how chipper an' cheery Bill looked when he was sayin' that, just as he was going down to New York with his load o' oysters. Well, the next night I was sound asleep in aunt Jerusha's front chamber that opens towards the Sound, and I was waked right clear out o' sleep by Bill's voice screaming to me. I got up and run to the window and looked out, and I heard it again, plain as anything: 'Jim! Jim! Help! help!' It was n't a common cry neither; it was screeched out, as if somebody was murdering him. I tell

you, it rung through my head for weeks afterwards."

"Well, what came of it?" said my chum, as the narrator made a pause, and we all looked at him in silence.

"Well, as nigh as we can make it out, that very night poor Bill was murdered by that very Malay feller; leastways, his body was found in his boat. He'd been stabbed, and all his money and watch and things taken, and this Malay was gone nobody knew where. That's all that was ever known about it."

"But surely," said my chum, who was of a very literal and rationalistic turn of mind, "it could n't have been his voice you heard; he must have been down to the other end of the Sound, close by New York, by that time."

"Well," said the mate, "all I know is that I was waked out of sleep by Bill's voice calling my name, screaming in a real agony. It went through me like lightning; and then I find he was murdered that night. Now, I don't know anything about it. I know I heard him calling me; I know he was murdered; but *how* it was, or *what* it was, or *why* it was, I don't know."

"These 'ere college boys can tell ye," said the captain. "Of course they've got into Sophomore year, and there ain't nothing in heaven or earth that they don't know."

"No," said I, "I say with Hamlet, 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.'"

"Well," said my chum, with the air of a philosopher, "what shakes my faith in all supernatural stories is that I can't see any use or purpose in them."

"Wal, if there could n't nothin' happen nor be except what *you* could see a use in, there would n't *much* happen nor be," quoth the captain.

A laugh went round at the expense of my friend.

"Wal, now, I'll tell ye what, boys," piped the thin voice of the deacon, "folks must n't be too presumptuous; there is providences permitted that we don't see no use in, but they do happen, — yes, they do. Now what Jim Larned's

been a-tellin' is a good deal like what happened to me once, when I was up to Umbagog, in the lumberin' business."

"Hullo!" called out Jim, "here's the deacon's story! I told you every man had one. Give it to us, deacon! Speak out, and don't be bashful."

"Wal, really, it ain't what I like to talk about," said the deacon, in a quavering, uncertain voice; "but I don't know but I may as well, though."

"It was that winter I was up to Umbagog. I was clerk, and kep' the 'counts and books, and all that, and Tom Huly — he was surveyor and marker — he was there with me, and we chummed together. And there was Jack Cutter — he was jest out o' college; he was there practicing surveyin' with him. We three had a kind o' pine-board sort o' shanty built out on a plain near by the camp; it had a fire-place and two windows and our bunks, and each of us had our tables and books and things."

"Well, Huly he started with a party of three or four to go up through the woods to look out a new tract. It was two or three days' journey through the woods, and jest about that time the Indians up there was getting sort o' uneasy, and we all thought mabbe 't was sort o' risky; howsomdever, Tom had gone off in high spirits, and told us to be sure and take care of his books and papers. Tom had a lot of books, and thought everything of 'em, and was sort o' particular and nice about his papers; his table sot up one side by the winder, where he could see to read and write. Well, he'd been gone four days, when one night — it was a bright, moonlight night — Jack and I were sitting by the fire reading, and between nine and ten o'clock there came a strong, regular knock on the window over by Tom's table. We were sitting with our backs to the window. 'Hullo!' says Jack, 'who's that?' We both jumped up and went to the window and looked out, and see there warn't nobody there."

"'This is curus,' said I."

"'Some of the boys trying to trick us,' says he. 'Let's keep watch; perhaps they'll do it again,' says he."

"We sot down by the fire, and 'fore long it came again.

"Then Jack and I both cut out the door and run round the house, —he one way and I the other. It was light as day, and nothin' for anybody to hide behind, and there war n't a critter in sight. Well, we come in and sot down, and looked at each other kind o' puzzled, when it come agin, harder 'n ever; and Jack looked to the window, and got as white as a sheet.

"For the Lord's sake, do look!" says he. And you may believe me or not, but I tell you it's a solemn fact: Tom's books was movin', —jest as if somebody was pickin' 'em up and puttin' 'em down again, jest as I've seen him do a hundred times.

"Jack," says I, "something's happened to Tom!"

"Wal, there had. That very night Tom was murdered by the Indians! We put down the date, and a week arter the news came."

"Come now, captain," said I, breaking the pause that followed the deacon's story, "give us your story. You've been all over the world, in all times and all weathers, and you ain't a man to be taken in; did you ever see anything of this sort?"

"Well, now, boys, since you put it straight at me, I don't care if I say I have, on these 'ere very waters we're a-sailin' over now, on board this very schooner, in this very cabin."

This was bringing matters close home. We felt an agreeable shiver, and looked over our shoulders; the deacon, in his berth, raised up on his elbow, and ejaculated, "Dew tell; ye don't say so."

"Tell us about it, captain," we both insisted. "We'll take your word for most anything."

"Well, it happened about five years ago. It's goin' on now eight years ago that my father died. He sailed out of Gloucester; had his house there; and after he died, mother she jest kep' on in the old place. I went down at first to see her fixed up about right, and after that I went now and then, and now and

then I sent money. Well, it was about Thanksgiving time, as it is now, and I'd ben down to Boston, and was coming back pretty well loaded with the things I'd been buying in Boston for Thanksgiving at home: raisins and sugar, and all sorts of West Ingy goods, for the folks in Harpswell. Well, I meant to have gone down to Gloucester to see mother, but I had so many ways to run and so much to do I was afraid I would n't be back on time; and so I did n't see her.

"Well, we was driving back with a good stiff breeze, and we'd got past Cape Ann, and I'd gone down and turned in, and was fast asleep in my berth. It was past midnight, —every one on the schooner asleep except the mate, who was up on the watch. I was sleepin' as sound as ever I slept in my life, not a dream, nor a feelin', no more 'n' if I had been dead, when suddenly I waked square up; my eyes flew open like a spring, with my mind clear and wide-awake, and sure as I ever see anything I see my father standing right in the middle of the cabin looking right at me. I rose right up in my berth, and says I, —

"Father, is that you?"

"Yes," says he; "it is me."

"Father," says I, "what do you come for?"

"Sam," says he, "do you go right back to Gloucester and take your mother home with you, and keep her there as long as she lives."

"And says I, 'Father, I will.' And as I said this he faded out and was gone. I got right up and run up on deck, and called out, 'Bout ship!' Mr. More — he was my mate then — stared at me as if he did n't believe his ears. 'Bout ship,' says I. 'I'm going to Gloucester.'

"Well, he put the ship about, and then came to me and says, 'What the devil does this mean? We're way past Cape Ann; it's forty miles right back to Gloucester.'

"Can't help it," I said; "to Gloucester I must go as quick as wind and water will carry me. I've thought of matters

there that I *must* attend to, no matter what happens.'

"Well, Ben More and I were good friends always, but I tell you all that day he watched me in a curious kind of way to see if I were n't took with a fever or suthin, and the men they whispered and talked among themselves. You see they all had their own reasons for wanting to be back to Thanksgiving, and it was hard on 'em.

"Well, it was just about sun up we got into Gloucester, and I went ashore, and there was mother looking pretty poorly, jest making her fire and getting on her kettle. When she saw me she held up her hands and burst out crying,—

"'Why, Sam, the Lord must 'a' sent you. I've ben sick and all alone, having a drefful hard time, and I've felt as if I could n't hold out much longer.'

"'Well,' says I, 'mother, pack up your things, and come right aboard the sloop; for I've come to take you home, and take care of you; so put up your things.'

"Well, I took hold and helped her, and we put things together lively; and packed up her trunks, and tied up the bed and pillows and bedclothes, and took her rocking-chair and bureau and tables and chairs down to the sloop. And when I came down, bringing her and all her things, Ben More seemed to see what I was after; but how or why the idea came into my head I never told him. There's things that a man feels shy of tellin', and I did n't want to talk about it.

"Well, when we was all aboard, the wind sprung up fair and steady, and we went on at a right spanking pace;

and the fellows said the Harpswell girls had got hold of our rope, and was pulling us with all their might; and we came in all right the very day before Thanksgiving. And my wife was as glad to see mother as if she'd expected her, and fixed up the front chamber for her, with a stove in 't, and plenty of kindlings. And the children was all so glad to see grandma, and we had the best kind of a Thanksgiving."

"Well," said I, "nobody could say there was n't any use in *that* spirit's coming,—if spirit it was; it had a most practical purpose."

"Well," said the captain, "I've been all round the world, in all sorts of countries; seen all sorts of queer, strange things, and seen so many things that I never could have believed if I had n't seen 'em that I never say I won't believe this or that. If I see a thing right straight under my eyes, I don't say it could n't 'a' ben there 'cause college folks say there ain't no such things."

"How do you know it was n't all a dream?" said my chum.

"How do I know? 'Cause I was broad awake, and I gen'lly know when I'm awake and when I'm asleep. I think Mr. More found me pretty wide-awake."

It was now time to turn in, and we slept soundly while the Brilliant plowed her way. By daybreak the dome of the State House was in sight.

"I've settled the captain's story," said my chum to me. "It can all be accounted for on the theory of cerebral hallucination."

"All right," said I; "but it answered the purpose beautifully for the old mother."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A MODERN EDEN.

YESTERDAY, over the garden wall
Which hedges in the little all
My children know of flowers and trees,
Upon a limb that overshot
From neighbor Brown's adjoining lot
There swung a mellow peach in the breeze.

The place in which these little folk
The dawning joys of life invoke
Is only open to the sky;
Therein they've builded a baby house,
And buried, I think, a tiny mouse,
And welcomed life without a sigh.

But now the Eden of baby May
And little man Ned, where yesterday
In mimic mounds the earth they piled,
Or scraped acquaintance with a toad,
No longer is the old abode
Of baby hearts all unbeguiled.

For where the weeds have noisome grown,
Under the shade of a mossy stone,
The serpent of olden time did rise, —
The snake which stings the innocent,
The crawling beast of ill portent
Who drove the pure from Paradise.

And soon he scaled the garden wall
Which guarded about the little all
Of innocence my babies knew,
And entered into the golden peach,
Which hung so temptingly in reach,
And wove his cruel spell anew.

And straightway then a dimpled hand,
Guided by the tempter bland,
Alas, has wrought a woful deed;
And in a hallowed baby breast,
Which evermore will plead for rest,
Is born a bitter inward need.

A peach stone lies in the crocus bed,
While on my breast a golden head
In tearful penitence is laid;
And close to mine a broken heart
Has sought its sorrow to impart, —
The little heart which disobeyed.

— Mr. Henry James's *Europeans* is, to me, his best work, so far; always excepting two or three of his short stories. For his peculiar style of mere hints as to such commonplace things as reasons, motives, and causes seems to me better adapted to a short story, which is necessarily a sketch or condensation, than to the broader limits of a novel, where we are accustomed to more explanation and detail. It is true that Charles Reade,

also, seldom tells us what his characters mean, intend, or think, but only what they say or do; leaving us, as James does, to study them as we study our living neighbors, who carry no windows in their breasts. But the difference here is that Reade's characters always do such tremendous things, and so incessantly, that their mere bodily activity sufficiently defines their mental processes; whereas Mr. James, as far as possible, has his people do nothing at all.

What atmosphere could possibly have been contrived more quiet than the wide, cool Wentworth homestead, and its little cottage opposite, from which, as scene, the story scarcely wavers, save for that one glimpse of the Acton mansion, emphasized and slightly colored by its "delightful chinoiserie." The two Europeans arrive, and, after one sharply drawn picture of their dislike for the Boston horse-cars, they depart to this Wentworth home, and stay there through to the end of the tale. No one does anything; a drive for Madame Münster and a drifting about in a skiff for Gertrude are about all the action allowed. So quiet is the story in this respect that when, in the eleventh chapter, the baroness goes to see Mrs. Acton, and goes on foot, the description of her "charming undulating step" as she walked along the road is a kind of relief to us, and mentally we all go with her, glad of the exercise and movement and fresh air. Mr. James has advanced in his art; in this story of his there is absolutely no action at all. What is there, then? There is contrast of character, and conversation.

I suppose it will be allowed without question that we are all far more interested in the baroness than in the other characters. Felix is, to me, a failure, in spite of his felicitous name; or rather he is a shadow, making no definite impression of any kind, — like Mirah in *Daniel Deronda*. His "intense smiling"

does not save him; does not give him body, any more than the brilliant rainbow gives body to the spray at Niagara Falls. Gertrude is not a failure; but she is not sufficiently explained. Minute details concerning her are given, such as for instance, that "her stiff silk dress made a sound upon the carpet" as she walked about the room; yet she remains from first to last like a tune which the composer has as yet but briefly jotted down. *He* knows it; but *we* do not. There is no mystery about it, however; it is only that he has not written it fully out,—that is all. Mr. Wentworth is excellent throughout; we see him, we are acquainted with him, sitting there "with his legs crossed, lifting his dry pure countenance from the Boston Advertiser." There is no indistinctness in the outline; he is a figure clearly and carefully finished; some of James's finest art has been given to him. Clifford and Lizzie are good, the latter an amusingly accurate picture of a certain type of very young American girl,—pretty, coolly self-possessed, endowed with a ready, unappalled, and slightly-stinging native wit; a small personage whose prominence and even presence amaze and secretly annoy the baroness, who is not accustomed to consider and defer to the opinions of "little girls" in her graceful and victorious progress through society.

Mr. Brand is the good, slow, serious, clean young man, with large feet and a liking for substantial slices of the excellent home-made cake of well-regulated households, whom many of us know. There is an unregenerate way (which Mr. James shares) of looking at these young men, which sees only their ludicrous points. Light-natured fellows like Felix (or what we suppose Felix is intended to be) are always laughing at them. Even when poor Brand gives up the girl he loves, and stiffens his resolution by offering, in his official capacity, to unite her to his rival, a ludicrous hue is thrown over the action, and we all unite in an amused smile over the young minister and his efforts, which, judged soberly, is unfair. The "Brands" always seem

to me to belong to a soberer age; they are relics of plainer and more earnest times, and out of place in this American nineteenth century, where everything is taken lightly, and where ridicule is by far the most potent influence. During the war, the Brands had a chance: they marched to the war with tremendous earnestness; nobody minded their big feet on the plain of battle; their slowness was mighty, like a sledge-hammer. Their strong convictions fired the assault; they headed the colored regiments; they made, by their motives and beliefs, even small actions grand. The whole nation was in earnest then; the Brands found their place. But now they are left to themselves again, and are a good deal like mastodons, living by mistake in a later age, objects of amusement to the lighter-footed modern animals, and unable to help it.

The baroness is, however, *the* character. She is the "European,"—the contrast; she is the story.

In the first description of her personal appearance, I do not think Mr. James was quite fair; he followed Tourguéneff, and pictured the irregularities of her features and personal deficiencies so minutely that I, for one, have never been able to forget it, or to think of her as in the least handsome. Now the baroness *was* handsome; she was an extremely charming woman. We have all met women of that sort; I mean women who had irregular features, but who yet, by their coloring, their grace, or some one single and wonderfully great beauty, kept us from noticing when with them whether their noses were classical, or their mouths large or small. If in real life this is a truth, it should be a truth doubly remembered and guarded in books, where necessarily the warmth of the personal presence is lost. Mr. James might have stated that her face was irregular, judged by rule, but he should have dwelt upon what beauties she *did* have, so that they would make a vivid impression; just as, in real life, they would have dominated vividly over her lacks, if she had entered the room where we were sitting. She is *his* creation; *we*

don't know her. He should have answered for her in this respect, and started us fairly.

What was the baroness's fault? The moral of the story?—if there is any. Acton was deeply in love with her; yet he would not quite marry her.

According to my solution, the fault was (and the moral) that she lied; and, in our raw American atmosphere, delicate and congenial lying has not yet been comprehended as one of the fine arts. This is my idea of what Mr. James means.

George Eliot says, in speaking of Gwendolen's mood early one morning, "It was not that she was out of temper; but that the world was not equal to the demands of her fine organism." So likewise it was not that the baroness spoke untruths; but the American world was not equal to the accomplishments of her fine organism, or the habits bred in older and more finished society on the other side of the Atlantic.

Mr. James's delightful style is even more delightful than usual in this story. Mr. Wentworth's "thin, unresponsive glance;" Mr. Brand, "stiffly and softly" following; the "well-ordered consciousness" of the Wentworth household; Clifford Wentworth's "softly growling tone," indicative, however, merely of "a vaguely humorous intention" (how good that is!); and, best of all, the last visit of the baroness to Mrs. Acton, and the conversation between the two women, Madame Münster at last giving up in despair, as she perceives that all her delicate little points of language and tone are thrown away, and feeling "that she would never know what such a woman as that meant,"—these are perfect, and make us, for a while, impatient with less artistic stories.

One peculiarity of style I have noticed, namely, the large number of what seem to me "stage directions." Thus, fourteen times in three consecutive pages, taken at random from those containing conversation, it is particularly noted down that they "looked at" each other. As "Gertrude looked at her a moment,

and then, 'Yes, Charlotte,' she said simply;" "Gertrude looked at Lizzie Acton, and then looked away;" "She looked down at him a moment, and then shook her head." They "look at" each other "a moment," and "then" speak, uncountable numbers of times. Generally, in print, *cela va sans dire*. I don't mean that this is a fault at all; but certainly it is a characteristic peculiarity.

—For the benefit of those who think that Mr. Brooks Adams's article in The November Atlantic, on Oppressive Taxation of the Poor, exaggerates or distorts the truth, I wish to present a plain statement of actual occurrences in corroboration of his assertions. It is the experience of a friend of mine, a laboring man, living in the suburbs of Boston, and may perhaps throw some light on the causes of the revolt against our administrative system and the discontent so widely felt at the prevailing character of our financial legislation for many years past. Desperate diseases are felt to demand desperate remedies, and men rush wildly into any movement that promises, however falsely, relief from burdens that are crushing out their lives. I give the account in the sufferer's own language:—

"I had \$2000 in gold left me by legacy many years ago. Before the war I lent it; it was repaid to me in paper, in virtue of the legal-tender acts and decisions. In 1870, full of the idea so enthusiastically preached, that it was an immense advantage to a workingman to own his own house, I bought one which had been built several years; the price was \$4500, and I paid \$1500 down and gave a mortgage for \$3000 more, spending a considerable sum in improvements. It was assessed at \$3600, and the taxes were \$12 on a thousand. The interest on the mortgage was seven and one half per cent., the mortgagees being taxed for it and charging me two and one half per cent. extra to make up for the tax, which therefore came out of me instead of them. Last year the assessment had been raised to \$5000, and the taxes were \$18.50 per thousand, making

\$92.50 of direct tax, instead of \$43.20, as at first, — more than double. I paid \$225 for interest, of which \$75 was due to the mortgage tax; \$7.50 per year for insurance; and allowing one and one half per cent. for repairs, or \$75 more, I was paying exactly \$400 a year for a house dear at \$300, besides an indeterminate but considerable sum for public improvements. I had just \$1500 of my own, and paid taxes on \$8000. I could not endure it, and turned the whole property over to the mortgagees, sacrificing all I had put in; so that the financial legislation of the state and nation and municipal extravagance had robbed me of all the money I had in the world. I immediately rented the house of the mortgagees at \$200 a year, half what I had been paying; and they will only have to pay taxes on \$5000, while so long as I had it I paid on \$8000. So much for the advantage of a workingman owning his own house; and so much for the equity of the system of taxation in this commonwealth. I was taxed on the money I invested in the property, on the money I borrowed to make up the residuary value of the property, and on that same residuary value over again; while as soon as the men I borrowed the money from took it away from me, the latter amount was not taxed at all. The simple act of transferring the title to another party seems to have reduced its value \$3000; and I can't see any reason for it. There is just as much of it now as ever, and it is capable of furnishing just as much revenue; yet it has to pay but little more than half as much. What equity is there in taxing a man not only on all the property he uses, but on all the money he has to borrow to retain the use of it? If I had not put in any money, and mortgaged it for the whole value, I should have been taxed on \$10,000. So it seems the value of property rises in inverse proportion to the amount of ready money the man has that buys it, and the rich man who pays cash is only taxed half as much as the poor man who has none. If this is not legislating for the rich against the poor, what is? In plain words, I had to pay

\$75 a year as a penalty for the crime of having only \$2000 instead of \$5000."

It must be said that the advantage of a workingman's owning his own house has been grossly overestimated. Its chief effect is to tie him down to one spot and make it impossible for him to go in search of work or take an offer of a position in another place without great loss; and when dull times come he has an elephant on his hands, and the chances are even he will have to relinquish it and lose the fruit of a life-time of labor. It takes money to keep as well as get property, as my friend found to his cost. But a system that taxes the poor man twice as heavily as the rich, and bears harder on a man in exact proportion to his inability to bear the burden, is a monstrous iniquity, and has no excuse or palliation. The state government exists to encourage thrift and give every possible facility to every citizen to acquire a competence; yet its laws virtually prohibit any man from acquiring real property till he has money enough to buy for cash, — a system that would end in destroying the whole fabric of trade and industry. It is in the strictest sense legislation in favor of the rich and against the poor; and deplorable as it may be, it is not at all wonderful that many of the latter feel inclined to hurl the whole administrative system to pieces and see if under another they will not fare better.

— I think I have a fresh "find" for Mr. Richard Grant White. It appears that *freight-train* is an Americanism. In a London reprint of one of my books, the proof-reader or the publisher, out of deference to the sensitive nerves of English society, has kindly substituted "*good's-train*" for my own barbaric phrase. This, by the bye, was in the pirated edition; in the authorized reprint I am allowed to say *freight-train*. Another possible Americanism occurs to me. When Mr. Dickens was in this country, in 1868, I chanced to use the word "*spool*" in his presence. A puzzled expression came into his face; then he said quickly, "Ah, I see! a reel." Is not *spool* English? Surely, I have seen

the word "spool-cotton" printed on the labels of that kind of goods manufactured in England. Perhaps that was a device especially designed for the American market, like certain brands of champagne which are nearly if not quite unknown in the champagne countries.

—The coming of the Great American Novelist has probably been retarded fifty years by the recent cutting in of a Western newspaper correspondent, who thus describes the death of Sam Bass, the notorious bandit and train-robber of Texas:—

"As the sun retired to his rosy couch in the dim chambers of the hazy west, a scene full of sad interest was transpiring [this is newspaperese for "happening," or "taking place"] in a little plank house in the village. Upon a common cot, covered with strong, thick canvas, lay a young man, over whose manly brow twenty-seven summers had scarcely passed. He was what the world calls handsome, a man who naturally looked a leader of his fellows; *one whom any woman might adore*. Of medium height, he scarcely weighed one hundred and forty; of form finely proportioned, terse and from frequent expression of severe pain that passed over his pallid and even now corpse-like features. [This is slightly incoherent; the writer's meaning, if he had any, seems to have toddled off into space; but it is very fine.] He breathed heavily, and a subdued groan occasionally escaped his lips. Standing near the cot, and with deep interest regarding its occupant as the departing sunlight entered the apartment, stood Major John B. Jones, the commander of the Texas Rangers, and the High Sheriff of Williamson County. But no woman, no friend of the wounded man, was near. The young man who lay dying was Sam Bass, the great desperado, bandit, outlaw, and bold chief of the Texas gang of train-robbers. . . . The sad ending of the life of this noted desperado will serve as another beacon-light among the moral wrecks that lie along the strand of time! Strange to say, there was a good angel that occasionally threw light on this strange and

dark life of crime. Young, pure, and fair among the daughters of North Texas [this seems to intimate that the daughters of North Texas are not as a general thing young, pure, and fair], she watched the fortunes of the robber chief. [So did the police.] *It was the bright and beautiful rainbow spanning the dark abyss of a ruined human life.*"

The most unreflecting reader of this elegant extract cannot fail to notice that the Plutarch of "Mr. John Oakhurst, the gambler," has been made to bite the dust on his own familiar ground. None but a genius of first order could have evolved such lofty prose out of so unpromising a subject as a red-handed thief, shot down by the officers of the law. Here the pathos and picturesqueness of that modern hybrid, the Moral-Scoundrel, are brought to their legitimate limits. What a delicious dime-novel atmosphere envelops the whole story! How obviously, in spite of him, the writer's admiration for the late Samuel Bass crops out! That "manly brow," forsooth! and that pure young daughter of North Texas (she is probably serving out her time in some Western penitentiary), who disports herself as a rainbow over the abyss of a ruined human life! Was there ever such rubbish? Unfortunately, yes; there are newspapers everywhere which print little else. It is such writing as this that sends an emulous thrill through the *gamins* of our towns and highways, and makes the small wretches long to be romantic child-murderers and heroic bandit chiefs. In New York there is a juvenile weekly or monthly magazine crowded with narratives in which just such high-hearted pirates and scalawags as the late Samuel Bass are made to figure as heroes. Now and then, when I come across a specimen of the cheap literature of the day, especially the literature designed for children, I am almost tempted to doubt the wisdom of "compulsatory education."

—In the September number of The Atlantic Mr. Sedgwick disposes rather summarily of M. de Laveleye's argument for the general adoption of some

such system of land tenure as is found in connection with the allmends of certain Swiss cantons, where common (or communal) property in the soil seems entirely compatible with high cultivation, as well as with industry, thrift, and progress. Granting at the outset the improbability that this particular form of land tenure will ever become general, I still am far from believing that the best system which civilization is capable of giving us has yet been evolved, and I do not see anything unphilosophical in M. de Laveleye's opinion that the desiderated improvement is to be sought in a return to the principle which governed the earlier tenures. Mr. Sedgwick regards such an opinion as the evidence of a retrogressive tendency, which he compares with what the Darwinians call atavism, — a tendency which they find in the animal world towards a return, in exceptional cases, to primitive types and forms. "Atavism," says Mr. Sedgwick, "can never be a living social force. . . . To suppose that it is to succeed is to suppose that the world is to go backwards, and that we are to relapse into the primeval night and chaos out of which we sprang." There is, however, a wide difference between recurring to some principle which prevailed in primitive society and attempting to reestablish the forms in which it was embodied. For example, there is the utmost difference in form between a modern parliamentary assembly and the "May field" of the ancient Germans, "where all the warriors assembled in arms, and expressed their decision by the *wapentak*, or clash of arms;"¹ and yet the representative bodies of modern times are the instruments through which we seek to give effect to the same democratic principle which reigned in the May field.

It may be true that representative government, even at its best, is not working quite satisfactorily, but its establishment was, nevertheless, a step forwards; and I venture to say that its short-comings are in a great measure due to a social organization and to social conditions be-

queathed to us by an earlier time, and not yet brought into harmony with the new political institutions. That these may succeed we must have social and economic adjustments calculated to check the present rapid production of *proletaires*.

Having in view the social and political conditions under which the land systems of Western Europe were developed, I am disposed to attach more importance than Mr. Sedgwick does to the example of Switzerland, — the one nation whose people managed to preserve their primitive freedom. There, as elsewhere, the inconveniences of the primitive system of common ownership have doubtless been felt; but it was not possible there, as it was elsewhere, to remove them by arbitrary methods, having regard only, or chiefly, to the interests and wishes of a privileged class. Hence, to a considerable extent, the system has survived, in spite of the propagandism of political economists and the example of surrounding nations. That it should have shown such tenacity of life, in a country where the masses have had the greatest influence on affairs, is suggestive of the idea that it must contain some vital principle, chiefly valuable to the common people, which, in their estimation, formed a satisfactory offset to its economic disadvantages, and that in the system offered in its stead this principle is sacrificed to practical convenience.

The institution of private property in land assumes the right of some one generation to parcel out the common domain, and to make such arrangements for its transmission to posterity that a considerable part of the community — perhaps even a large majority — may, in the course of time, be cut off from their natural right to earth room and to the opportunity of availing themselves of nature's gratuitous coöperation in the work of production.² So great is this hardship, and so detrimental to society is the existence of a large proletarian class, that we may well ask ourselves whether the essential advantages inci-

declares that "equity does not permit property in land."

¹ M. de Laveleye's *Primitive Property*, page 65.

² Recognizing this natural right, Herbert Spencer, in his *Social Statics*, chapter ix., second paragraph,

dent to our present land system cannot be had at a smaller sacrifice; whether, in short, it is not possible to devise a scheme adapted to the needs of civilized society, in which the ancient principle of equal rights in the soil may be essentially conserved, just as the ancient principle of democracy is conserved in the complicated machinery of the modern republic. I am not sure but that such a scheme has already been submitted in the proposition of Mr. John Stuart Mill "to intercept by taxation, for the benefit of the state, the unearned increase in the value of land," — an increase which, in Europe and America, has, within the present century, transferred without any equivalent many thousands of millions of dollars from the landless to the land-owning class. The principle involved in Mr. Mill's proposal is founded in the strictest justice, and its adoption — supposing it to be practicable — would be attended with a number of very important advantages. Applied at the original settlement of a new country, it would indirectly conserve the inherent right of man to a share in the bounties of nature; and applied at a later stage it would preserve that right from further encroachment, while fully respecting the existing rights of the land owner. It would, moreover, remove the strongest temptation to the monopoly of the soil; and this, with a variety of other incidental results, would be brought about without arbitrary interference with the size of holdings, the perpetuity of tenure, or the freedom of transfer. But whatever may be thought of this or any other plan hitherto presented, the results of the present condition of land tenure are surely not such as should incline us to regard it as a finality; and a people who still possess 1,700,000 square miles of public land may certainly find their advantage in considering with serious and respectful attention the views of so thoughtful an investigator as M. de Laveleye.

— The following letter was picked up in my cow-pasture last Sunday evening, by a young fellow of the neighborhood, on his way to see his girl.

Whether some of these new-fangled labor reformers got it up for a "sell," or some of our big corporation fellows had it prepared in dead earnest, is more than I can tell. At any rate, it sets a man to thinking, and I send it to you for publication as a curiosity, or something else hard to put into words. Yours respectfully,

BUCKSHOT CORNERS, PA.

TO THE HON. ALEXANDER HAMILTON:

SIR, — It is barely possible that this letter may never meet your eye, but you will no doubt be aware of its contents as soon as it is written, or perhaps as soon as conceived. You may rest assured that you would not be annoyed, at this late date, by communications like this, did not necessity the most urgent exist.

Bluntly, we are in a bad way, and have been ever since we were deprived of your counsels. You must have left a mantle behind you; upon whose shoulders does it now rest? If we knew *that*, we certainly would not trouble you after this fashion, but would consult with your successor. Despairing of being able to discover him (at least unaided), we have no other resource than to disturb you for a short time.

You remember that you always predicted the logical results of the Jeffersonian theories. The great Virginian led us out of the broad, granite-paved highway into meadows, flowery and safe enough at a casual glance, but full of hidden pitfalls, through which we stumbled, until by imperceptible steps we reached our present stopping place, from which we can faintly hear the roar of the abyss at no great distance in advance.

You have not forgotten your idea of a permanent senate, an executive elected to serve during life or good behavior, and a popular assembly with quadrennial sessions. How would that answer now? Of course you never saw, but are doubtless aware of, the letter that Gouverneur Morris wrote to Mr. Ogden, of New Jersey, in December, 1804, some six months after Burr fired the fatal

shot. Mr. Morris said in that letter, among other things, in alluding to one of your favorite ideas, "I suspect that his belief in what he called an approaching crisis arose from a conviction that the kind of government most suitable, in his opinion, to this extensive country could be established in no other way. . . . When our population shall have reached a certain extent, his system may be proper, and the people may then be disposed to adopt it. . . . When a general question is raised as to the best form of government, it should be discussed under the consideration that this best, being presupposed, is, if unable to preserve itself, good for nothing. . . . *When a general abuse of the right of election shall have robbed our government of respect, and its imbecility have involved it in difficulties, the people will feel that they want something to protect them against themselves.*"

Some of us think that the above considerations exist to-day, and we want to apply the remedy. Could you not cause your hidden successor to reveal himself and reconstruct the ancient but not forgotten fabric of federalism? We appeal to you, not expecting, in the nature of things, any direct response; but thinking that, by the aid of forces to us unknown, you might exert an influence that would show us the man of our time, who can and will, by constitutional methods, lead us back to the path marked out by yourself and your great compeers, Washington and Adams.

With great veneration we are, like the sages of old, PRUDENS FUTURI.

— Walking down the garden path in the warm midsummer noon, I noticed an unusually pervading odor of mignonette. Remembering the time-honored simile of the Christian in adversity, I turned to see who had been trampling and bruising my flowers, to cause such delicious odors. The mignonette bed lay calm and undisturbed; sleeping peacefully in the full glare of the sunshine, whose warm and life-giving rays were bringing forth its fragrance and spreading it abroad.

While I stood, a little confused, try-

ing to reconcile the evidence of my senses with the theories my mind had always accepted, the southwest wind brought from the pine woods behind the house the warm, delicious, aromatic smell which only a blazing sun can bring from them. And then it occurred to me to wonder why this simile was never used. I suppose I have found, in books or sermons, at least five hundred times, the fragrance produced by rubbing or bruising a plant or flower compared with the moral beauty and strength of character developed by trouble and sorrow. "Sweet are the uses of adversity" has passed into a proverb; but are there no uses of the prosperity under which so many good people labor? Why do we never hear of the gifts and graces that flourish in the sunshine? Why are we never reminded of the soft odors of refinement, culture, and courtesy that are exhaled in an atmosphere of wealth, ease, and leisure?

"Give the devil his due" is the old saying, and if the poor unfortunates who are exposed to the demoralizing influences of prosperity have any compensating advantages, why should it not sometimes be admitted?

— I am one of the few Americans who have not testified before the committee on the depression of business; but, all the same, I should like to add my quota to the literature on the subject. All who have treated it, so far as I know, have passed by one important cause. It is very true that disproportionate production has much to do with it, and that the direct destruction of capital incident to the late war has had still more; but neither of these causes is chargeable with so much injury to business as the transformation of labor in certain sections from an available to an unavailable shape.

Under the slavery system, the negroes were nearly all made to work; and they worked on plantations, which supplied Northern manufacturers with raw material, Northern mechanics with work, and Northern merchants with moneyed and liberal customers. The emancipation put an end to this, in great measure

at least. One large class of the colored population journeyed to the North, where they added to the army of superfluous and starving labor. Another and larger class flocked into the cities and towns of the Southern and border States, where they lived more by the destruction of property than its creation. Another, larger still, and increasing with every year, took to the woods and swamps, where they lead an independent and partly self-supporting life, but one which is not far removed from barbarism, and which contributes almost nothing to commerce. Of the remainder, a certain number are steady, thriving workers; but many are irregular and unreliable, needing constant supervision, and always fonder of a holiday than of the money which toil would bring. Every one familiar with the state of affairs at the South will recognize the truth of the above statements.

It may be said that there has been a partial compensation in the increased industry of the whites; but I doubt this. The poorer whites always worked, physically, more or less; and nothing has occurred to increase their labor. Its products, too, are mainly consumed at home. The whites who have retained any large amount of property are as unlikely to put their hands to the plow as a wholesale Boston merchant would be to do his own portering, or a wealthy publisher to set type. Those who are driven by their losses into manual labor are naturally driven also out of the ranks of lavish purchasers; and what they buy is bought of their own people rather than of those whom they blame for their impoverishment. Witness the great number of manufactories which have grown up at the South in the past few years. Finally, their energetic men have heard from so many quarters that Southern wastefulness was the cause of Southern misfortunes, and that Yankee economy brought Yankee wealth, that they make desperate and sometimes queerly inconsistent efforts to stint themselves and all about them. Northern luxuries are eschewed; and people who once prided themselves on their fine ap-

parel (Northern made) are now contented with tatters and patches. They have almost ceased in some sections to send their sons to Northern colleges; and if forced by sickness or family demands to seek a summer watering-place, they save railroad fare and other expenses by choosing one within their own borders.

The homely proverb "You cannot keep your cake and eat it" applies in this as in all other cases. We ate our cake of the Southern trade in the hope that it would have a medicinal effect, and nothing remains for the present but to endure the medicine and the privation together, with as few wry faces as we may. The whole affair is an admirable illustration of Herbert Spencer's dictum that the unforeseen consequences of a law always far outnumber those which were foreseen; and that nearly all legislative efforts to remedy evil have resulted merely in changing its distribution.

— While the spelling reformers are busy in their good work, I hope they will not forget the present deplorable condition of the hyphen. The discrepancies between spelling and pronunciation in which the English language abounds — some of them very grotesque — become specially noticeable in the division of words into syllables. Examine the latest new book on your table, or run your eye down the columns of this magazine, and you will be pretty sure to find a few examples. Here are some which I have met very recently: *troub-le*, *vict-u-als*, *grand-eur*, *sub-tlest*, *wom-en*, *hand-led*; the first and the last are types of a large class.

To many people, probably, syllabication seems a matter of little practical moment; but in printing, the division of words is an ever-recurring necessity, — a necessity which knows no law, I am tempted to add. The English commonly avoid all trouble by following two or three simple rules. They divide so as to show the component parts of a compound or derivative word, without regard to pronunciation; and when a single consonant, or any combination of consonants representing a single sound, stands

between two vowels, it is considered as belonging to the second. This practice secures an easy uniformity, but it robs a very important Peter to pay an insignificant Paul: words so divided give the reader no clew to the real quality of the vowel preceding the hyphen, and leave him quite in the dark as to the correct pronunciation of the syllable. I have sometimes wondered whether the lengthening of short vowels, so often heard among the less educated English, is not in part due to the influence of such divisions.

The American usage is altogether different from the English. Our authorities for the most part agree that whenever words are divided they should be made to serve as guides to pronunciation. I do not find any direct expression of Dr. Worcester's view, but he quotes without dissent these words from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "The most natural way of dividing words into syllables is to separate all the simple sounds of which any word consists, so as not to divide those letters which are joined close together according to the most accurate pronunciation." Webster explicitly states that in his Dictionary "words are uniformly divided so as to represent their pronunciation in the most accurate manner," the etymological principle of syllabication being allowed to operate only where it cannot possibly lead to any misapprehension of the correct pronunciation. Other writers on the subject are clear in stating as a fundamental principle that every conflict between the two methods of division must be settled in favor of pronunciation.

This unanimity in theory is very pleasant and encouraging. One feels that the path of practice must prove easy to his feet, since the guides agree so well in their descriptions; he soon finds, however, that these very guides have crossed the trail so often that it is lost in hopeless confusion. Those letters are not to be separated, it will be observed, "which are joined close together according to the most accurate pronunciation." But what is "the most accurate pronuncia-

tion"? In many instances Webster and Worcester do not agree, and Sproule and Wheeler, not being in the line of apostolic succession, have been unable to set the seal of infallibility on their choice between the doctors. In a word, there is no work which is accepted as authority upon the most accurate pronunciation. Even where Webster and Worcester give the same pronunciation, however, they by no means always employ the same divisions, apparently differing widely in their views of the most accurate way of indicating the most accurate pronunciation.

Despairing, then, of being able to use both dictionaries with any peace of mind, we incontinently dismiss one, — only to find the inconsistencies of the other so many and so great that our embarrassment is no whit lessened. Suppose we choose Webster. In all cases of doubt we turn of course to the place where the word in question is defined; the division into syllables is there clearly marked. Shortly, however, we discover that in some cases words of analogous formation are dissimilarly divided; we find even so strange a case as this (though not a rule, of course): prefixing a syllable of negation is attended by a change in the division of the root word.

A little further search shows that when certain words are presented for definition they are divided in one way; when they are incidentally used in the definition of other words, the divisions are different. For instance, in proper alphabetical position we find "Wom-an, n.," etc.; elsewhere, if the word happens to be divided at the end of a line, it is very like to be "wo-man." Eventually we come to the conclusion that at least in the latest edition one of the editors attended very carefully to the divisions in the full-face type, but left all others to the printer; the printer in turn left them to chance, and chance has been particularly vicious. Worcester's Dictionary is likewise contradictory. Here we find, for example, "port-al, n.," and "por-tal, a." *Ex uno disce omnes.* Clearly, the hyphen needs reforming.

—In the article on the Meaning of Music in the October Atlantic, Mr. White refers incidentally to a familiar passage from the Merchant of Venice, and gives it as his opinion that, while the sentiments it contains have dramatic verity and significance, they are nevertheless actually untrue. Mr. White's remarks serve to draw attention to the very common habit of taking words out of the mouths of Shakespeare's characters, and citing them as literal truth in the argument of abstract questions. The average thinker is constantly losing sight of the distinction between dramatic truth and absolute truth. Shakespeare is the most impersonal of writers. His was the most purely artistic temperament in all literature. Men of inferior genius have written plays and novels "with a purpose," in which the characters, like the puppets of a ventriloquist, are mere caricatures of humanity, through which the author discourses upon metaphysics, science, and society. Shakespeare's characters are modeled in flesh; prick them, and you have not sawdust, but blood! They talk like men, and not like philosophical talking-machines. Other great artists, notably Goethe and George Eliot, have created genuine men and women; but they have also had their own personal say, speaking, as it were, between the lines. Their characters have independent, objective life, and move freely upon the stage; but the author acts as chorus, and gives us the paragraph philosophy of the modern psychological novel. But it is never safe to isolate a fragment of conversation or even a soliloquy from one of Shakespeare's dramas and look upon it as his personal dictum. Its aptness and relevancy must be tested by considering it in connection with the mental constitution and physical environment of the character uttering it.

Undoubtedly the unanimous verdict of the educated world would be that

Shakespeare had greater subjective insight than any other man who ever lived and wrote. Many readers, however, overlook the fact that this faculty is manifested only by objective forms. In estimating Shakespeare's subjective insight we must remember that he never *in propria persona* analyzes motives or dissects character. You see the men he has created act, and hear them talk, and inferentially obtain glimpses of the incomprehensible power behind these phenomena. But what these men and women before us on the stage say is not so intrinsically remarkable as cultured public opinion uniformly rates it. Dramatically considered Hamlet's soliloquy is matchless. As through a crystal we see this abnormal mind at work, the conflicting motives impinging upon and modifying each other. But I have never been able to discover in the soliloquy itself either subtle abstract ideas, or pervading philosophic depth. In reading Emerson we come in contact with a psychological seer who writes from a personal stand-point. He is an analyzer as Shakespeare is a creator. I venture, in all humility of judgment, to intimate that Emerson has seen farther into the "open secret" than have the majority of Shakespeare's characters. Shakespeare's philosophy is limited in scope by the artistic exigencies of the dramatic form. When he created a great man he endowed him with a rich intellectual nature. But Shakespeare never fell into Browning's error and violated art by making kings and clowns, scholars and children, talk with uniform profundity of thought and "barbaric splendor" of erudition. In a genuine art-world both great men and little men act and speak like their originals in the world of reality. And in proportion to gross population, Shakespeare's world does not contain a much larger number of extraordinary men than the world he lived in once and we live in now.

RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. TAYLOR's lyrical drama,¹ *Prince Deukalion*, is a sustained adventurous effort, definite in purpose and careful in design. The poet has bestowed upon it, as if with intent to produce a masterpiece, all his natural resources enhanced by life-long practice, — the ripest thought and imagination of his prime. It doubtless exhibits the full compass and range of his versatile and often splendid lyrical faculty. Certainly it is an earnest effort in the highest department of verse, comparing with its author's lyrics, idylls, and other metrical work as an opera or oratorio compares with minor forms of musical composition. As such it must be received, and by a corresponding standard judged, — if judged at all.

Whether such a poem will be thus received and examined is, irrespective of its worth, in some wise a test of the advance in our critical and popular taste. What does the period really care for, comprehend, enjoy? We know that it does right to enjoy healthful, honest realism. We also know that there is abundant welcome for a story in verse; that each of the tender or stirring lyrics, beautiful in kind, of which the time is so productive, is repeated everywhere to the strengthening of some poet's hold upon our hearts. But, again, do our people, or their judicious censors, interest themselves in poetry pure and simple, or in the higher range of verse devoted to imaginative thoughts and themes?

The answer is still so much in doubt that a poet must be quite in earnest, devoted to the best ideal of his art, to put forth a work like this. Mr. Taylor's effort is conceived in the spirit of a true artist, and even for making it he deserves our serious regard. His career always has been marked by a buoyant purpose; no poet has finer aspirations; none has longed more ardently to make some contribution to the progress of song in his own land and generation. He is a man of quick emotions, and of convictions strengthened by varied study and experience. To such qualities we sometimes fail to do justice, in the sunny light of a generous, fairly won, literary success.

¹ *Prince Deukalion: A Lyrical Drama.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1878.

The rhythmic and poetic beauty of *Prince Deukalion* is wholly consecrated to an expression of the author's belief and hope as a student of the past and a poet of the future. If we read it aright, the drama is meant to convey a summary of his social philosophy and religious faith. For a spirit of faith runs through it, although it openly rejects the limits of any sect or creed. The poet observes life from a historic point of view, and successive religions as belonging to a series in the evolution of a type which must sustain the human race at some, noblest period. The struggles, growth, and ideal perfection of mankind are his theme. Taking the respective forms of faith as the true measure, the finest manifestation, of civilization in different eras, he adopts the form of allegory, and symbolical beings are the persons of his drama. The *Masque of the Gods* was constructed after this fashion, and indeed all the tendencies of Mr. Taylor's mind — when passing from simple to abstract poetic work — strongly incline him to its use. Between the dates of *Comus* and *Prometheus Unbound* there is little of the sort in English poetry; in our own time nothing admirable except the *Orion* of R. H. Horne. Mention of Shelley's impassioned drama will most adequately suggest to the reader the method and spirit of Mr. Taylor's poem.

Two perils here lie in wait. A direct moral or philosophical purpose never yet has weakened the firm hand of a master artist, but when second-rate pieces embody it the result is false art and didacticism. Again, the poet who often dares to "wrestle with the infinite" manifestly invites disaster. There are lapses in this work, many passages hastily and crudely written, — some which might be isolated and treated in a manner the reverse of serious. These occur chiefly in the philosophical discourse, so frequent throughout the drama. But we may fairly say that Mr. Taylor's fine poetic gift usually saves him from the evil first named. He escapes the other by a discreet avoidance of hyperbole, and does not often loosen the firm hold taken upon his subject at the start. His manner is varied, but elevated, and often entitled to Arnold's epithet of grand. He has to do with large and simple ideals.

Deukalion and Pyrrha are each other's complements, the typical man and woman, wandering over earth from the primitive ages; sharing the advance from barbarism to classical paganism; experiencing successively the Romish and Protestant forms of Christianity; always awaiting the consummation of their nuptials, and that final perfection which shall come only with the freest and purest religion, the highest culture, — the serene faith and absolute knowledge to which Science directs them, revealing a power which governs all, and whispering a pledge of spiritual immortality.

A fuller analysis of the poem than can be given here is supplied by the author in a prose argument which precedes the whole. This introduction, evidently an afterthought, is written in a somewhat affected manner, not to our liking nor up to the level of the drama. The latter consists of four acts. Of these the first (A. D. 300) opens with the passing of the old gods and the rise of Christianity; but a few of its scenes are laid in the under-world, where Deukalion obtains a retrospective vision of the past. The second (A. D. 1300) confronts us with the supremacy of papal Rome; the third has to do with Protestantism and the present; the last is a melodious and joyous prophecy of the future, in which Good is preëminent, and Spirits of Dawn brighten the paths of an enfranchised race. The first scene of the poem is a plain sloping from high mountains toward the sea. Here, amid pastoral surroundings, — like those of Sicily, — a shepherd, awaking and seeing the temple of Demeter in ruins, exclaims, —

"Have I outleapt the thunder? Has the storm
Broken and rolled away? That leaden weight
Which pressed mine eyelids to reluctant sleep
Falls off: I wake; yet see not anything
As I beheld it. Yonder hang the clouds,
Huge, weary masses, leaning on the hills:
But here, where star-wort grew and hyacinth,
And bees were busy at the bells of thyme,
Stare flinty shards; and mine unsandal'd feet
Bleed as I press them: who hath wrought the
change?
The plain, the sea, the mountains, are the same;
And there, aloft, Demeter's pillared house, —
What! — roofless, now? Are she and Jove at
strife?

Hark! — what strain is that,
Floating about the copes and the slopes
As in old days, when earth and summer sang?
Too sad to come from their invisible tongues
That moved all things to joy; but I will hear."

Soon an exquisite chorus of the departing
Nymphs is heard, broken in upon by the

chant, from under-ground, of the Spirits of the Christian Martyrs. The motive and arrangement of this antiphony are noble throughout, in the first degree poetic, and a fit overtone to the whole drama. In later scenes a succession of allegorical beings appears: Gæa, Eros, Deukalion, Pyrrha, Pandora, Prometheus, Epimetheus, Eos, and others. The Church of Rome is depicted as Medusa, wearing the triple crown, seated on a golden throne, and sending her heralds to the four quarters of the world. She accepts the services of the Muses, but has a wholesome dread of Urania, or Science. Upon her majesty, power, and craft Mr. Taylor has lavished his glories of color and diction. The Poet (Dante) and the Artist (Raphael?) appear. In the third act Calchas, High-Priest, fulfills the offices of Calvinistic Protestantism; but Deukalion has a vision of the New Heaven, and forces its angels to confess that they are satiate "with endless weariness of rest." Finally, we have Agathon, child of man, beautiful and active in the prophetic future; all temporal divinities disappear from their thrones; Prometheus and Epimetheus are again among men, rejoicing in the new dawn; the nuptials of Deukalion and Pyrrha are perfected; and a choral antiphony, in which also Gæa, Eos, and the dwellers of the earth participate, rises in thanks and aspiration to a universal God, the father of all.

The allegorical veil and nomenclature of this poem will daunt the casual reader. But he will do well to overcome his fears. The ideal is so maintained by Mr. Taylor's imaginative force that its story is unbroken and its personages become living and well defined. We enter into the spirit of the poet and take the meaning of his song. The personages and form have done service before, but in their present use and combination the author, like an architect building anew with old material, has composed upon no mean design a most original poem. Considering the metaphysical undertone, it is remarkably free from obscurity. An exception to this may be found in the utterances of Epimetheus, whose nature and mission are left, after all, nearly as much in doubt as they have reached us from the antique, and this despite a strenuous effort to shape them to some purpose. We suspect the poet himself had no thoroughly distinct conception of Epimetheus, for he is too complete a master of language not to define clearly what he has clearly

seen. One other feature which may be thought to lessen the elevating power of the drama is an optimism inherent in its author's nature, which banishes a strongly pathetic or tragic element from his work. Deukalion and Pyrrha know their high destiny from the outset, and it beacons them like a star upon their way. But life is tragic; existence at times seems without a single hope; tendency and the decrees of fate, even the "reign of law," appear to whirl us hither and thither, we know not how or why. And a recognition of this, so strange and subtle is the human soul, thrills us with our most fervent and exalted emotions, and often furnishes a potent element to the great creations of art and song.

But, leaving out of sight the intellectual or moral design, Prince Deukalion, taken simply as a poem, should more than please our votaries of the school which, owing to the instinctive reverence of students for excellence in the technique which they are practicing, insists upon art for art's sake alone. We have had little of late so ideal in treatment, so noteworthy for richness and variety of metrical work. It is a kind of dramatic symphony, manifold in harmonized parts. Poets who read it will recognize the strong and flexible hand of an expert. Poe's off-hand criticisms, now thirty years old, dallied not for courtesy, but where no personal feeling tainted them they have curiously stood the test of time. His avowal that Mr. Taylor, then just trying his voice, was unexcelled by any American poet in gifts of "expression," and that he possessed true imaginative power, is brought to mind by this work, and even now can scarcely be gainsaid, though a new generation has arisen. Before Tennyson was widely known, and previous to the *finesse* of the latest school, a poet of Mr. Taylor's nature would be impressed by the rhetoric of Byron, by Shelley as a lyricist, and reflect both in his general expression. It is easy to see that he passed through such an experience, nor has he yet lost the simplicity of statement underlying the melody of those fine ma-ters. Still, his touch is modern and his own. Our public can refer to Prince Deukalion with reliance upon its display of poetic resource, and as a work presenting, through melodious diction and a strange variety of charming measures, a profitable study for metrical artists everywhere. The few lines which we

have quoted give the key to the blank verse that is the basis of the work. This is generally compact and fine, and characteristic, in its eloquence and stately cesuras, of the author's style. But much of the drama justifies its sub-title, being composed of songs, interludes, choruses, in every form of verse, stanzaic or irregular. Of these there are more than in Prometheus Bound, and many are beautiful, though perhaps none will make us care less for the Song of the Echoes, or Asia's song, or the chorus of Unseen Spirits, in the second and fourth acts of Shelley's unique creation. Yet the average quality is very high indeed. In the varied management of his *Lieder*, Mr. Taylor reminds us of his master, Goethe, and doubtless has increased a rare natural gift by experience in translating the lyrical measures of Faust.

There is sometimes, however, the shade of difference between his lyrical quality and that of Shelley, for example, which exists between rhythm and tone; the one is obvious and eloquent, the other elusive, haunting. Fine and suggestive melodies, like Shelley's and Shakespeare's, come rarely, but return forever, wandering here and there. Mr. Taylor's, beautiful as they are, seem to be evoked at will. Ariel, under the magician's control, is not the delicate sprite who, with no spell upon him, returns at his own caprice, only to make you wish he might be captured, and on second thought thank the Muses that he still is free. But we repeat that, taken as a whole, and allowing for certain lapses when the poet puts on the preacher's cassock, the four acts of this lyrical drama exhibit a variety so well combined that, as a symphonic poem, it should be welcome to those students of art who speak of a painter's twilight fantasia, or his "harmony in blue and gold." We close by recommending every lover of delightful verse and aspiring thought to read Prince Deukalion. Its minor faults are easily discerned; its beauties are intrinsic and pervading. Like most purely ideal works, it must be read twice to answer the cardinal question, What is the author's design, and how far has he accomplished it? The poetry of itself will sufficiently requite the reader for his effort.

—In the annual holiday installment of illustrated poems Miss Humphrey gives the impressions made upon her mind by the well-known hymn, the Rock of Ages,¹

¹ *Rock of Ages*. By AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOP-LADY. With designs by MISS L. B. HUMPHREY. En-

graved by JOHN ANDREW and SON. Boston: Lee and Shepherd. 1879.

Direct illustration of the images which are the means and the incidents, and not the ends, of such poems must needs emphasize what does not need emphasis, and unless conceived in a very imaginative spirit must have a tendency to materialize the thought and hinder the aspiration. In the case of the Rock of Ages, we have thus, first the cleft rock; then "the water and the blood" and the cleansing; then the cross and the clinging to it, the washing in the fountain, and so on. Miss Humphrey, in her attempt to do honor to this poem, has seized upon these images, and interpreted them with more or less of directness, and not without a degree of poetic sympathy, in a series of wood-cuts which accompany the text and burden it with a commentary which can scarcely touch the vital part of it or kindle a new emotion. The lines do not invite direct illustration or portraiture, and the picture of a conventional angel sitting in a ray of light, pointing upward with one hand, and with the other directing two women to a dark door-way in a wall of rock, or the picture of a girl, drawn at three-quarter length, with her back set against the image of a shadowy cross, making a gesture with her hands, signifying that they are empty; or the view of an Oriental basin or pool with women fainting upon the steps thereof,—these, even if composed in a far more poetic spirit than they are, or drawn with far greater knowledge of the elements of composition, cannot give new impulse or significance to the sublime image of the "Rock of Ages cleft for me;" or to the idea of

" Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling; "

or, that of

" Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

Any attempt to give absolute form to such images must fail by reason of the inevitable grossness of its results when compared with the spiritual conditions which they typify.

The function of art with regard to such subjects was thoroughly understood by the illuminators of the missals and hour books of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They decorated the page; they did not seek to illustrate it. Their marginal or initial paintings were either entirely conventional, or they were content with *motifs* for their pencils taken from the text with remote allu-

sion or parallel, their art playing, in fact, the same part that the musical accompaniment plays to the words of the poet. This function of art is accessible to Miss Humphrey, for in this very book she has a page of comparatively legitimate decoration based upon the theme, "Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation," which is very graceful in intention and not badly drawn. In comparison with this and with the pretty conceit of harebells growing out of the cleft of a rock overhanging the sea, which occupies the margin of the last verse of the poem, such a poorly-drawn, useless, and meaningless foreground of ferns as illustrates the first verse, and such a vision of impossible Gothic architecture as intrudes itself upon the beautiful thought of the second verse, are simply impertinences.

—The illustrations to Dr. Holmes's poem of *The School Boy*¹ are not only well done, but generally very well chosen as to subject. Mr. J. Appleton Brown's sketches of the local scenery at Andover please us best; and we greatly like some of Mr. Sheppard's drawings: that, for example, of the stage coach; and still better, that called *The Shy Maiden*,—the little girl whom the school-boy finds in the house which is to be his home. In this both the child's figure and face, and those of "the virgin Hymen long had spared," are admirable studies. Mr. Merrill's birds, too, wherever they come fluttering into the text—as they have a pretty air of doing—are lovely, and it is pleasant to notice how much more truly they are related to the poem than such bald literalities as the pictures of a planchette, and of the two hands shaking each other to illustrate the sentiment of reconciliation. Mr. Merrill is to blame for the first of these, and Mr. Sheppard for the second; the latter has also to regret the feebly-imagined and imperfectly realized allegory called *Gates Ajar*. Mr. Hitchcock's humbler efforts to depict the Andover school buildings give their quaint ugliness in a very satisfactory way, and his great elm is excellent. But we end as we began with Mr. Brown's pictures: they are every one charming; they are in the mood of the poem, and they are delicate and tender bits of true New England landscape.

The poem was read at the centennial celebration of Phillips Academy at Andover in June last, and is to our thinking one of the very best of the author's many good occasional poems. He returns in it to the rhymed heroic verse which he loved long

¹ *The School-Boy*. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

ago, and which he always used so well ; and some of its descriptive lines have not — to put it strongly — been excelled by any he has written. This passage is in his happiest and most characteristic manner : —

" My cheek was bare of adolescent down
When first I sought the Academic town ;
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,
Big with its filial and parental load ;
The frequent hills, the lonely woods are past,
The school-boy's chosen home is reached at last.
I see it now, the same unchanging spot,
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,
The narrow yard, the rock that made its floor,
The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished door,
The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave and still ;

.....
Last came the virgin Hymen long had spared,
Whose daily cares the grateful household shared,
Strong, patient, humble, her substantial frame
Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come

To the cold comfort of a stranger's home ;
How like a dagger to my sinking heart
Came the dry summons, " It is time to part ;
' Good-by ! ' ' Goo-ood-by ! ' one fond, maternal kiss.

Homesick as death ! Was ever pang like this ?
Too young as yet with willing feet to stray
From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear ? "

— Mr. W. J. Linton has designed and engraved a series of illustrations to the most famous of Bryant's poems,¹ confessedly taking hints for his designs from David Scott, William Blake, Isaac Taylor, author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, and "almost unknown as an artist." The illustrations are not always of the imaginative kind, but belong to the order of art that simply translates literature into pictorial forms. The poet says, "The oak shall send his roots abroad and pierces thy mold," and then the artist shows you the oak doing it. "In the cold ground" suggests a snowy churchyard ; "the infinite host of heaven," a stretch of sky with stars in it. But here the artist is at his poorest, and on the whole the pictures form a grave and fit accompaniment to the text. Some of the larger ones, like *Under the Open Sky*, and *Resolved to Earth* again, have a peculiar, tranquil beauty akin to the poet's own genius, and that called *The Dead reign* There is solemnly impressive. As these things go, the attempt to illuminate a poem that does not easily lend itself to graphic interpretation is unusually successful.

¹ *Thanatopsis*. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

² *L'Art Hebdomadaire Illustrée*. Quatrième

— This being the Exposition year, *L'Art*² is naturally and rightly devoted in great measure to the æsthetic interests of the great fair. The articles on the architecture of the Exposition are continued from the preceding volume, and there is an embarrassment of riches in the papers relative to the painting and sculpture exhibited, though only the French, Italian, and Spanish schools are as yet treated. These papers are of course profusely illustrated, some times with reproductions of the works mentioned in wood-engraving or etching, and often by single figures or passages from them, — a form of illustration peculiarly interesting and suggestive, especially when these extracts are the designs of the artists who executed the originals. Of the French we know what great things to expect, and of the Spaniards what rich and strong things ; the reader may therefore turn with perhaps fresher interest to the paper on Italian art at the Exposition, in which he will find proofs of reanimation which were certainly not shown at Philadelphia. There are charming and valuable studies of the beautiful pavilion of the Prince of Wales at the Exposition ; and such of the wonders of the great show as come quite within the range of the arts are touched with pen and pencil. But it is not suffered to be a burden ; and by way of compensation, the Paris Salon for 1878 is treated with a degree of fullness (in some ten or twelve criticisms) which we do not remember to have seen equaled even in *L'Art* before. The exhibition of the Royal Academy in London has also its due share of space ; and the volume is not lacking in those special studies which have made this publication so attractive. We must mention that on Portraits of Marie Antoinette, closing with the last ever made, — the sad face she wore in the Temple, — as one of singular interest ; and we must commend to the reader the articles on Military Painting, with their exquisite entire and fragmentary reproductions. This branch of painting is studied in various private exhibitions, the French government being moved to exclude most of the most patriotic battle-pieces by the politeness of the Germans, who refrained from exhibiting anything relating to the war of 1871. Among the etchings of the volume, one of the best is that of Bonnat's portrait of Don Carlos at the Ex-

Année : Tome III. ; Tome XIV. de la Collection. Paris : A. Ballue. New York : J. W. Bouton. 1878

position, and Flameng's portrait of Madame *** at the Salon is a piece full of the most striking qualities, and curiously daring and original in treatment. Altogether the most beautiful etching, or illustration of any kind, is that of Morris's Academy picture, First Communion at Dieppe: a pious procession of young girls in white, white-veiled and singing as they come towards you, full of devotion and movement, and with the sweetest rapture in some faces, and the fiercest in others.

— The fifth part of M. Racinet's *Costume Historique*¹ has fourteen plates in gold and silver, and ten in *camateu* — the richest installment yet, we believe, of this sumptuous work. Of the former three are interiors: one of the Alhambra, fourteenth century; another of the famous Cabinet de l'Amour, by Le Sueur, in the Hotel Lambert, seventeenth century; the third a parlor of a middle-class English family in the eighteenth century. The last is curiously interesting, as well for the dress of the half dozen people shown as for the furniture of the apartment. It must be late in the eighteenth century, for the women wear the simple crossed kerchief on their bosoms, and the men's powdered wigs are of the diminished type in which they disappeared altogether. The scene might have been studied in the mansion of some well-to-do citizen in Boston or New York, of the same period. The furniture is not of the Queen Anne style, but is somewhat extravagant in its scrolls and curves. The Cabinet de l'Amour is the double-size plate, and is curious as a study of that style of decoration in which the paneling of the wall is divided, and two cornices or friezes are introduced. The furniture is not greatly unlike the sort in use among us before Mr. Eastlake came to strike everything dead with conscientious rigidity. A very charming plate shows costumes of French people of quality in the seventeenth century, with portraits of such famous beauties as Madame de Maintenon, the Princesse de Conti, the Duchesse de Bourbon, and the Countess d'Egmont. What is still more interesting is the plate illustrating the jewelry of the eighteenth century in a multitude of forms, with its changing character from reign to reign. Spanish, Russian, Persian, Singhalese, Kabyle, Algerian, and Caffre costumes

afford subjects for as many plates: in that of the Singhalese and the Algerians, the dress of the Jewish woman is remarkable for reminiscences of the different countries in which their race has sojourned, and it is rather European than Oriental. In the plate giving Caffre costumes there is naturally more Caffre than costume.

The *camieux*, giving Egyptian domestic utensils, Roman ensigns, Hungarian jewels, Italian head-dresses of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and Italian furniture of the same period, and French hats and wigs of the eighteenth century, are inferior to the other lithographs only in color. All the illustrations are accompanied with notices and comments at once learned, clear, and entertaining.

— The large number, and the character of the books relating to our colleges, which have recently been published, prove not only that the public takes great interest in them, but also that this interest is constantly increasing. The two volumes before us are very different in all respects, but, to convey a general idea of this difference, it is sufficient to say that the one is written from the point of view of the undergraduate, the other from that, in most cases, of the instructor, — in all, that of a graduate of some years' standing. Mr. Thwing describes, almost exclusively, the life led by students; the moral and religious influences which surround them, the character of their scholarship and of the instruction offered, the popularity and influence of athletic sports, etc. The writers of *The College Book*² on the other hand, are chiefly desirous of showing the historical development of the institutions which they respectively discuss.

This is almost always fully and excellently done. The sketch of Harvard University, by Professor Ames, of the law school, is the longest and most elaborate, and must, we should think, have required much patient research among the college archives. The article on Yale by Mr. Kingsley, of New Haven, is similar in character, but shorter and less comprehensive, while the papers of the Rev. Mr. Gladden on Williams, of the Rev. Mr. Packard on Bowdoin, and of Professor Winchester on Wesleyan University, indulging, as these writers do, more in general reflections, are perhaps more attractive to the public at large than are the essential.

² *The College Book*. Edited by CHARLES F. RICHARDSON and HENRY A. CLARKE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

¹ A. Racinet. *Le Costume Historique. Cinq Cents Planches: 300 en Couleurs, Or, et Argent; 200 en Camateu. Avec des Notices explicatives et une Étude historique.* Paris: Libraire de Firmin-Didot et Cie. New York: J. W. Bouton.

ly statistical papers. As compared with Mr. Thwing's book, these articles are also noticeable as being free from bias of any kind, while American Colleges,¹ we regret to say, is pervaded with what we can not help considering a very narrow view of religion and religious people. Here, for instance, are the respective opinions of Mr. Thwing and of Professor Ames, on the religious character of Harvard undergraduates: "The lowest extreme (as regards the number of Christians) is probably one to five, as at Harvard, and the highest, nine to ten, as at Oberlin. . . . The increase in the number of Christian collegians within the last twenty-five years is most gratifying. In 1853 only one man in every ten at Harvard College was a professor of religion . . . but it is safe to say that at the present time one half of American college students are Christian men and women." Now Mr. Ames: "Harvard College," he says, "is regarded by many ill-informed persons . . . as an irreligious place. If those who use the word 'irreligious' mean to imply that a lower moral tone prevails among the young men at Harvard than at other colleges, the only reply to be made is that they state that which is not true."

In the College Book the heliotype illustrations are excellent; they not only give a perfectly accurate idea of the localities they depict, but are often pleasing and artistically made pictures.

— Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co. publish two holiday books for children as richly attractive in binding and illustration as any of the English "juveniles" which have of late years crowded American publications of the same kind from the market, to the serious loss of literature and of little readers. We trust that the tide is turned, and that American children are again to form their ideas of life and society and nature from books that paint our own conditions, and not from English publications, which are as false to anything they are likely to know hereafter as they are inferior at their best to the best American writings for the young. There is nothing in as recent English books for children at all comparable to Miss Jewett's lovely, well-principled, and good-mannered volume of *Play Days*, or to any one of Mr. Scudder's charming *Bodley*

books, the third of which we now have in as "goodly outside" as the quaintest of the "Walter Crane style" of imported literature. The *Bodleys on Wheels*² are the same delightful *Bodleys* as those we had "in town and country," and in "telling stories;" if there is any change they have grown more delightful. It is pleasant to see how the little people have developed from book to book; and as the range is practically unlimited, we hope they will always keep doing something. We shall be keenly disappointed if we are obliged to part with them before the youngest is married and settled in life; even then we should like them to review their past for their children's amusement in one vast *Bodley* book as large as an unabridged Webster, — or Worcester, as the reader prefers. The story of their adventures on wheels is simply the record of a journey made in the family carry-all from Roxbury up through some of our old seaport towns as far as Newburyport. It is no painful search for the picturesque or the historic, but whatever is most characteristic in the places visited turns up in the way of the appreciative *Bodleys*. The easy quiet of the original mood is kept throughout, and there is something accordant with the attitude first struck in the tranquillity with which the author helps himself to long stories and poems as he goes on, and enriches his narrative with the best relevant literary material from other hands. His own touch is felt always in what the children say and do, and its increasing skill in the unlabored sketches of people they meet. There is an atmosphere in the book which one breathes like that of our real world, and there is always the best and sweetest spirit.

— Besides the striking cover, sumptuously stamped in gold and red, Mr. Kappes furnishes eight full-page colored illustrations for the new edition of *Mother Goose*.³ These are all conceived in the quaint and grotesque vein, rather than in the tenderer spirit of some of the English pictures for nursery rhymes, and leave something to be desired in this way; but it is hard to see how in their kind they are surpassable. They are exquisitely printed, and have all the effect of illuminations with the pencil, their colors, at once vivid and delicate in

¹ *American Colleges: Their Students and their Work.* By CHARLES F. THWING. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

² *The Bodleys on Wheels.* With Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

³ *Mother Goose's Melodies; or, Songs for the Nursery.* With Illustrations in Color. By ALFRED KAPPES. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

tone, acquiring a rich relief from the heavy gold backgrounds. The volume is not only unique in their excellence, but has an uncommon literary value in the preface, in the historical notice of the Goose family of Boston which gave its name to the famous rhymes, and in the curious notes at the end of the collection. These will interest every admirer of poems which have an occasional Homeric obscurity, and something more than Homeric uncertainty of origin; for Mother Goose did not invent them, but merely lent her name to the first American edition.

Ike Partington¹ was a youngster who sported mischievously about an American Mrs. Malaprop as long ago, we think, as the days of the Carpet Bag, if the Carpet Bag can be said to have had its day. We have had a surfeit of humor since then, and perhaps the old fun is better for being remembered rather than reproduced, so we read this little book with a kindly sense of being amused, and wonder if there is quite as much need as there once was of entering a protest against the conventional boy of the story books. This boy is offered to us as the real article, and we recognize his features, but we are not quite sure that the real boy is always playing little pranks, any more than that he was always asking Jonas questions. Besides, the lively boy has not been hidden under a bushel in juvenile literature of late; his light has shone through a pumpkin, as it were, and so the youthful Ike Partington is less of a missionary of fun than he might once have been. This account of our old acquaintance's mischief is in addition to what we have known before and we find it easy reading and easy forgetting. Mrs. Partington keeps up her familiar character, but we had forgotten that she made so many puns.

— Old friends under new names appear in Sophie May's Little Pitchers,² who belong to the children made familiar to us ever since the Little Prudy stories created their sensation in the child-world. We say very properly that these are all stories about children for parents to read and laugh over, and if we were reading them aloud to children we certainly should skip some of the

new readings in theology which these audacious little divines are fond of proposing. We do not think, either, that children or grown people find the ungrammatical nonsense in print so very charming; but for all that these little Yankee children and their Western kinsfolk are a sunny, happy-go-lucky set, and we cannot frown on their delinquencies very seriously. The stories are simple and often amusing, and the few lessons which are taught are healthy and natural. Children like the books, and we do not wonder, although in theory they are all wrong. It is a good while since we have read anything from this good-natured writer, so perhaps we recognize more directly an improvement in this book as regards the divinity and the grammar. If now she will exclude all reports of the sacred, though it may be amusingly expressed, thoughts which her children may have of God, and let them speak naturally without making use of what has been called the childese dialect, we shall be even more heartily her debtors than we now are.

— The art which can be shown in a book for children is happily illustrated in Mr. Aldrich's translation of *Mère Michel*.³ The story is well known and loses nothing in the translator's hands, who preserves the touch of mock seriousness so exquisitely right in this little feline melo-drama. It is real enough, no doubt, to children, though they may have now and then a lurking suspicion that they are made fun of, and they will get their enjoyment out of it in one way now, in another way when they come to read it to their children. They will be fortunate if they find this version still to be had. The illustrations are capital, many of them, such as "The cat wishes to go with the carriage" on page 27, and the various representations of *Lustucru*, being real aids to the reader's imagination.

— For quite young children there are few books so good as good melodies, and when the children themselves go into partnership with their singing-books a very healthful pleasure is found. The *Young Folks' Opera*⁴ is not quite so ambitious as its name would intimate. It is a book of original songs and music, with choruses for children,

OF EMILE DE LA BEDOLIERRE by T. B. ALDRICH With numerous [sic] designs in silhouette by HOPKINS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood and Company 1879.

⁴ *The Young Folks' Opera*; or, *Child Life in Song*. By ELIZABETH P. GOODRICH Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

¹ *Ike Partington; or, the Adventures of a Human Boy and his Friends*. By B. P. SHILLABER, author of Partingtonian Patchwork, Lines in Pleasant Places, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

² *Little Pitchers*. By SOPHIE MAY, author of Little Prudy Stories, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

³ *The Story of a Cat* Translated from the French

and occasionally a little action, as in the Clock Song, when the children swing their arms in imitation of a pendulum, in the Butterfly Song, when both hands are moved about with the fingers fluttering, in Fife and Drum, when those instruments are imitated, and in the Blacksmith's Shop, when the blows of the hammer are given. The subjects are nearly all simple and taken from a child's experience, the words are generally intelligible, the music is easy, if commonplace and the action quite as interpretative as in most operas. The idea is not new; even the kindergarten songs of the same sort were not the first discoveries, for the farmer sowed his corn before Froebel's day, we think; but the idea does not need to be new, it only needs to be prettily developed. This little book is good enough in its way to make us wish for a better. Until the better one comes along this may well be used in the school room or the nursery when the family is old-fashioned enough to be large.

—In a profusely illustrated volume of four hundred pages, Mr. Coffin, who has written heartily before in the interest of boys, tells now *The Story of Liberty*¹ in a series of historic pictures, beginning with the wresting of Magna Charta from King John and closing with the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. That he should have made this the last instead of the first picture in a diorama of liberty will at once commend the book to those who are not to be taken in by the Know Nothing intellectual platform, of which a chief plank is that America is the birth-place of freedom. The great landmarks of human progress since the time of King John are pointed out, and one whizzes past the monuments of historic conflicts with a rattling speed which makes it a little difficult to realize the amount of historic space actually traveled. The selection of salient points in history, to be passed thus in review, has the advantage that it makes the dramatic more dramatic and thus more rememberable; it has the disadvantage that one is in danger of thinking progress to consist in a series of frantic jumps from one coigne of vantage to another, and the author himself is liable to be kept in a feverish mood all the time. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Coffin, who starts off in such haste that he forgets to mention any date but the day of the

month for several pages, should seem to the reader at last to be riding his horse very hard. The book is in the present tense throughout, and our rhetorics all tell us that this lends animation to a narrative, but somehow this persistent fiction leaves us a little jaded at last, and the high key in which the narrative is pitched leads us to ask whether history after all is always *shouting* the battle-cry of freedom. But we cannot find it in our hearts to carp at Mr. Coffin's book for more than a few minutes. We have all been crying so loudly for history and fact in the place of the sensational crime and twaddle offered to boys, that when our history comes and we find it a little like Madame Tussaud's wax-works, chamber of horrors and all, it is hardly fair to shrug our shoulders and turn away from the show. So we acknowledge gratefully that the book with its spectacle of pictures and its general resolution of history into a peep-show, is a book to buy and give boys. They have stout digestions and will not turn away from reading which might have little attraction for members of a historical society; they will certainly find in Mr. Coffin a writer of generous enthusiasm and a flourishing pen.

—The Rev. Elijah Kellogg takes a smaller canvas than Mr. Coffin and gives his glimpse of history for boys in the form of a tale,² the scene of which is laid in what used to be called the back country of America. Let no one be prejudiced by the smack of cheap Indian in the title. We have our own private theory on all titles divided in the middle by *or*, but it has not prevented us from doing our duty in beginning this little book and taking our pleasure in reading it. It is one of a series, and the frontispiece discloses an Indian in swimming-drawers apparently on the point of tomahawking a boy who seems to be bathing in a pond, and wards off the blow with his naked arm. We guess, and guess wrongly, that the Indian is the young brave of the Delawares, and that the hatchet is to be buried in the youth's skull. But all this conventionalism of the sensational, including the title itself, is only a mild concession to a supposed blood-thirstiness in the public-school-boy; the book itself is an honest and every way admirable picture of life on the Pennsylvania frontier after Braddock's defeat and

¹ *The Story of Liberty*. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of *The Boys of '76*. Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

² *The Forest Glen Series. Burying the Hatchet*;

or, the Young Brave of the Delawares. By ELIJAH KELLOGG. Illustrated. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1879.

before the fall of Quebec. It is not necessary to have read the previous volumes of the series to enjoy thoroughly this one; and we heartily commend it as true not only to the outside facts of history, which have been evidently studied with painstaking regard for accuracy, but also to human nature. There is religion in it, but no cant, and the religion could not have been left out, without marring the historic truth of the picture. There is besides in the book a solid sense of what constitutes the elements of strong character, and a boy will find here not only plenty of adventure but the constant suggestion of a sturdy manliness. We hope the Forest Glen Series will stretch out to the crack of doom if it can always hold such excellent books.

— It is not a little singular that agriculture, which is surely a time-honored occupation of mankind, should be one in regard to which there is so little exact knowledge. The number of questions still in doubt is simply enormous; opinions vary concerning the best fertilizers to use, the best way of applying them, the best crops to raise, etc.; it is only necessary to read any one of the Massachusetts Agricultural Reports to see how much in the dark the scientific farmer still is. There is no lack of experiments; every farmer is forever trying to solve the questions that occur to him, but the uncertainty remains, although there are signs of light within the last few years.

Books on agriculture are often unsatisfactory. At times, the information given is buried beneath a load of more or less dramatic conversation, perhaps delightful to the farmer whose reading consists of but little more than the almanac, but wearisome to almost any one else. Mr. Allen's book¹ has not this fault; it is a very clear and precise account of the way in which he succeeded in bee-raising. His methods need not be told here. Those who can try the experiment will find in this book all the needed information intelligently given, and they will have but to follow his advice, with as close an imitation of his energy and constant care as may be possible. Intelligence and persistence are, and always will be, the farmer's main aid. Without them all books are useless, and with them an enormous deal may be done on even the most exhausted farms in New England.

¹ *The Blessed Bee*. By JOHN ALLEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Mr. Hillebrand is an intelligent writer, as we have had frequent occasion to say, and the reader is kept always interested, as well by the great variety of subjects that he is competent to treat as by his manner of treating them. He writes well in German, French, and English; he has a special knowledge of Italian subjects; and there is nothing he undertakes to discuss on which he does not throw some light. That he throws all the light that is desirable cannot be affirmed; there is about his judgments at times a certain narrowness and harshness — not in the way of being too sensitive to faults, but of not always accurately distinguishing between what is good and what not so good — that disappoint the reader. But, on the whole, his volumes are entertaining, for Mr. Hillebrand is a practiced writer; and they are instructive, for he is a thorough student.

The volume² before us to-day contains an interesting series of essays on Doudan's and Balzac's letters, on Daniel Stern's Memoirs, and on Buloz and Thiers. These are followed by two chapters on Renan as a philosopher, and Taine as a historian. There are some essays on Italian subjects; the whole concluding with four papers on Machiavelli, Rabelais, Tasso, and Milton. At the beginning, Mr. Hillebrand discusses with considerable warmth an essayist's right to publish in a single volume scattered essays that have appeared in various periodicals. That there should be any question about this seems strange, and certainly this form of reaching the public is too common in France and England to be objected to at the present day. Its advantages are obvious; but few periodicals are read by every one, and essays published in those few are sometimes too good to be left in clumsy volumes against the day when the reader shall have both time and inclination to hunt them up, and especially to do that in public libraries, for lack of house-room prevents most people from binding all their old magazines. In Germany, too, volumes of collected essays are tolerably frequent. Julian Schmidt publishes them often, and so do, one would think, enough other German writers to make the fashion widely recognized. As a general thing, probably,

² *Zeiten, Völker, und Menschen*. Von KARL HILLEBRAND. 4ter Band. Profile. Berlin: Oppenheim. 1878.

it is the lack of smoothness and unity of the essays that is the most serious objection to their republication. There is no difficulty of the kind here, however, as we have already said, and the essays are worthy of preservation, especially since it is in part a foreign public that will read them.

That on Doudan does him more justice than he has got from many of his reviewers. There is no objection made to his humor or to his criticism, — both of these have been attacked in print more frequently, one is safe in saying, than by private readers, — and he is discreetly appreciated. The article is a very slight one, however, giving the merest glimpse of what is to be found in Doudan's letters. Here, as elsewhere, we notice one of the objections to this method of writing, — the brevity of the essay. This is also, in a way, a virtue, but it has its bad side, when, without any warning, the reader comes suddenly upon the end of an article when he imagines himself not much more than half-way through. This air of being bitten off is doubtless given by the editor's relentless shears, and so was unavoidable; but it is without grace. The paper on Balzac suffers from it to a much greater extent. Mr. Hillebrand had undertaken, with the recently published correspondence for a text, to put together a brief life of the great novelist, from the information he had derived from a great number of separate sources. This was an excellent plan, and it is well carried out, so that the reader has put before him a very full and accurate image of Balzac's elusive personality. The letters are shown to be important, whereas many reviewers had blamed them for not telling more about their writer's method of composition (as if an author could ever explain the way he was possessed by his genius!), and all the dignity and simplicity of Balzac's character receive the acknowledgment which is their due. It is impossible, however, to agree with the reviewer's praise of the would-be humor of Balzac's early letters. It has an artificial, willful sound, as of horse-play, which his sister, if she had been a wiser woman, would have taken pains to correct. Balzac was a great man, but facetiousness was not his strong point, and nowhere is this plainer than in his letters.

Renan comes in for the warmest commendation as the "representative of the best part of his whole generation," — a statement which, it will be observed, is throwing down the glove to pretty nearly his whole generation, for they would never give their

votes to this representative. Of course this opinion may not be final, and Mr. Hillebrand may be right, after all, in calling Renan, "in the most distinctive sense, the man of his time," whose "works give the truest and most beautiful expression to the feelings of the time." The numerical majority does not always give expression to the feelings of an age; these are to be found rather in the mouths of some few leaders, who utter what will be the commonplaces of the succeeding multitude; but it will be a curious thing if Renan's strong, self-conscious devotion to an aristocracy ever becomes a popular principle. Until this shall happen he must remain a reactionary, struggling against the theories and practice of his time, unable and unwilling to approve of the course of events. He may be right, but it is not easy, under these circumstances, to call him a representative of the time; if he is one, he is very independent of his constituents. However, this is not a matter which can be settled off-hand in this way, and it is mentioned here mainly as an example of the sort of unconventional statement that continually calls upon the reader to pause and consider just how far he agrees with the writer.

Another instance is the article on Rabelais, in which Mr. Hillebrand gives his reasons for not liking that famous man. He brings up his obvious faults, and fails to see enough to redeem them; in short, when we have said that he does not like Rabelais we have said all that there is to be said, and what many will agree with. The volume is full of intelligent remarks on a great variety of subjects which are of general interest, and it is well written.

— *Pêle-Mêle*¹ is the title of a little book of poems, written by a French Canadian, and published in Montreal. The author, M. Louis Fréchette, a native of Canada, has collected a number of poems of very different kinds and of varying degrees of merit, written some as long ago as 1859 and 1860, and others only last year. The phrase "of varying degrees of merit" has no invidious meaning, for all the difference, or rather the main difference, between the poems is in the importance of the subject. Some were written merely as trifles to grace unimportant matters of temporary interest; but these are all neatly done, with a touch of the poetical feeling that distinctly marks the more serious verses. Certain of the lat-

¹ *Pêle-Mêle*: *Fantaisies et Souvenirs Poétiques*. Par LOUIS H. FRÉCHETTE. Montreal: Lovell. 1877

ter are not perfectly clear; but we gather from them that the author quitted Canada for political reasons, and that he took refuge in Chicago. Without pretending to solve this matter, it will be enough to say that the result has been the writing of some poetry far above the general run of the article in that famous city, which has not yet rivalled Weimar as a home of literature. The little poem *Reminiscor*, for instance, which is one of the most charming of the collection, has Chicago for its birthplace. It treats of a subject not wholly unfamiliar to those who know French literature, — a poet's reminiscence of the time when he was a student; but it would be hard to find a more charming, a more truly poetical treatment of the subject than this which M. Fréchette dedicates to a friend of his:—

" Ah ! je l'aime encor ce temps de bohème,
Où chacun de nous par jour ébauchait
Un roman boiteux, un chétif poème,
Où presque toujours le bon sens louchait. "

" Oui, je l'aime encor ce temps de folie
Où le vieux Cujas, vaincu par Musset,
S'en allait cacher sa mélancolie
Dans l'ombre où d'ennui Pothier moisissait. "

" J'aime le passé, qu'il chante ou soupire,
Avec ses leçons qu'il faut vénérer,
Avec ses chagrins qui m'ont fait sourire,
Avec ses bonheurs qui m'ont fait pleurer ! "

The veritable Quartier Latin has not often been more gracefully sung.

" Te souvient-il bien de nos promenades,
Quand, flâneurs oisifs, les cheveux au vent,
Nous allions rôder sur les esplanades,
Où l'on nous lançait maint coup-d'œil savant ? "

" Tout était pour nous sujet d'amusettes ;
Sans le sou parfois, mais toujours contents,
Nous suivions aussi le pas des fillettes . . .
Nous vendions des points à Roger Bontemps. "

The poet who writes so neatly about these light subjects can also strike a more solemn note, as in the following beginning of a poem entitled *Le 1er Janvier*:—

" Vents qui secouez les branches pendantes
Des sapins neigeux au front blanchissant ;

Qui mêles vos voix aux notes stridentes
Du givre qui grince aux pieds du passant ;

" Nocturnes clameurs qui montes des vagues,
Quand l'onde glacée entre en ses fureurs ;
Bruits sourds et coupes, rumeurs, plaintes vagues,
Qui troublez du soir les saintes horreurs ;

" Craquements du froid, murmures des ombres,
Frissons des forêts que l'hiver étreint,
Taisez-vous ! . . . Du haut des vastes tours
sombres,
La cloche a jeté ses sanglots d'airain " . . . etc.

Such pieces as *Renouveau*, *La Louisianaise*, *A Anna-Marie*, *Vieille Histoire*, *Les Oiseaux Blancs*, and *Au Bord du Lac* show another sort of facility which too often, although not here, becomes affectation. The sonnets, too, are very graceful. In short, the manliness and simplicity of the poems are very attractive, and although in his gleanings the poet has brought together some slight pieces, there are many more of real poetical worth. It is a volume which is a real addition to literature of the lighter sort.

—We have also a book of prose by another Canadian, M. Napoléon Legendre, entitled *Echos de Québec*.¹ It consists, apparently, of a number of *chroniques* from some French paper of that city, and naturally the number of subjects taken up for discussion is large and varied. The brief space allowed the writer has too often forbidden the full discussion of the subjects he has chosen, but at other times he manages to crowd into a very small compass considerable information. The article on Canadian literature, for instance, throws a good deal of light on what, judging from the books before us, is less well known than it deserves, and we cannot close without expressing our best wishes and hopes for its future. Certainly it is much to the credit of the French Canadians that they nourish so genuine a love of letters as these books testify to, and that they give such meritorious proof of their interest in literature.

¹ *Echos de Québec*. PAR NAPOLEON LEGENDRE
Québec: Côté et Cie. 1877. Two vols

